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The Haverfordian

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November
1936

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The Halfback

By MELVIN A. WEIGHTMAN

I LEANED back in my chair, lit another cigarette, and started all over again.

"Listen, kid," I said, "you just don't understand. Interclub football, O. K., but varsity, no. Look: you know the alumni have been raising hell over the teams we've had here. They've had to go out and—well, get football players any way they could; and you can't stand up against that kind of competition." I didn't tell him that we paid players outright because, to tell you the truth, I'm not sure. After all, Larkin is an ivy college; there's a certain amount of prestige to being a Larkin man that makes it a little easier to get good athletes.

"Dad made the team," he said doggedly.

"But that was a long time ago, and things are different now." (I wanted awfully to be able to say things are better now, too . . .) "You see, these guys are big and tough, and football is why they're in college—"

"It's why I'm in college, too, in a way, you see," he broke in.

I didn't see, and I told him so. "You've got plenty of money; these guys couldn't stay if they didn't make the team. Besides, you didn't even make the Freshman team last year."

He answered quickly, "I was sick. That won't happen again."

"Anyway, you're much too light; you can't weigh more than one-forty." I led with my chin on that one.

"Dad weighed one-forty-two when he scored the winning touchdown against Yale his senior year." When he mentioned his Dad, he flushed slightly.

I began to see it was no use, but I went on. "Listen. I have an interest in you, being in the House, and I've met your Dad, too. Besides, I'm football manager and ought to know what I'm talking about. These guys are big, and they're tough. They're not your crowd: Taft and Loomis and Hill and Hotchkiss. They come from Jersey City High School and Central Manual and a bunch of bush league prep schools you never even heard of. They're a lot older than you. They weigh anything from forty to eighty pounds more. They don't always tackle cleanly around the ankles, and almost anything can happen on a line buck. They don't know how to hold their liquor, and the girls they drag out would make a Minsky chorus

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look like a Sunday School picnic. Sure, they're O. K. in their way: they play football, and that's what they're up here for. But hell, man, why go out of your way to look them up? Interclub ball is what you want: the kids you played against in prep school, the Deerfields and the Lawrencevilles. The games are clean and lots of fun—and incidentally, you won't get your neck broken."

His mouth was set in a tight line, and his nostrils quivered a little. "Now you listen to me," he said slowly and evenly, "I'm not a kid who is struck by the glory and honor of the game. I hate it. But I've been hearing nothing but Larkin and football at home ever since I can remember. If you had said that about ringing in football players at Larkin to the old man, he would have got up and left the room. D'you think I could go home at Christmas and tell him I hadn't been out because the team was reserved for ringers? Sure they're ringers. I know a little what's going on around here: I'm not blind. But Dad thinks Larkin is the same as thirty years ago, heaven on earth with a new generation of angels. He probably wonders why I haven't joined the mandolin club. He's crazy about Larkin and he's crazy about football; it would break his heart if I didn't seem to be."

"Have a cigarette," I said, a little embarrassed by the confidences that were flying. He shook his head No, and I realized he wasn't through yet.

"God knows, it's not that I like football. I hate it. This damn prodding from home . . . second generation of all-American Stevensens. I hated football, even when I was playing on the school team with my best friends. I hated the dirt and the sweat and the swearing and the whole damn thing. What will it be at College, where I don't know anybody, and where it's a regular racket? But ask yourself, what difference can that make to the old man? None, of course." He made it all seem so inevitable, such a matter of course, that I couldn't think of anything to say.

"I'll be out to practice tomorrow," he went on quietly; "the rest have a big start on me—" He didn't finish, but I felt as if he had said, "I'll catch up to them." Looking at his hard, serious face I almost believed it, too, for a moment. Then I thought of the coaches and the bunch of over-sized Frankensteins he would be up against. "Thanks for the advice, anyway. I appreciate it. It gives me an idea of what I'm up against. But I can flunk my Ec. or get looping every other night without a word from home: just a high-spirited college boy. It's inconceivable, though, that a high-spirited college boy shouldn't want to play football." There was an uneasy silence.

(Continued on Page 21)

Musical Taste

In One Easy Lesson

By JAMES D. HOOVER

ONE common type of fiction reader likes to enter into the story personally, love the hero and heroine, and loathe the villain. To him it is always surprising that novels giving the reader little vicarious experience, like "Madame Bovary," "Fathers and Sons," and "A Farewell to Arms" should be ranked at the top of their art. What he fails to realize is that literature may have a general as well as a personal significance.

There is a similar class of music listeners (perhaps the same people) who enjoy music that expresses emotions they personally like to feel. A symphony to them is an emotional joyride, a wishfulfillment of the first order. They, too, are often brought up short when critics rate Bach, "that dry and intellectual figure," at the head of the list. Apparently music may also have a valid existence outside the individual: even though it fail to "move" him it may still be music; and apparently sounds that do move the listener may still not be good music.

Nobody, for example, can give our tear-ducts such a workout as Tschai-kowsky or Verdi, but there have been many composers greater than they. Haydn and Mozart, on the other hand, do not generally tear their musical hair, and yet their compositions have rarely been surpassed.

Unfortunately, those with the emotional approach to music cannot even enjoy all kinds of emotional music, for they are members of a culture that smiles only on certain feelings. Melancholy and sentimentality are the most acceptable. But they could not enjoy a piece that expresses sexual sentiments, such as Stravinsky's "Sacre du Printemps," no matter how good it might be.

In order to appreciate all music, therefore, and not be hopelessly inhibited against certain kinds, it is necessary to abandon the prerequisite that it express a proper kind of sentiment, and to look for more comprehensive critical standards.

Like emotion, realism is not an essential quality of good music. In this respect the analogy with fiction breaks down. But there are people who like certain pieces because they can recognize in them natural sounds, such

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as thunder, church bells, galloping horses, taxi horns, and even Bronx cheers.

Now it is not very hard for an instrument to imitate a natural sound; certainly a creative artist is not required to do the trick. But when you get through, all you have is a natural sound, such as any horse or taxi driver could produce. You certainly do not have music; music is music because it is not natural noise. Now and then, by coincidence, a natural sound may make a good musical theme, and of course, no composer should hesitate to use it. But the fact that it is a natural sound does not in any way increase or lessen the value of the composition. The realistic attitude that has been so stimulating to fiction is simply irrelevant applied to music.

Nor need music necessarily be orthodox. Many modern composers have been condemned for failing to live up to conventions that were established by their predecessors. There are certain emotional conventions: for instance that music should be dignified, romantic, or pretty and must never be savage, sexy, or boisterous. Now these conventions, since there is no relation between emotion and music, sprang not out of the nature of music, but from the morals of the audience for whom the music was composed, an audience made up till recent times of the upper class and a few outsiders trying to crash the upper class; and in the ethics of this group dignity, sentiment, and prettiness were of major importance. For the more diversified audiences of today they are not so essential.

The moderns have also violated technical conventions. The claim is accordingly made that their compositions are not music at all, but just noise. It is evident, however, that the firm black line dividing music from noise does not fall between the diatonic and chromatic scales or between measured and swing interpretation. Chromatic and swing compositions are far nearer music than they are noise, and there is no barrier save of prejudice that automatically keeps them from being artistically comparable to conventional music. And to regard the compositions of moderns as the work of pioneers and experimenters is merely to dodge the issue: they can and should be considered as works of art.

It should be remembered that composers have found it steadily harder to be original, and the search for novelty, increasing to a feverish pace in recent years, has driven them into bizarre and relatively infertile fields. Gone are the days when a Bach could reap a broad and easy field of wonderful fertility. Under such circumstances the obligation is not the composer's to fit into old conceptions but the listener's to enlarge those conceptions to fit the new advances.

MUSICAL TASTE

The radio has been spreading still another easy fallacy as to the important thing in music. The song fits the exigencies of radio time better than the longer work written in sonata form. The radio listener comes to think of music as composed mainly of tunes. A longer work he hears as several tunes glued together with uninteresting transitional material. In listening to a symphony his pleasure comes in picking out the themes as they reappear.

One summer I heard two operas on successive weeks. The first was Moussorgsky's "Boris Godounov." The audience was small and apathetic; a man in front of me remarked disgustedly on leaving, "There wasn't a tune in the whole damn show." The next week Puccini's "La Bohème" was presented. The audience was large and enthusiastic. Yet, strange to say, Moussorgsky's opera was infinitely the finer of the two.

How is this excellence to be measured, if not in terms of emotion, realism, conventionality, or tunefulness? It seems to me that what greatness there is in a composition lies in the way its themes are developed. The song is all right in itself; it may be genuine enough music, but at a rather primitive level. Of far more importance is the superstructure built upon the song. The merit of a composition lies in the felicity with which the themes develop, change, contrast with one another, and reappear. The greatness of "Boris Godounov" lies not in its songs (though there actually are some), but in the texture of the work as a whole. Bach is not great because he invented a lot of melodies but because of the unparalleled ingenuity and imagination with which he developed the possibilities of his themes.

No knowledge is needed for the enjoyment of a song. But the understanding of a thematic development demands some familiarity with musical materials and an attitude of alertness. It will never come to the individual who in a dreamy state of hypnosis waits for the familiar types of melody to pluck his receptive heartstrings.

To Beatrice

By CARL WILBUR

*Fate, tread light upon my life!
Exigencies of time take heed!
Having brought me to her love
Depart, I have no further need.*

*There were times I courted you;
Alone and unloved, wished you near
With less of love than now I have—
I knew not then the price was fear.*

*Fear not for our love's estate—
You seek to rule o'er that in vain,
But that, in some fit of rule
Or sport, you split our lives in twain.*

*Do you attempt creation
With the true artist's whole ideal?
Smile, then, on this finished work
And to another turn your wheel.*

Haircut

By WILLIAM S. KINNEY, JR.

HE DIDN'T like to go to barber shops because it seemed like so much wasted time to him. So when he did, this morning, he looked pretty seedy, not only because his hair hadn't been cut for a month but also because he was by habit a sloppy dresser.

Although he'd tried to calculate his visit for a time when the barbers wouldn't be busy, the chairs were all filled and several were ahead of him. Anger boiled up still further in him when he saw that there was nothing in the shop for him to read except the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*, which he'd already seen, the inevitable *Liberty*, which he detested, and scores of movie magazines. But he couldn't just sit there, so he picked up a gaudy-colored periodical with a picture of Clark Gable on the cover, looked dejectedly through the pictures of the stars, intimate glimpses, just a real guy, Ginger Rogers has a party, the loves of Katharine Hepburn, stars at the night clubs, the sparkling glamour of successful and publicity-hounded actors who were without exception plain, common folks under the surface, just like you and me. With morbid curiosity he began to read the feature article, Why Clark Gable's Marriage Was Smashed, but he hadn't gone far before he wanted to smash something himself, practically anything, he wasn't particular, and then he thought that he could get his haircut tomorrow, what the hell, a day didn't make any difference anyway. He was about to leave when a barber said "next" and smiled and looked at him.

"You don't come here often, do you?" said the barber when he'd climbed into the chair, just to start things rolling.

"No."

"Well, maybe I oughtn't to say it because I work here, but we got a good shop and a nice lot of customers."

"Yeah, I see."

"Whew! You sure let your hair grow long before you get it cut, don't you?"

"Yeah."

"What's the matter? Don't you like barbers?"

He was getting sick of this idiotic, feigned cheerfulness; just a real guy. He jerked away from the barber, and, drawing himself up, looked at him owlshly and said in a statesman-like tone, "No, I don't like civilization,

either. I don't like cities. I don't like people. I don't like Clark Gable. I want to go out in the wilds and build myself a cabin and let my hair grow and let my beard grow and hunt cockroaches with a bow and arrow." He sank down limply. He hadn't been very funny.

But the startled barber made one last try. "I don't like Clark Gable much, either," he said, "but I tell you—Gene Raymond, there's one swell guy."

"Oh, what the hell's the use?" And he sank down lower in the chair, arson and mayhem in his heart, and he brooded. But it didn't last long. You can't brood for more than ten minutes in a barber's chair—it's impossible. You can sit in stolid immobility, your mind a vacuum, but that's as far as you can go. So, before the job was done, the laziness of the chair and the hum of the clippers and the sound of the snipping scissors made him regret, and he tried to repair the damage.

"I see the Indians won yesterday—that Feller kid struck out eleven, but he walked so many that Hildy had to save the game."

"Yeah."

"Say, you know they're getting pretty good. They might beat out New York after all."

"Yeah."

Then he gave up. When a barber won't say more than "yeah" twice in a row, he's sullen. And then he began to upbraid himself as being a fool. There really hadn't been any reason for him to get sore, and he ought to be able to look upon the childishness of people without cursing them for it. And then again this barber might not really be dumb, but he'd just tried to be nice, he'd sparred gently for a conversational opening. Good night, the man might have seen all sorts of interesting people and places, and have a fascinating fund of experience to draw on. What a fool he'd acted!

"Damn me anyway," he said aloud when he got out of the shop.

He was, of course, an intelligent person.

"That dumb young idiot," said the barber to the man who worked beside him, at the same instant.

He was, of course, a stupid person.

Palimpsest

By THOMAS K. BROWN, III

DAVID clenched the arms of the chair and stared straight ahead. His hands trembled slightly, and every time a flash of lightning spat through the night his eyes dilated in fear, and the wings of his nose vibrated in a way which Geoffrey had never been able successfully to imitate; vibrated until the crack of thunder told him that he was safe. "If you hear the thunder you're not hit."

"To be or not to be that is the question whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune." David recited anything to himself as fast as he could to keep his mind busy, until another bolt of white light tumbled his flimsy fortifications, and he stared wide-eyed at the wall until the evangel thunder trumpeted deliverance. "If you hear the thunder you're not hit."

At these times David was filled with an almost frenetic fury at the world, that he should so be exposed to humiliation, and with fury at himself, that he should be unable to conceal this immaturity in himself. His brother Geoffrey made an intentionally obvious and somewhat frightened show of concealing behind his book derisory glances of superiority; his father darted his eyes around the room and smiled guiltily and forcedly when he caught his mother's eye; and she applied herself sedulously to her darning, a frown of solicitude on her face. This frown he resented most of all: this frown of sympathy for weakness on the sagging face of an old woman weaker than all the rest of them, weak and pathetic, physically and spiritually gutted. He was stronger than this whole pusillanimous family of his, and everyone knew it. But now they had their petty revenge, watching him in the grip of this puerile fear, now they could look superior and solicitous, watching the white knuckles of his hands gripping the arms of the chair. It was the fury of the tyrant powerless.

Yet there was more in him than this impotent fury. There was that wrenching fear—a fear not so much of the lightning itself as of the few forces in his life which this lightning typified: the fear of that over which he had no control. His mother he could reduce to tears, his father he could force to shifty equivocations and submission, his brother he could simply ignore. Of these he was master; but over lightning and over sickness, over the blind destructive forces of nature he had no power. These had no respect for his

strength and his domination, and because of this he feared and hated them, as he feared and hated everything which in the small scope of his experience he had found stronger than himself. It was therefore not weakness which manifested itself at these times, but strength; and they were weak who could accept with indifferent tranquillity a so blatant assertion of their impotence as a flash of lightning.

His father could finally resist the temptation no longer.

"Come, come," he said, darting his eyes around the room for moral support, smiling maliciously, "a young man eleven years old shouldn't be afraid of lightning." He made himself elaborately comfortable. "Just relax."

David said nothing, but his eyes blazed, and he lifted one hand for a moment. Shut up, you old fool, he thought. Shut up. Pull in your pot-belly and shut up.

Another flash of lightning sheeted through the driving rain. "To be or not to be that is the question whether 'tis nobler—"

His mother had said something, but he had not heard it. Her glasses wobbled on her nose like a broken gate flapping in the autumn wind.

Your turn, Geoffrey. Pull yourself together and drop some insipidity before you lose your nerve.

"Only babies are afraid of lightning," said Geoffrey. "Only babies are—"

"Geoffrey!" said his mother. "You keep still. You keep still. Can't you give your brother sympathy for once? David," she said, turning to him, her glasses wobbling, "just try to relax. I know it's hard, I used to be afraid of lightning myself. But you're old enough now to—"

"Shut up! Shut up!" shouted David suddenly, turning toward her, leaning forward.

"Why David!" said his mother, startled, reproachfully.

His father took his cue:

"Listen here, young man, that's no way to speak to your mother. Now you just apologize to your mother for that rudeness." He immediately regretted this demand, for he knew he could not enforce it; but as usual he felt obliged to make a futile attempt.

"Apologize," he repeated, darting his eyes around the room, and Geoffrey, safe behind his father, echoed: "You can't talk to mother that way."

David half rose from his seat and turned, pale as hate, with clenched fists toward Geoffrey.

PALIMPSEST

"You shut up, you little rat!" he shouted. "You keep your damned mouth shut!"

And while he was in this position a burst of flame struck through the darkness, and David sprang with a cry at Geoffrey, smashing his fist in his face, and stumbling great-eyed from the room.

* * * *

Geoffrey looked with tearful eyes at his mother, standing beside him at the bed. His mother was weeping, and her glasses teetered at a ridiculous angle on her nose.

"Oh, Geoffrey," she sobbed, "why do you two brothers have to quarrel like this all the time? Can't you love each other? Why did you have to torment him?"

Geoffrey looked at his mother with dumb, tearful perplexity, wondering why it was that he was always singled out for reproaches when things like this happened.

"Pray with me, Geoffrey," she said, sinking to her knees beside the bed, "pray with me."

"No," said Geoffrey.

She bowed her head alone.

And Geoffrey looked at her tearfully and uncomprehendingly, wondering why he should be singled out for reproaches, unable to understand why she should come to him instead of to David.

Beside him on her knees his mother prayed.

Two Sonnets

By JOE T. RIVERS, JR.

I

*I would not question which god what obeys
Nor chide an erring nature for her whim;
The world is thus and no lament or praise
Can stretch an hour or shrink the desert's rim;
But this I would know: why do you deny
Yourself and me and all the universe
A living hour when care alone shall die
And nothing good be one small scruple worse?
Have you a fear your rest may be disturbed
With what's one value is in its losing lost?
Then by this fear be equally perturbed
That prematurely on our spring the frost
Will spread a cooling blanket and our sleep
Will be too long, too restful, and too deep.*

II

*We talk as friends—think what we might have been
If while we yet were unburned forms of clay
We had but known that love is not the sin
That lets Hell's vengeful seraph claim his pay;
The perfect moment passed—we let it die
In deference to church and state and gold;
We feared to live and fearing dared to lie
And hence the dreamed-of idyll went untold;
As I look back across the crippled years
And see us toss the dying flower aside
To part our ways with bitter hidden tears
Our rightful due because we feared and lied,
I curse the code that once denied us air
When we had willing lungs and strength to spare.*

REVIEWS

EYELESS IN GAZA, by ALDOUS HUXLEY

Reviewed by RENÉ BLANC-ROOS

Eyeless in Gaza is the account of Mr. Huxley's "getting beyond the books, beyond the perfumed and resilient flesh of women, beyond fear and sloth, beyond the painful but secretly flattering vision of the world as menagerie and asylum." Yet we remember that in Gaza, howbeit, the hair of Samson's head began to grow again after he was shaven, and Samson took hold of the two middle pillars upon which the house stood and said, "O Lord God, I pray Thee only this once, Let me die with the Philistines."

Mr. Huxley, on the contrary, has not been shaven, he has grown politely bald, as has his satire, and he tries Wildroot, Lucky Tiger, and every other brand of tonic to save his hair along with that of the Philistines. He finds one tonic in the end, labelled Pacifism. Subservient to this, but nevertheless important as a secondary check, there is the Use of the Self. ("Miller then gave me a lesson in the use of the self. Learning to sit in a chair, to get out of it, to lean back and forward. He warned me it might seem a bit pointless at first.")

"How I hate old Proust" says Mr. Huxley, proceeding to base the form of his own novel on that of the man he just maligned; inconsistently he forgets to hate André Gide, perhaps because Gide is still alive; a dash of Joyce here and there rounds out Mr. Huxley's eclectic method. His novel may be split into two distinct parts, one of which describes the people Huxley has peeped on and botanized; the other is a rather longish sermon, excerpts from the author's diary, patched together, sometimes boring, sometimes very interesting, always proving that Huxley is aware of the best that has been said or thought.

As for the characters, we all know how Mr. Huxley's pen can make us scabrous simians scamper down the genealogical tree. There's a score of defeatists, three fools, a fascist, a communist, one invert, one drug-addict, but also Mark Staithes, that superb nihilist; and as long as Huxley can bring a sanguine Staithes to life within the pages of a book, he remains important as a novelist.

Well, all is grist to the pacifist mill. By the end of the book Mr. Huxley has learned to love all humankind, to use the self in addressing his pacifist

meetings, and to turn the other cheek to the hoodlums who pummel his nose for what they call his lack of patriotism. "There was not much time; the meeting was at eight, and it would take him a good half-hour to reach the hall. He put a couple of eggs to boil, and sat down meanwhile to bread and cheese. Dispassionately, and with a serene lucidity, he thought of what was in store for him. Whatever it might be, he knew now that all would be well."

Was this the face that launched a thousand quips?

GONE WITH THE WIND, by MARGARET MITCHELL

Reviewed by GEORGE MATHUES

If I could mark on every copy of this novel, "Only to be read by those who have fifteen hours to spend on reading what is light and pleasant," such a recommendation would do more good than any three-column review. In other words, the book is a literary diversion with no other function than to pass the reader's time. Inspiration or edification, the ends of every book that is a real book—including the novel—are not to be gained here.

The author, turning back to the 1860's, treats the life and times of a young Southern girl who marries thrice—and for every motive but love. Her brave struggles amid the troubles of the Confederacy and her curious marital experiences offer some of the glamour of a modern Cleopatra. The practice of love tends to be rather prevalent now; it is a popular theme, and thus a safe one for an author to tap.

Obvious are two interesting literary tendencies of Miss Mitchell. They are, strangely enough, naturalism and melodrama. The two might seem antithetical but are not used enough to cause discord. But instances are plentiful. We find an excellent variation of the stock villain; he laughs softly eleven times, is heavily ironical, but has concealed virtues. Tending toward naturalism, the author reveals that the heroine, at different times, hates all the fifty characters of the book except perhaps her mother. She despises her husband and "longed to push him backwards down the steep steps," and at another time, "Scarlett, scratching her own mosquito bites . . . wished that all the men were dead."

This is a best seller, but in that class that lets the captious critic sneer at the taste of the reading public. He couldn't deprecate our taste for reading such populars as *Anthony Adverse* with its rich, vivid style; nor *Personal History* with its deep sincerity; but we are open to his unpleasant smiles for consuming *Gone with the Wind* at the rate of 400,000 copies in three months.

REVIEWS

LANDSCAPE WITH FIGURES, by LIONEL WIGGAM

Reviewed by SAMUEL BORTON

Lionel Wiggam is a young poet from the middle west, who has lived very close to reality. As a boy he followed his father on carnival tours, and as a youth he has worked on a road-construction gang, played in a stock company, and been a janitor to enable him, now at the age of twenty, to return to Northwestern University. The youth is a lyric poet, whose young life, compact with serious experience, has quickened his sensitivity and imagination to write of himself in sharp objectivity, for he is not only very directly himself but indirectly himself through a series of moving character studies. Hence there are two sides of his personality, the one personal, lonely, and the other personal and sympathetic. He feels keen sympathy for the sufferings of the human heart, but he feels loneliness in daring to inspect the power of the human heart which other men follow blindly,—sometimes to ruin, sometimes to nobility.

His own sad change from boy into man has awakened a sense of unresolved dualism, which life expresses in many ways: cruelty murders beauty and innocence; science, with all its fact, leaves the soul an untampered mystery; nature descends to death “unrebellious,” yet man is terrified. But these reflexions the poet does not shrink before, nor does he really find youth and manhood irreconcilable. He accepts both.

The mystery of the heart leans on him heavily. And the question that cannot but be pondered on is: what may be the secret connection between Living and the Human Heart? Lionel Wiggam does not try to answer the question. No, his poems deal with the conclusion which leads up to the question: that greatness of living is the mysterious conflict between the power of the human heart and the power of life. And it is the sharpness of the conflict that moves him most,—which he brings out in the extraordinary character studies of women—the gradual plaguing of a nature from pride to humility, from hope to resignation.

In all his work Lionel Wiggam is profoundly himself—a self that is quiet, yet acute, sincere, and earnest. He experiences deeply, therefore he writes. And what touches him comes unaffectedly out. He counts on no peculiar verse forms or deliberate effects, on no artifice of any kind. His work is fresh and moving because of his own nature, bodied out by an imagination which strikes off in a very surprising way the essence of each thought.

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STAGE DOOR, by GEORGE KAUFMAN and EDNA FERBER

Reviewed by JAMES DAILEY

Theatre lovers have a new play, written expressly for them—perhaps for no one else. *Stage Door* is wholly of the theatre world; deals with those things important to the devoted and to the curious. Kaufman and Ferber write of struggling, despairing actresses, of rising playwrights, of managers and Hollywood financiers,—of all the people who form the present-day theatre. All nebulous glamour is blown away. The authors report facts—facts of great concern when theatrical organization is in a critical phase, when Hollywood vies dangerously with the legitimate stage.

The authors are quite generous. Centering their attention in the Foot-Lights Club for actresses, they squander quantities of melodrama and wit. A hopeless actress drinks poison. Mother surprises daughter in nocturnal adventures. An empty maiden wins Hollywood laurels in a month. All types of would-be, luckless actresses pursue ridiculous activities and witty lines. In the midst of this tumult grows the struggle of Terry Randall. She is torn between devotion to the stage and the lure of Hollywood. With the help of Margaret Sullavan's interpretation rather than the authors', Terry becomes a moving figure. Again and again she faces the crucial decision. Shall she suffer on Broadway or swim in ermine in Hollywood? Always—she'll take Broadway. Her conflict is not trivial. Terry has a purpose and a passion that give her stature.

Her lover, a left-wing dramatist, feels differently about Hollywood. He yields, gains wealth, and changes his seat from the gallery to third row center. Can he be the portrait of our most prominent Communist playwright? The authors draw him for the delight of contented capitalists, but they tell much truth. This dramatist is spurious, without loyalty; he is a danger to the promising theatre movement he would support.

The play is, in no sense, propaganda. Kaufman and Ferber are always seeking wit and must have their fairy-tale ending. Yet they do, with boldness and uniform pessimism, reveal much of the theatre that needs revelation. They don't probe deeply, but they raise issues. What is to become of the lesser actors and actresses in a commercialized theatre? On Broadway they will be wasted in good quantity. In Hollywood, they will no longer be actors and actresses!

"Well," I said, "Good night. See you at practice."

"Good night," he said and went upstairs.

I picked up an Engin. text and stared at a diagram of a Diesel motor for twenty minutes. Then I gave up and went to bed, too.

You could pick him out from the others at practice right away, even if you didn't notice his size. He wore grayish flannels that bagged at the knees and worn-looking black and white saddle sport shoes. His coat was brown and there were leather patches on the elbows. Most of the football men ran to heavy white sweaters with crimson L's; the few who wore coats seemed all wrists and elbows. Typical meat-balls. I nodded at the kid in what was meant to be a reassuring manner and sent a soph manager over to get his age and weight and previous experience. The soph couldn't quite figure what the score was: "Good Lord," he said to me, "this Stevens guy only weighs one-forty. Wonder what he expects—"

"You," I cut in coldly, "are paid to work, not to think. Let Stevens do his own worrying." I looked up the head coach first chance I got. "There's a guy named Stevens out for the team," I told him.

The coach was busy. "How interesting," he said sarcastically.

"Well," I cut in, "it happens that his father was an all-American here in '08."

The coach can see a possible publicity angle as quickly as anybody. "Now you're getting to the point. Has he ever played? How much does he weigh?"

"Well," I said slowly, "he played backfield at Loomis . . . and he weighs a hundred-forty pounds."

"A hundred-forty—! send him back to the nursery and quit wasting my time," he exploded.

"Albie Booth only weighed one-thirty-eight," I pointed out as mildly as I could.

"If you've got Albie Booth out there, bring him in; otherwise I'll consider the matter closed." And that was that, or so we both thought.

One of the assistant managers had already given the kid a uniform, and God, how frail he seemed. A breath of wind would have knocked him over. "How do I look?" he asked with a wry smile, and I said, "O. K., just like Jim Londos." I didn't have the heart to tell him what the coach had said, so I shut up and took the afternoon off, neatly relieving myself of any blame.

I was at the House, reading a magazine, when he came in for dinner, walking a little stiffly. "Hello," and I turned on my best senior-to-sophomore smile, "how did things go first day out?"

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"I'll tell you," he sat down on the arm of my chair, "first thing the coach said to me was, 'Get the hell out of here!' I told him I was paying for sports privileges and might as well have some. He didn't know what to say then. So he put me in calisthenics and let me kick and pass a little. Nothing very strenuous first day." I breathed a sigh of relief: at least the coach hadn't thrown him out bodily.

I don't think he missed a day from then on. He had plenty of guts, and he handled the ball passably well, so the coach let him hang around. He was used in scrimmage, always, I couldn't help feeling, with the idea of seeing how much a little squirt like him could stand under actual fire. Don't think the coach saw another Walter Eckersall in him; but he did see Father-and-Son, family football tradition stories featured in the New York papers, and he was willing to take a chance with an undersized and mediocre player.

We had a 1-2-1 backfield defense. Stevens was a wing, and on sweeps and reverses he would come tearing up to get the runner or turn him in by breaking up the interference. He took an awful beating on those plays. If he saw he couldn't get the runner he would try to spill two blockers by diving at their legs: if you can imagine yourself taking on two Dusek brothers at one time you begin to get some idea. He would come in to dinner limping a little and sore and bruised in every limb. Nights he would be too dog-tired to study. He would flop into an easy chair and leaf through a magazine until eight o'clock. Then he would straggle off, apparently to study, but his room lights would be out before nine. He had a good mind. I was sure of that, but I'll be damned if I knew what to do about it.

He had a little run-in with the Dean. It seemed he was cutting too many classes and he hadn't turned in a required paper. The Dean hinted at ineligibility and the kid promised to reform. We would haul him out of bed, stiff and heavy-eyed, in the mornings and send him off to class on time. He didn't seem to have the sense to get up himself. One of the bright boys in the House wrote the paper: two months before, Stevens would have balked at the idea, but a lot of things can happen in two months.

"Listen," I said to him, "all you need is rest. You can't throw yourself against a brick wall six days a week for four weeks and expect to be in the pink."

"I never expected to feel in the pink," he said sourly.

"But can't you see that all this run-down feeling, this soreness and stiffness and bruises and scrapes are what are making you do foolish things like cutting half your classes? Your mind and body are hooked up; and when

THE HALFBACK

you feel lousy physically, you're bound to be low mentally and spiritually. You're wrecking yourself all around."

His voice was cold and deadly: "I told you I hated football. There are a lot of things we have to do in life that we don't want to, and it doesn't help to B-ache about it." I felt like a small child being lectured on something primary and fundamental.

"But you can't do what is physically impossible. You've got to draw the line; there's no use tilting at windmills."

He was still very patient: "I'm not tilting at windmills. I don't feel the least bit gallant or heroic. I'm just doing something I despise. Can't you see that what I'm up against doesn't matter, and that only one thing *does* matter to the old man?" I was beginning to see everything except a way out.

I forgot to tell you what was happening all this time. We beat Cornell by three touchdowns, tied Army, and the reserves massacred a breather. Things were shaping up for an undefeated season, if we could get by Yale. The kid got in every game for a few minutes. There were better halfbacks, and they knew it, and he knew it, and it didn't make for good feeling. He was pretty much aloof from the rest of the team anyway, I guess. The reason he got in was, of course, the father-and-son angle, which was worked by the college publicity man for all it was worth. There were some pretty good spreads in the New York papers, particularly when he scored against Cornell. The coach had a couple of flea-flicker, pass and lateral plays that were pretty flashy, and the kid shook loose once or twice. He could scamper like a rabbit in a broken field, and the newspapers didn't forget the midget stuff, either.

It must have been about this time that he started drinking. Of course, he had before, a little, but football players just can't drink and play too. He would bring a bottle of Scotch home under his coat and drink it in the room by himself. Hell, there's a lot of drinking goes on in the House and nobody's squeamish about it, but we always look on solitary drinking as a little unhealthy.

The night before the Yale game he came to me with a telegram. "The old man's coming east for the game." His voice was flat. He stood there shifting from one foot to the other.

"Better get lots of sleep," I suggested mildly. He had been drinking, I realized right away.

"Just a couple of quick ones," he insisted, "I felt so lousy: ached all

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over." I knew how he felt and I wanted desperately to help him, but he just sat there and blinked like an owl, not saying a word. I didn't know how to begin. Pretty soon he got up and went out.

I didn't see old man Stevens before the game, but I did see the kid in the locker room. It was worse than I had thought. There was an ugly lump on his shoulder bone, which the trainers were strapping and taping carefully. He wore a brace on his left knee, and there were blue, bruised spots that stood out here and there on his white skin. But when he was dressed he looked O. K. "Be careful not to limp on that left," the coach told him, "if they see you, they'll be sure to work on it." The kid nodded.

He didn't get in till near the end of the half. The first play was a reverse, and he made eight yards before being smeared by the secondary. A buck inside tackle was stopped, and the reverse was called again, God knows why. This time the end turned the play in, and it was all over. The fullback and a tremendous big tackle hit him high and low at once. They carried him off the field, out cold. We lost the game, 6-0.

I was sitting in the living room at the House after the game when Old Man Stevens walked in. He was a little thin on top and round in the middle, and he wore a Masonic charm and a Landon button. We shook hands, and he said cheerfully, "Well, it's nothing very serious—a little brain concussion and a twisted ankle. The doctor says he will be back in scrimmage inside of ten days." He lowered his voice a little, "You know, I'd always suspected that maybe the boy didn't have the—well, the guts, to play college football. But there's nothing like it to develop character, and discipline, and loyalty: I think I see a change in him already." One of the fellows who was watching us told me afterward that I got very pale, and that my fingers kept clenching and unclenching, as though I were about to swing on the old gent. I ate dinner at the dog-wagon and got really drunk that night for the first time since Freshman year.

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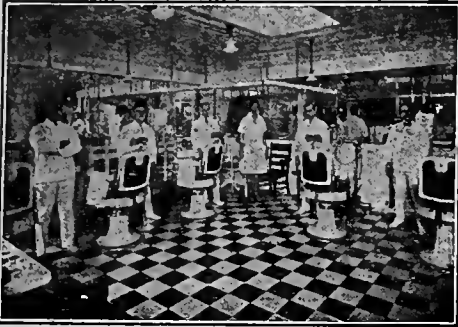
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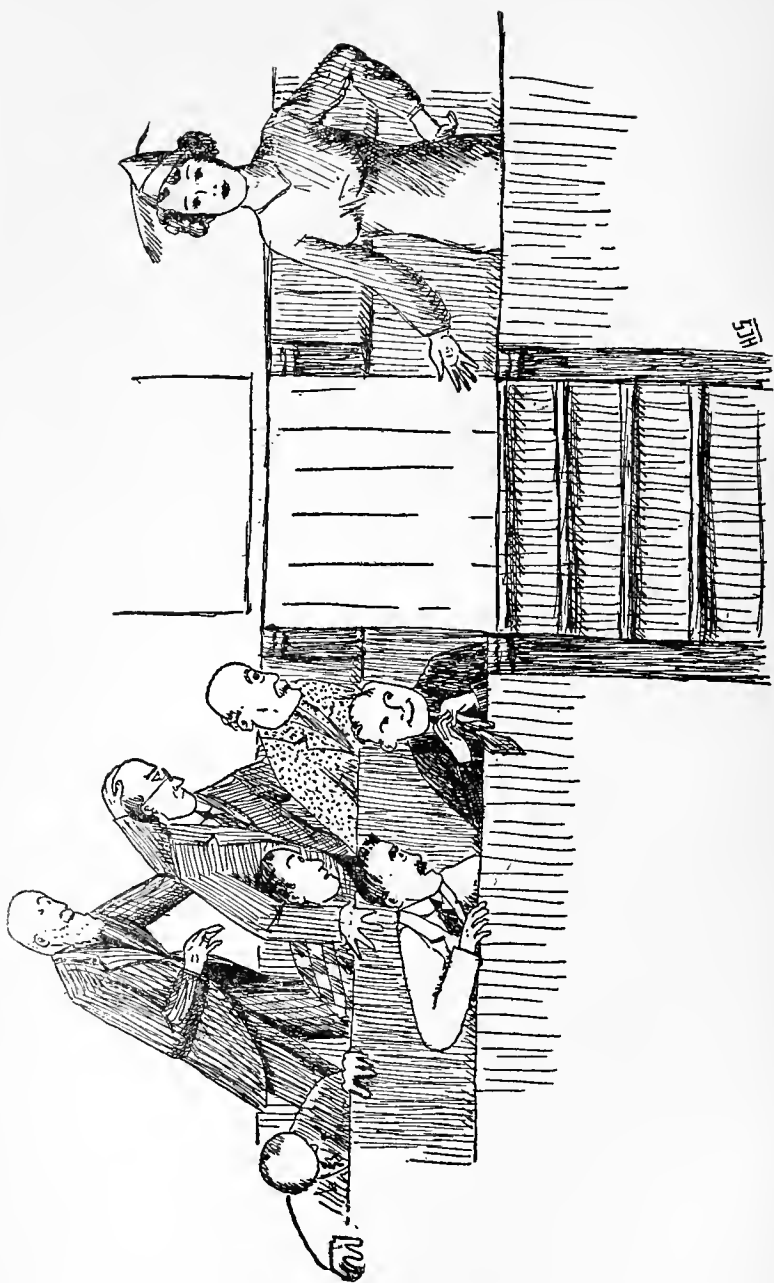
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The Perfect Error

By T. L. SIMMONS

QUIETLY he crossed the room in the direction of the hall, making his way through the darkness with the assurance of one who knew every detail of the furniture arrangement and the exact location of each rug which covered the waxed surface of the floor. He had planned the whole undertaking with infinite care and thought, and getting to the second floor of the south wing was but one perfect movement in a series of many. The heavy silence which was blended with the very blackness of this nearly moonless night seemed waiting for some misstep which might cause a noise, but no such error occurred and he reached the staircase in complete confidence that his plan would reach its intended conclusion.

Cautiously, but without hesitation, he tiptoed up to the landing, the thick carpet muffling the sound of his feet as he stepped over the fourth and ninth stairs to avoid the creaking he had noticed the day before. Then on up eleven more and he stood in the hall of the second floor, a table and chair three steps ahead of him in the darkness, across from them and two steps beyond, another chair, and finally Room 9 with its unlocked door waiting for his entrance—and in the room a person whose life was drawing to a close.

He sat down in the first chair to go over these final and most important steps in his plan, and to get his breathing back to normal. His confidence and assurance had increased as his eyes grew accustomed to the darkness, and as he approached the actual moment of the murder. His plans, he knew, were faultless, and sitting there in the darkness he went over them step by step, checking every detail to his utter satisfaction. First had come the question of the manner in which the victim could be most painlessly and quickly put to death. The safest method, he had reasoned, would be the simplest and least easily traced, one which would require little technical skill, a minimum of effort, and only a few seconds of time. So, he had decided upon a knife—and that had aroused the question of the type of knife and the method of inflicting an instantly fatal wound.

He did not want to take the risks of stabbing, for the force required to make a deep wound by such a stroke needed a practiced and steady hand. Then, too, he was sure of only two or three points in the body where such a stroke would bring immediate death, and he was afraid that a misdirected blow might allow cries of terror to escape from the victim. The death blow

must therefore be, he had decided, a quick but steady slice across the open throat of the sleeping woman. At first this seemed too crude a method of killing by knife, but he realized that with a large knife, sharpened to a razor-like edge, he would merely have to place the blade in position over the bared skin; and then with one quick, firm stroke the deed would be done. He did not want the helpless old woman to suffer even for seconds.

The knife, folded in an ordinary kitchen towel, was held firmly, not clutched, in his right hand. It was a big knife, about nine inches long, excluding the handle, tapering down to a point from a width of slightly over three inches. It was the chef's own property, not one of the knives supplied in the kitchen, but one which he had brought with him when he came to the Inn earlier in the year. The chef used it for all special cuts, and prided himself upon its keen edge and its excellent temper. As a waiter in the Inn he knew the chef very well, and also knew the special box in the cutlery drawer where the knife was kept. Thus it had been a simple matter for him to come into the Inn that night by way of the kitchen, going just a few steps out of his way to get both the knife and a towel. And from there it had been only a few minutes—from the kitchen into the china room, from there into the office, from the office through the reading room into the hall, up the stairs—and now he sat in the dark, ready to make the final moves.

He had taken all the precautions of the ordinary criminal, wearing a thin pair of pigskin gloves to avoid leaving tell-tale finger prints—and choosing pigskin so that no lint or bits of cloth could be left to betray him. Wearing tennis shorts and a polo shirt to allow him as nearly unhampered motion as possible, he had left his sneakers outside the kitchen door on the stairs going down to the back entrance. He reasoned that bare feet could leave no bits of leather, grass or sand—things by which he knew shoe-wearers had often been traced and brought to trial. He was ready, then, and in a few minutes it would be done. Complete silence ruled over the house, and the air was filled with the natural quiet of restful sleep and a cool mountain night. Noiselessly he arose from the chair, stretched his arms to relieve the slight tension he felt, and started down the hall. Concentrating upon the immediate future, he put aside all review of past plans and thoughts as he slowly turned the knob of the door and entered the room.

The slight illumination offered by the new moon shone directly in the window, lighting the room sufficiently for his purpose. Softly closing the door to avoid the possibility of its slamming shut, he remained where he was for a full minute to get a clear picture of the room, the bed and its oc-

(Continued on Page 40)

It Can Happen Here!

By HENRY C. GULBRANDSEN

THINGS have come to a pretty pass when it is virtually impossible for the Haverford graduate manager to schedule football contests with other small colleges without having the College team end up on the short end of an exceedingly large and disheartening score. This is not the fault of the graduate manager. Nor are the coaches to blame. The fault lies wholly with a despicable and undesirable "racket" which has invaded the ranks of small college football and made a mess of things.

Haverford, in the past, has had pretty close football games with teams from the small colleges in Pennsylvania. But let the team try to take on Ursinus, Lehigh, Dickinson (they won 31-0), Gettysburg, Muhlenburg, or some of the others and it gets set back on its heels.

Just where does the trouble lie? It's not hard to find. Mr. MacIntosh schedules a game with some college in all good faith, having ascertained that it doesn't have "ringers" and that the game will turn out to be close and fairly even. Then the fun begins. The new opponent hears that its rival college has imported a few coal miners to fight for "old alma mammy." It had better "pad" too or its traditional enemy will walk all over it in the big game. Then a scrappy Haverford team, which expected to meet a rival of equal strength, runs into a team that is three deep (that is, having three teams that can march in and out of the game any time a burly tackle is puffing too much) and its members come home with their tired but gallant heads down on their vests.

What's to be done? Dickinson, which hasn't any sandlot team, a member of the Eastern Intercollegiate football conference with Ursinus, Gettysburg, and others, stepped out of the league because the going proved to be tough. Just where does this leave Haverford who lost to Dickinson, 31-0, and to Williams, 46-0? Behind the eight ball, you say? Correct, my friend.

But let's see. Haverford hasn't any league to get out of. We are free lancers. We play small colleges that are supposed to be on the level. Oh, yeah! Lehigh gave the Scarlet and Black two lacings and then went on to take Rutgers for the first time in ten years this fall. Mind you, I'm not claiming that Lehigh is running a football school, but let's not forget that there is a new régime at Lafayette, despite the fact that the results are not yet

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evident. They will be! Lehigh, a traditional rival of the Leopards, isn't going to stand by and take a lacing from the Easton crowd.

There are, as I see it, four courses of action.

1. Discontinue football. This is one thing that is neither desired nor feasible. Football's been a pretty swell sport here for a good many years. We lost only one game in 1928. Let's carry on! Coach Randall, a man who is as well versed in the game as the best of them, is doing a remarkable job, when one considers the teams that his eleven has to face week after week. In her own class, Haverford is "right in there." No. Let's eliminate No. 1.

2. Schedule games with the leading high schools and prep schools in the Philadelphia area. At least, that's better than spending the afternoon being pushed around by 6' 2"-220-pound tackles every Saturday afternoon. But here the spirit and tradition of college football would take it on the chin. No. That's out!

3. Hire four or five football players each year. That's what some of our opponents do! This will put us right up in there. But, just a minute! If such be the case, students will no longer have a chance to make the team. A student plays football for the fun in it and for the victories if he has any chance of getting them. No. Let's go on.

4. Organize a league with the colleges that I consider still in our class: Swarthmore (yes, I said Swarthmore!), Union, Hamilton, Johns Hopkins, Kenyon, Guilford, Juniata (we used to play them), and Oberlin. These teams will play eight games a year, four away and four home, if possible. There will be no coveted prize to grab off. Pretty idealistic, isn't it? But here, I stress that we have just a game of football amongst teams representing the few small colleges that still play this grand old game for what it's worth. Then, these teams can happily and thankfully break off relationships with those teams which use young bulls for linemen, and veritable Mack trucks for fullbacks. In this way, we return football to the small college with the small college team, composed of *students* who play this sport for the fun of it and for the victories that come as a reward for honest and strenuous endeavor.

September 1, 1923

By ANTHONY C. POOLE

HARRIS and I had been playing tennis that Saturday morning. It was a blazing hot day, I remember, and we had left the office early and gone up to the club at eleven, free for the week-end at least from wrestling with tourists and bumptious Japanese business men.

Harris was the new transfer, and had arrived in Yokohama only four days before. He was a thin nervous chap, and I couldn't help thinking that he was completely unfitted for life in the consulate.

We sat at a table in the club bar, talking over our whiskies and sodas after a listless attempt at tennis. The air was breathless. Having just called for another round of drinks, I launched into a discourse on the pleasantly futile rut we consular secretaries lived in in Yokohama—the continual run of daily drudgery, clubs, tennis, dinners, and what not. I stopped talking, breathed heavily, set my glass down, and looked at my companion. He hadn't been listening. Dazed, he sat staring vacantly out of the window. The heat was shimmering out over the lawns. And then it happened.

A long low rumble, the table lurched, and the glasses tinkled to the floor in fragments. Silence. Another rumble. The floor heaved sickeningly—the rumble became a roar—and suddenly, incredibly, the building shook as in a mighty wind. A tearing rending torrent of sound, pictures danced on the walls, shattered into fragments of glass and fell. Great sheets of plaster tore themselves loose, tottered, crumbled into clouds of gray dust. The room lurched, slithered, heaved in a mighty swell of roaring sound. The great brick chimney hung poised and then fell majestically forward, bringing half the wall inward with a deafening crash and smothering everything in a cloud of dust. A gaping expanse of open sky showed itself, and suddenly all was still.

Somehow I scrambled outside. What met my eyes was unbelievable, for as far as I could see stretched a desert of gaunt white ruins poking in the air. An expanse suggesting a long lost city of infinite age, covered with the dust of centuries. In five minutes—an eternity of brutal destruction in which the whole universe seemed to crumble to ashes in one ear-splitting roar of sound—the city of Yokohama had become a city of the dead. Something clicked inside me. Harris—where was he? Mechanically I plunged into the ruins, shouting madly.

Then it started again. Grinding, thundering, the earth heaved in a

last convulsive tremor. Too late I saw the heavy beam descending on me, and I fell pinned to the ground.

A return to consciousness after I know not how long brought with it the sense of a great weight crushing the life out of my body. Across me lay a wooden beam which must have broken every bone in my side. Perhaps I was shrieking in pain; I don't know. Smoke stung my eyes, and all around were distant cries and shouting. Then it was that I saw the perspiring face of a Japanese bending over me—saw that he was breathing in short gasps, was chopping, chopping at the beam with a ridiculously small axe. "The fire is coming nearer," he panted. Then I must have fainted from the pain and the blinding choking smoke, for when I awoke again I became conscious of motion, of being carried on some sort of stretcher. There was the face of the same Japanese, and one other. We were on the consulate grounds, for I could see the cliff edge where the consulate lawns terminate in a sudden drop to the strip of beach and the sea below. Voices sounded everywhere, and I became aware of a throng of people with haggard faces. It was unbearably hot now, and strangely quiet. The crowd stood about in little clusters, tense and expectant, stunned, unthinking, unreasoning. A child squatted on the grass laughing and pointing at a caterpillar held in his fingers. Soon there was movement in the throng. A group of Americans and British elbowed their way through the crowd, carrying tennis nets, their incongruous white flannels splashed with mud and blood. Voices and activity at the edge of the cliff, and a few minutes later saw a roughly constructed festoon of nets dangling down the incline. It was becoming slowly hotter, and the air was difficult to breathe. Black specks floated lazily through the atmosphere, charred fragile burnt crisps, while behind us a great brown column of smoke swirled upwards. Then I understood what had happened; we were trapped on the cliff edge by a steadily advancing wall of fire, and the tremendous heat could already be felt. They were getting people down the nets now. Two Japanese and an American were helping an old woman over the edge. Slowly, one by one, people descended. To one side a great crowd of Japanese quietly waited their turn, and the only sounds were the sharp commands of those at the top of the nets. Down they went; clumsy women, weeping infants, small boys wreathed in delighted grins, haggard mothers assisted downward by muddy grim-faced men.

I tried to stand, but sank back, weakened from the wound in my side. Three Japanese approached me, lifted me to the edge and placed me on the shoulders of another, who proceeded laboriously to work his way down-

ward. Looking upward, I had a momentary glimpse of a cluster of figures silhouetted against the sky, shouting encouragements. Down the cliff face went, leveling to a gentle incline as the beach was reached. A tattered figure approached, and I recognized Harris with whom I had been drinking, countless eons ago in another world. Where he came from I don't know, but all I remember is that he carried me over the beach, propped me against a pile of wreckage, and bandaged my wound. He was horribly changed—his great eyes staring, and his manner that of a man in a trance. We turned our gaze to the cliff top towering there far up the beach. Tiny black figures, scarcely human, moved along the edge—black against a sheet of smoke and flame. Sick with horror I realized then that they were in a hopeless position, and suddenly the whole scene swam before my eyes like a nightmare. Were those little black things scrambling along the edge really men and women? It was too unreal, too much like a fantastic Dante's Inferno. Far above a blood-red sun glowed through the smoky sky. It was a lost world.

And then I saw what I shall never be able to forget as long as I live, for the inevitable happened. Like little dark bundles they came down, one after another, turning over and over in the air, their cries sounding pathetically tiny in the distance. The Japanese on the cliff top were throwing themselves over the edge. Dully we watched a minute, and quickly turned away.

Hours passed. Time became an indefinite blur amidst the black smoke and the huge throng of sufferers huddling on the beach. Gradually it grew darker, and a hush fell over the scattered clusters of people. Someone had managed to bring boats through, and groups were being ferried out to the liners anchored in the harbor. Night had fallen by the time our turn came, and I was carried on board a heavily loaded boat amongst the injured. We were rowed out into the bay, the boat cutting through the heavy black oil which had spilled out over the harbor from the crumpled tanks on the shore. Nearer the docks it was burning, lighting the night with a column of fire.

An hour later we were on the ship, crowding along the rail and crouching in blankets on the deck. We injured were to be taken below to the cabins, but for an hour we waited our turns on the deck. One hour left to look upon the remains of what seemed the end of the world. We stood in a great silent group, watching the shore. The sky was alight with a heavy red glow, and all along the shore a shimmering wave of flame flickered in a bright ribbon on the rim of the bay. The black water swelled and lapped against the side of the ship. Flat stunned faces stared dully on all sides of me—faces made inhuman by the red reflection from the shore. Silently we stood, and then we went below.

Two Sonnets

By JOE T. RIVERS, JR.

I

*If you would keep the rhythm of your breath
Serenely pulsing after that last hour
When dreaded, or perhaps quite welcome, death
Performs the single office of his power;
And if the stirring cadence of your speech
Shall timelessly with time go on to ring
Through space and void to light's external reach,
When muted by the earth you cease to sing;
Or if you wish your heartbeats still in motion
Like waves that ever throbbing jar the sea
When some misguided comet dries the ocean,
Then lend the art behind these things to me
So I can mark them down for later men
On distant globes, where you shall live again.*

II

*A cut heals quickly; when the wound has knit
A veteran replaces the recruit;
His scars confirm beyond a fair dispute
That he at least was near the thick of it
And now at last the warrior's garments fit;
But what of him that flames leave destitute,
Who dared the fires at life's arterial root
And found a den where raging furies sit?
His worn forehead robs no laurel tree;
No high citations cool where he was burned
And other chests are weighed with disks of gold;
His share of fame is lean and he must see
Rewards go elsewhere though he may have learned
What elder nations lost in growing old.*

Mr. Braddock's Homecoming

By T. K. BROWN, III

A NEW house had been bought, a new house in the outskirts of Camden. The family was returning from the Babylonian Exile, returning to the Land of its Fathers, to its ancestral seat in the heart of that great country in which the Father of our Mighty Nation repelled the British Tyrant, A.D., 1777.

So at least thought father, and because of this he approached the business of buying a house with a predisposition for being cheated. He had spent most of the time during his journey to Camden thinking of phrases apposite to the occasion; and after his arrival, as he surveyed the shabby respectability of the town of Norton ("Home of 5000 Happy Souls"), these phrases trembled on the tip of his tongue, and he surprised the real estate salesman into momentary silence by a reference to "this cradle of America."

The salesman was a short, chubby little man, oily and florid, with stubby arms pressed always close to his pear-shaped body, so that they seemed to sink into him and become mere tracteries on his surface, like the canals on Mars. At his meridian he burgeoned into two amorphous hands, which washed themselves continually as he talked. He betrayed a propensity for the poetic-rhapsodic in his descriptions of the large, ancient, and eminently ugly house in which his client had expressed interest, and before which they were standing.

"Yes, Mr. Badrock—"

"Braddock."

Why do I always get off to a bad start, thought the salesman.

"To be sure, to be sure," he said, washing vigorously for a moment. "I beg your pardon, Mr. Braddock. Now, as to this house: it has a fine location, eight minutes from the center of town, twenty-five minutes from Camden, thirty-five from Philadelphia. Of the beauties and conveniences of the town of Norton ("Home of 5000 Happy Souls") I need add nothing to your observations. The *splendid* southern frontage brings warmth and cheeriness—the sun's rays—to you throughout the year, and winter's blustering winds howl in vain around this *splendid* protective hedge on the west—east—no, west. A 90-foot frontage, 220-foot deepage, and no seepage. Hahahaha. Haaah." The salesman laughed all over. "I feel sure that you will be pleased with this *splendid* house when you have ex-

mined it more closely." He paused a moment, and looked up questioningly at Mr. Braddock. Something else occurred to him: "It stands like a ship at sea," he said. Then he began again from the beginning.

"Splendid," said Mr. Braddock.

"Haaah," said the salesman.

Mr. Braddock, knowing nothing about houses—having, in fact, no practical sense whatever—squinted at his large feet, said nothing to these effusions, and confined himself to a few pointless questions about its history. No mention was made of taxes, condition of drains, water connections, heating, gas or electric rates. Mr. Braddock was coming Home.

"This house is unique among our—uh—supply of domiciles for its total absence of water in the cellar. No matter how torrential the—uh—precipitations may be, you will never find any water in the cellar," said the salesman. Not even in the hot-water heater. He considered unnecessary any mention of the fact that there would also be no water in the third-floor bathroom: Mr. Braddock seemed peculiarly uninterested in practical considerations.

They went inside, and the salesman did what he could to clothe the staring nakedness of the large, empty rooms with the petticoats of poetry.

"Truly, Mr. Braddock," he said, washing his hands, "a house of which we can be proud. Large, airy, handsome, convenient (eight minutes from the center of the town, twenty-five minutes from Camden, thirty-five from Philadelphia); and yet it preserves despite its roominess the homely—home-like—coziness of a cottage in the woods. Truly, sir, one is reminded of Byron's immortal lines:

*'O'er the glad waters of the dark blue sea,
Our thoughts as boundless and our souls as free,
Far as the breeze can bear, the billows foam,
Survey our empire, and behold our home!'* "

at the conclusion of which the salesman detached one of his arms from its groove for a moment and executed an abortive gesture.

I wasn't reminded of a damned thing, thought Mr. Braddock.

The salesman had a repertory of such pertinent quotations, from which he selected at random, carefully observing his clients' reactions until he had selected a half dozen as particularly potent. There was a time when he had made use of Clarke's "Home is home, though it be never so homely," captivated by the clever play on words, but he had soon discontinued using this little jewel: it didn't seem to strike the right note, somehow.

MR. BRADDOCK'S HOMECOMING

Mr. Braddock's reaction was imperceptible. He seemed impervious to Byron's felicities of expression. Simply a case of falling on deaf ears.

"The floor seems to squeak," said Mr. Braddock, jumping up and down.

"To be sure, sir, slightly, sir, to be sure. No floor can withstand the—uh—ravages of time. But if you will be so kind as to follow me to the kitchen I think you will find an arrangement that will more than compensate—"

The salesman rolled cheerfully toward the kitchen, talking as he went: Mr. Braddock, however, had decided to mount the stairs, and the salesman soliloquized for some seconds before he realized that his audience had left. Then he hurried back apologetically, washing his hands, mumbling:

"Ah yes, to be sure, upstairs. A really remarkable upstairs, sir. Allow me to point out to you—"

Mr. Braddock was palpably impressed. The house had the austerity of ugliness and a certain dignity of location. It sat stolidly and substantially on the ground, like a large toad, but Mr. Braddock was more inclined to consider the fact that Washington's footsteps must have trod this ground (or some pretty near it, anyway) at the time of his Crossing of the Delaware and Occupation of Trenton. Mr. Braddock was very nationalistic, and Mr. Braddock had a great penchant for austerity and dignity. A Pillar of Society, by God; an Upholder of the Great American Tradition of Democracy and Free Prejudice.

The pyriform salesman became aware, as Mr. Braddock gazed raptly at the beautiful expanse of dirty houses and factory chimneys, that his client was impressed. He remembered Mr. Braddock's remark about the cradle of America, and spoke words of deep perspicuity and persuasion.

"Sir," he said reverentially, "you were indeed right. This is indeed the cradle of America, as you so aptly put it. On this hallowed ground did General Washington and General Brandywine win the battles which gave birth to this great land of ours. A man can be proud to live under the shadow of that Great Man."

"Yes," said Mr. Braddock reverentially, "one can." Mr. Braddock had decided.

O holy, O sacred ideal ravished! O prostituted tradition! America, thou art deflowered, thy name has been stained forever, thou art as a byword among men. Thy services have become venal in the mouths of thy citizens,

thou art become the means of selling a house with no running water in the third-floor bathroom. O Land of Our Fathers, lest we forget!

"Can we discuss price?" asked Mr. Braddock.

O mercenary, O unnatural son!

The salesman washed his hands slowly, cheerfully.

"Shall we go down to the office for the details? My—uh—my amanuensis would be of assistance."

* * * *

Mrs. Braddock had not been consulted in the matter of the purchase. She rarely was consulted. She had not seen the house until she arrived that summer afternoon, and after she had examined it, discovered the faulty drainage, useless kitchen stove, and waterless third-story bathroom, and had gazed from the windows too large to be beautified by any means on the splendid vista of dirty houses and factory chimneys, she shook her head sadly, but she said no word. Silently she felt the void of disappointment widen within her.

The Perfect Error

(Continued from Page 30)

cupant, in gloomy outline as they were. The aged woman's attitude of peaceful repose seemed to portend the success of his venture. The restful expression on her face was an indication that her soul awaited the quick transition to another life which he was about to offer. Silently he tiptoed across the carpet until he was standing only a foot away from her pillow. Slowly he unfolded the towel, and now the broad blade of the knife gleamed dully in the faint light coming through the open window.

Folding the towel over his left arm, he made an apron of it by holding the arm close to his chin. This, he reasoned, would prevent any possible spurting blood from leaving clues on any of his clothing. The sleeping figure had not moved. Not a sound but the beating of his own heart, the breathing of the slight figure on the bed, and his own heavier breathing, disturbed the silence.

It was done. With a vigorous downward stroke he had drawn the sharp blade swiftly across the yielding flesh. Several drops of dark warm blood had spattered over the covers and over his hand. Only a few had reached the protecting towel before the deep wound allowed the rich stream to flow more gradually from the severed veins. Not a sound from the victim,

THE PERFECT ERROR

the fatal gash had been made so swiftly. Only the convulsive doubling up of the right hand showed response to the death stroke. The body lay as before, only now it was completely still, and the gentle breathing of life was no more.

He stood perfectly still for a few breathless moments, fascinated by the sight of so much blood. But quickly arousing himself to reality he turned his attention to the completion of his carefully laid plans. Holding the knife point down over the bloody covers he allowed it to drip until it was nearly dry. Then he carefully and methodically wiped it with the towel, holding both at arm's length to keep himself as free from stain as possible. Taking the glove from his right hand he wrapped it in the now bloodstained towel which he held in his left, and with the same hand took up the knife from the foot of the bed where he had placed it. With one last look at the dead body he then stepped away from the bed and stood quietly in the center of the room, arms at his sides, to permit the drying of any blood which might still be in liquid form anywhere on his person or the things he was carrying. Finally he moved toward the door, and drawing a clean handkerchief from the pocket of his shorts with his bare right hand, he covered the doorknob with it and turned. The door swung open and with two steps he was in the hall.

And now there was no hesitation. Swiftly and quietly he went back down the stairs, through the reading room and into the office, from the office into the china room, and finally he was in the kitchen once more. From there he hurried down into the basement, leaving the sneakers behind for the time being. Once downstairs he went immediately to the huge laundry tub, into which he placed the things he had been carrying in his left hand. Then he removed that glove and thoroughly washed his hands and the knife, cautiously and with a minimum of splashing. He spent nearly five minutes in this operation, running the water steadily and using both soap and an old brush which served ordinarily for scrubbing out the tub. Finally he decided the knife must be clean and wiped it carefully on the old cloth which accompanied the brush. His hands he then dried on the regular hand towel used by the help in their daily work, and picking up the knife he went back to the kitchen. There he wiped it once more, this time with the specially greased cloth used by the chef on his knives, and returned it to its drawer and box. Returning to the stairs he sat down to put on his sneakers and then went back down to the tub, where he merely rinsed out the blood-stained towel and gloves and then wrung them out thoroughly. His last

act in that building was to wipe the tub dry with the same old rag that had been used on the knife, and then he was gone, taking only the wet towel and gloves.

Through the darkness he went back down the path to his cabin on the lakeshore, and there he laid the wet burden on the grass outside the door. In his room he stripped immediately, putting his clothes in their usual places by the chair, and went back out. Picking up the damp towel and gloves he went down to the water's edge, about twenty yards from the cabin. There he also picked up a medium-sized stone, and with both hands full waded out into the cold water up to his waist. At this point he paused, and having knotted the towel fairly tightly around the rest of his burden, he grasped the more compact bundle securely in his left hand and began to swim a leisurely sidestroke out toward the middle of the lake. After about three hundred yards he loosened his hold and watched the object begin to sink out of sight before he turned back toward the shore. There he ran back to his room and dried himself. Then slipping into his pajamas he crawled into bed. A sign of incomplete relief escaped his lips. He had accomplished the supposedly impossible and now he was strangely tired.

He lay perfectly still. At first his mind was almost void of thought as the tension began to leave his limbs. But soon he found himself going over every step and detail of his accomplishment, recalling every movement he had made. He saw himself creeping into the kitchen as he sought the knife and towel. He saw himself crossing the several rooms with confidence. He saw himself, a shadowy figure clothed in darkness, standing silently by the door of Room 9. With a very slight shudder he saw himself slicing down with the keen knife and then staring at the pools of blood in a sort of trance.

Every movement had been in accord with his perfectly formulated plan. He saw himself so carefully wiping the knife with the towel that first time. He saw himself carefully removing the glove of his right hand so that he might open the door on his retreat with the clean handkerchief in order to avoid fingerprints. He saw himself quietly closing the door of Room 9, leaving behind the lifeless figure, going down stairs to the front hall. He thought of the handkerchief again. He saw himself going through other motions. And then he thought of the handkerchief again. Something kept insisting on the handkerchief. He thought of it still once more. Suddenly he found himself trying to remember what he had done with it. He was wide awake now. Where had he put it? When had it left his hand? He

THE PERFECT ERROR

distinctly remembered using it both to open and close the door of Room 9. But after that it disappeared from his memory. He tried to think. What had he done with it? With a bound he was out of bed and to the clothes by the chair. Slowly he went through the few pockets of the shorts and shirt. Surely it must be there. But it wasn't there! He went through them again, tearing one in his almost frenzied eagerness.

With a sigh of despair that was almost a sob he sat down upon the edge of the bed and realized that he did not know where it was. He must have dropped it or left it somewhere by the tub. There were a few small but damning spots of blood on it. Thus it would be a deadly witness if found, for his initial was in the corner. He had realized this and had intended to destroy it with the towel and gloves, but now he couldn't remember what he had done with it. Perhaps he could hurry back up to the Inn and look for it—but no, it was nearing dawn and some of the cooks would soon be up and at work. He would be seen, and the official questioning which would begin tomorrow would bring out that fact. He tried to think—to concentrate on something that might save him, for he knew that every other step in his plan had been without error. But the mental exhaustion of the past few hours had been too much, and his thoughts were no longer connected. A thousand thoughts flashed through his mind at once. The punishment that would be meted out to him if he were caught, and the sorrow and disgrace which would fall upon his loved ones came to him over and over again. It was too much for one man. His overwrought mind began to refuse to function. He couldn't think. He had failed. He was lost.

Slowly he arose and left the room. His numbed brain forced his weary legs down to the shore again. One thought seized possession of his whole mental being. An involuntary shiver came over him, but even that was only momentary. His senses were almost completely deadened. He began to swim listlessly, wearily, every stroke a great effort. He seemed to swim forever, but soon he could go no further and he had to stop. He could no longer control the movements of his arms and legs. He sighed one last despairing breath and sank, leaving only a few solitary bubbles to disturb the calm surface of the water.

About three hundred yards from the Inn shore, mud and slime were slowly covering a small red and white bundle which lay on the bottom of the lake. In it was a queer collection of things: a fairly large stone, two darkly stained gloves, and a handkerchief, almost new.

REVIEWS

IDIOT'S DELIGHT, by ROBERT SHERWOOD

Reviewed by CHARLES E. FRANK

Philadelphia theatre-goers are undoubtedly awaiting with impatience the coming of *Idiot's Delight*. The play has many things to recommend it to the public: it was written by the author of *The Road to Rome* and *Reunion in Vienna*, it is being staged by the Theatre Guild, and Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne are its leading players. It would be hard to imagine a collaboration of talents promising a more lively and entertaining evening. As a final recommendation, it was named last spring winner of the Pulitzer Prize for 1935-36.

But that is not all. This play has a serious theme and demands attention on that score. Mr. Sherwood writes a postscript in which he says, "Let me express here the conviction that those who shrug and say, 'War is inevitable,' are false prophets." He adds that the way to treat militarists like Mussolini and Hitler is to ignore them and ridicule them—they will then become "figures of supreme insignificance." These convictions are presented with fervor, rhetorical balance, and a nice sense of cadence, but it is easily seen that they are so much balderdash. It sounds very like a slingshotless David telling how he will lay low the bully Goliath by merely folding his arms and making a fine gesture of civilized disdain.

In the play itself, Mr. Sherwood works out his theme by presenting a heterogeneous group of characters thrown together fortuitously in a hotel in the Italian Alps on the eve of a great European War: five Fascist aviation officers, nice chaps but very destructive; a German scientist who has almost found a cure for cancer; an American vaudeville hoofer (Alfred Lunt) with his dancing sextette, "Les Blondes;" a communist of French parentage who is working for peace through the abolishment of nationalism and patriotism; a young English couple who came to the hotel for a quiet honeymoon; and finally, a French munitions maker accompanied by his charming pseudo-Russian mistress (Lynn Fontanne). With the exception of the Italian officers and the munitions maker, none of these people desires war. Most of them violently oppose the idea of war. But Italy declares war on France and annihilates Paris in an air raid. England comes to the aid of France; Germany throws in her lot with Italy. The French communist forgets international brotherhood, shouts "Down with Fascism! Vive la France!" and is taken out to be shot. The young Englishman forgets his honeymoon

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and goes back to England to join the army. The German doctor forgets his research and plans to place his knowledge of disease and death at his country's service. Thus all of these apostles of peace rush quixotically off the stage to play their parts in the war, leaving behind only Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne.

Now comes the grand climax. The siren at the airport nearby gives the alarm of a counter-attack: France is about to retaliate for the insult offered Paris. The hotel will be bombed. What a climax!—Lynn and Alfred romancing in a darkened cocktail lounge; Lynn and Alfred singing, "Onward Christian Soldiers," while sirens scream, airplanes zoom, and bombs burst in air; Lynn and Alfred making a monkey of Mussolini by their superb indifference.

Admitting that this last scene is very exciting, we may ask, after a polite lapse of time, if it is great drama. There seems to be a structural difficulty: Mr. Sherwood has found an interesting theme and a good plot, but he hasn't found a way of fusing the two into one piece. Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt being vitally concerned with the plot and hardly at all with the theme, it is obvious that the theme is simply sent packing. What might have been an intelligent discussion of a serious subject turns out to be, after all, only another Pulitzer Prize winner.

PRAYER FOR MY SON, *by* HUGH WALPOLE

Reviewed by W. H. HAY, II

This is remarkably well written melodrama. Melodrama it is, for in spite of the careful and elaborate characterizations, the interest is in a dénouement which is entirely arbitrary, not dictated by the nature of the characters.

It is a story of a woman's attempt to regain her bastard son from his father's father to whom she surrendered him at birth. After twelve years of isolation an invitation from the grandfather is too tempting for her and she comes on a visit to the strange household, ruled by the old Colonel, still strong and robust at sixty-nine. Her long-suppressed love for her child comes to life. As she finds that the Colonel is a half-mad egotist determined to mould his grandson in his own image, to make him a great dictator for England, she becomes determined to take her John away. Without any open conflict the Colonel cleverly blocks all her attempts to leave, until a thrilling, midnight automobile chase through the Cumbrian mountains forces him to admit defeat and return alone, a broken man.

THE HAVERFORDIAN

This wild story opens slowly as many English novels do. Walpole supplies a mass of background of neighbors and subsidiary characters with the Wordsworth landscape looming in the distance. He is completely the master of his style. There are no "muffed" passages, for he handles all with consummate delicacy. Walpole has a clever way of summing people up in an epigram. Of a neighbor, Lady Thompson-Smith, "her children were so well cared for that there was no disease that children could catch that they did not catch."

The main characters are given with great detail through long passages in the "stream of consciousness" form, which is, of course, only the soliloquy sneaking back under a new name. But the only one whose character affects the plot is the old Colonel. The actions of the others are not consistent with their inner character.

The first part of this book consists of genial character sketches and satires of English country life, while the second is a detective story, not closely enough connected to the first. The second half appears like a bad dream, madly dragging the reader to the climax where it suddenly stops. The quiet beginning gives a wide range for emotion, which, growing slowly, unnoticably reaches a pitch whose height is realized only at the dénouement.

The merit of this book lies in its perfection of style and in the power of its second part in which the reader is swept into a fever of fear and desire for the escape of the mother, and identifies himself with her fighting to be free from the Colonel, the personification of the evils of this present-day world, war, subordination of the individual, and boundless selfishness. The reader shares with her the hazy view of a new world, a free world, a good world. But the fissure in the structure between the characters and the plot spoils the book for rereading. The development of the plot is too arbitrary for any interest but the emotional curiosity in the outcome.

THE ASSASSINS, by FREDERIC PROKOSCH

MORE POEMS, by A. E. HOUSMAN

Reviewed by RENÉ BLANC-ROOS

Frederic Prokosch of *The Assassins* is the most interesting poet, in English, since Pound, Yeats, Eliot, and MacLeish; his verse is not the pastiche-writing of C. Day Lewis, nor the blurted-out orating of Paul Engle, nor the

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clever epigrammatic propaganda of Auden (nor does he, like some of the younger English poets, apotheosize aviators, who we have been urged to believe are a "brood apart" from the pedestrian multitude).

Prokosch's technique is as nearly flawless as may be hoped for, and he employs it to tell his hearers that our occidental civilization is done for. There is no panacea. He does not step to the Left; and Mr. John Strachey, had he written his essay on *Literature and Dialectic Materialism* since *The Assassins*' publication, would undoubtedly place Prokosch in his category of bourgeois poets. Which doesn't hinder us in this instance to criticize *The Assassins* from its own standpoint.

These poems are "difficult;" I think that very little, except an emotional satisfaction from their great rhythms, may be got from them without a pretty thorough grounding in the *Cantos* of Pound, and most of the poetry of MacLeish, as well as an acquaintance with the French symbolists and surréalistes.

Some of Prokosch's symbols are patent enough, as in *Going Southward* where the "dead" cities of Indo-China are a portent of what will happen to our own metropolises. It isn't hard to guess that it is Death which is meant by "the Prince autumn-eyed out of the cavern," who says:

Listen: all

*Will come to me, some by the shrill swift road of suffering; some
By the mountainous northern road of doing, in deep night; the others
(Praying; the saddest, some of the proudest and strongest) by
The long white road of exhaustion. And when he'd ended no bird's call
Was left, nothing was left, nothing. . . .*

but you will need to feel at home with dream-symbols to grasp what most people would say has no "meaning" at all in the ordinary logical sense. I think Prokosch, intentionally or not, indicates this in *The Sacred Wood*:

*What land is this? This land
Is the land you have dreamed of . . .
Don't you remember those pale towers, those long
And serpent channels, those tall rocks, those valleys
Fringed with our fears, those silent foam-entangled
Islands? This is the empire of our dreams. . . .*

And there are at least two allusions to "mother sea" (cf. *Death by Water*, in Eliot's *Waste Land*).

His prosody makes use of internal rhyme and assonance; *The Voyage* (one of the best pieces), and *The Ruins* show how the sapphic stanza can be used to their greatest advantage in contemporary verse.

All the poems are good. One finds their meaning after reading to the end of each—they have a cumulative effect. It may be that there are none of those "nice, quotable lines" some people like so much; but each poem is a complete whole, incapable of disjunction; which is perhaps the proof that here is poetry, not pieces of verse.

Mr. Frank Harris (dead now, rest his soul) came once to the decision that A. E. Housman always said the same thing; the obvious reply to this was that no one had ever said it better.

However, I see in the issuing of *More Poems* the same tactical mistake made by T. S. Eliot when he published his *Complete Poems*,—there is nothing better, nor even as good, in this volume of Housman's.

I have read *More Poems* twice through in a ten-day period and I believe there is not one poem here whose subject was not better treated in *Shropshire Lad* and *Last Poems*. These verses are cursed with what the previous volumes always avoided: sentimentality.

The sixth poem is interesting for its form:

*I to my perils
Of cheat and charmer
Came clad in armour
By stars benign.*

I think that:

*Who made the world I cannot tell;
'Tis made, and here am I in hell.
My hand, though now my knuckles bleed,
I never soiled with such a deed*

should not have been accepted by the Cambridge and Oxford dons who helped Mr. Laurence Housman pass judgment on this sheaf of left-overs. It is Housman imitating Housman, and doing it badly.

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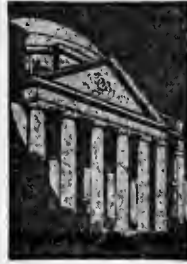
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Bertie Graves

By JOHN A. LESTER, JR.

I WAS walking down through Ardmore with Bertie Graves, a little boy from the Community Center. He was having trouble with his eyes. We had to go see the doctor about them. It was cold, and we could see our breaths on the night air.

Bertie was striding along near the wall, his hands in the pockets of his little corduroy jacket. He swung his elbows and clenched his teeth against the cold. He was wearing a leather cap that covered his ears and buttoned under his chin. His dark face was set, and he looked at the ground a little ahead of him with large brown eyes.

"Cold enough for you?" I asked.

"Yes." He smiled a little. He didn't want to talk.

"That was tough the car broke down," I said. "It would have been a lot quicker than this."

"Yes," Bertie said. "I don't mind it though."

We walked on, watching the cars pass us, looking up once in a while to puff white mist into the air. We got into the town, and Bertie kept in by the shop-windows, brushing along them with his elbow. He looked quickly into each lighted window as we passed it.

"You know what time it is?" he asked suddenly.

"A little after eight, I guess."

"Going to be late, ain't ya?" Bertie blinked and shook his head a little. His right eye looked funny where he had pulled out the lashes when his eyes hurt him.

"We'd better hurry," I said. We turned down Cricket Avenue and soon came to the doctor's office.

The doctor was just leaving the building. He was a big, tall man, and Bertie just stared at his big, shiny black shoes when I introduced him.

"What seems to be the trouble, young man?" the doctor said. I thought he was a little too jovial, and I tried to tell him as well as I could how much Bertie needed treatment, how he read a good deal, and how he used his eyes more than other fellows.

"Well, maybe he ought to have drops. Could you come over to the clinic some day, Bertie, and let me look you over and see what you need?"

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"Yes, sure I could." Bertie looked away at the dimly lighted show-window behind the doctor.

"Well, how about Friday morning?"

"Yes, but I go to school then."

"Maybe you could get out of school for that morning."

"Well—I guess—"

I quickly tried to explain that Bertie had never missed a day of school. Any other time would be better than the morning.

"I see. Well, how about Friday morning, right after Thanksgiving? Would that be all right for him?"

"Yes. We're off that day," said Bertie.

"Good. We'll remember that day, then. Friday morning, that'll be the 27th. Good. I'll see you then. Good-night!" The doctor hurried off, and Bertie and I started back.

"Cold, ain't it?" said Bertie. He puffed hard through his clenched teeth. We got back to the main street and turned down past the store windows.

"How about if we run, Jack? We'd get warmer that way." We trotted along through most of Ardmore, till we got down by the dog-wagon. Then we slowed down to catch our breath.

"Made sixteen cents today," Bertie said.

"Hey, good. How'd you make 'em?"

"Papers. I serve the pinks every afternoon right after school. People buy 'em pretty much. I could make more if I served the greens too. They come after supper." He took a few skips on ahead and then turned around to wait for me.

"You know anything about stars, Jack?"

"I used to, but I've forgotten most of it."

"I don't know much about them either. I'd like to though."

We walked on, guessing what some of the stars were. They were beautifully clear. Bertie kicked an old envelope lying on the sidewalk, picked it up and looked at it.

"Eddie collects stamps, you know. He must have about 4,000. Sometimes I can find him new ones. Gee, he has all kinds, from everywhere." Bertie whistled a couple of notes, and kicked at a pile of leaves by the wall.

"You collect stamps?"

Popular Music

By HENRY S. DRINKER, III

MUSIC lovers of an older generation, and certain of our own, have carefully prepared a sad, sorrowful smile for popular music enthusiasts. What they are trying to do, in many cases, is snub an inevitable change in trend: a change from the classics to something new. They have at their disposal two potent weapons to fire at the new school. One is the sentimental love song, the music of which is merely an excuse for the words, and consequently cheapened. The other is the orchestration as played by some of our popular bands in which the melody is the only outstanding attraction, and as such it is a direct insult to some good tune from which it was copied. As an example of the latter, refer to a band that plays tunes without the syncopation of the so-called swing band. When a critic of the classical school examines popular music, he doesn't have to look very hard to find these defects. They stand out like sores all over the surface of the piece. Such defective music has no properties of its own. It is borrowed or stolen from something much better. It gets by because of the popularity of the love song in the one case mentioned above, and because of the accessibility and ease of distribution due to the radio in the other case.

Furthermore, the sentimental love song often combines rhythm—the only advanced element in popular music—with words in such a way as to appear demoralizing. In classical song, the words accompanied a beautiful melody, and the two blended together in a way which everybody recognized as desirable. Rhythm and sentimental words combine to produce a different effect on the senses which some people consider undesirable.

If these defects are accepted, it becomes obvious that melody must be struck out from the list of assets in popular music. We may like the melodies, but for the most part they are repetitions of something gone before and do not occupy a place in musical history. This brings into consideration the swing band, where the emphasis is on rhythm. It does not attempt to compete as an art with Brahms, Bach, or the rest, and its following does not in general claim adherence to previous styles. The younger generation is the promoter, the older generation the antagonist, the latter feeling itself to be a part of the classical school, and therefore not stimulated to build a new school.

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The emphasis on rhythm at the expense of melody and harmony is also a drawback, but involves the matter of taste. A composition with a combination of equally developed melody, harmony, and rhythm is better balanced and contains more nourishment as a whole than could one with but a third of these possibilities. Unfortunately there are very few compositions combining all three elements mentioned above in equal amounts. Such works call for great genius. The result is an emphasis of one or two of the elements. It should be pointed out here, however, that there is absolutely no reason for classical enthusiasts to claim melody to be more important than rhythm. What they mean is that classical composers wrote melody and not rhythm. As a matter of fact the new rhythm wasn't born until recently. Our fathers and grandfathers don't know how to appreciate it. Popular music which is of any importance consists of about five per cent melody, twenty-five per cent harmony and seventy per cent rhythm. If we want good melody we'll have to go to Mozart, Schubert, Mendelssohn, and Beethoven, not to Guy Lombardo. If we want real harmony we'll have to turn to Brahms or Bach, not to Benny Goodman or Glen Gray.

What is the importance of popular music, then? The answer is rhythm, of course, and rhythm is just as good as any of the elements of music. Who can say it isn't? The younger generation that created it likes it best. The Africans started it, but all they did was to supply the tom-tom. Those who think Benny Goodman is primitive are more primitive musically than the Africans themselves. That doesn't mean they are primitive or ignorant if they don't like him as representing a type. They probably like melody.

The arrangement of swing orchestrations cannot be done entirely on paper. The value of the music lies not in the notes themselves, but in the way they are played. If swing music progresses further, it will require a new type of notation. Equally as important as the variations in rhythm are accents and slurs, which have developed to such a pronounced degree that the present system of notation cannot express them. Not only are there accents of notes and phrases, but numerous interchanges of accents between sections as for example between trumpets and saxophones. To be well done they require excellent performers. There is a marked degree of unexpectedness about this music and it is intensely moving to some people. It stirs and excites them to an extent which melody or harmony do not. In this respect swing music is perhaps leaving the road of music as we have known

POPULAR MUSIC

it previously and developing into a sort of side show. It is well worth the price of admission, however.

If the many critics of swing music would view it with an open mind and drop their prejudices on the subject of demoralization, they would soon realize the tremendous value it has as an emotional outlet for those who have the natural capacity to appreciate it. In all probability, popular music, as typified by the swing classics, will never take a place among the cultural developments of history, but will rather lead to a new type of well-balanced composition with more rhythm than was expressed by the classical composers, and this composition will last through the ages.

Speech of an Infidel

By SAMUEL C. WITHERS, JR.

*When once my hopeless arms shall start to fall
And bowing head be blinded by new blood,
I'll ask no cup to hearten or anoint,
Nor supplicate a supplementing God;
And trust that I will have within my soul
No thought to say with upward searching eye
"Divinity—my weakness seeks your aid;"
But strive with what of will may there remain
To lift my arms, unbow my head again.*

The Green Necktie

By WILLIAM H. BOND

REPORTERS are generally supposed to be cynics. Maybe I'm an exception to the rule, but I don't think so. A reporter runs into a lot of very queer stuff on his job. Some of it you can explain, some of it you can't. It's the stuff that you can't find the answer to that keeps you from feeling you know all about everything. But it's the questions you can almost answer that really get you. Take the Bannett case, for example. I was on the inside there; I knew most of the people involved. You don't remember it? Well, I guess it would be best to go the whole way back to the beginning, then.

I don't suppose you knew the Sharpe twins, Jane and Jimmy. She's been dead for several years now, and the last I heard of Jimmy, he was traveling for some concern out in Chicago. Anyway, they used to live here about seven or eight years ago. They were nice kids; oh, they must have been about twenty or so when all this happened. Jimmy was in his Senior year at Tech, and Jane was going to art school here in the city.

It's a funny thing; you know, I've got something right here on my desk that used to belong to Jane—this old wolf-skull. She found it when she was a kid, up on the Pauntec creek, near their summer shack. There it was, half imbedded in the mud washed down by the spring freshets. She spotted it from a rowboat and dug it out. Got herself quite satisfactorily muddy doing it, too, I imagine. She was that kind of girl.

She did lots of things that you'd never expect a girl to do. Yet she wasn't a tomboy, by any means. Even when she was in her gangly beanpole stage, you could see that she was scheduled to be a knockout when she grew up.

Well, she took that skull back to the shack, and she polished it up with scouring powder and an old toothbrush, just as you see it now. And she treasured the hideous old thing as though it were carved ivory or jade or something really valuable. First it replaced her dolls in her affection; later it was the paperweight she used on her desk. Jimmy used to call it Janes's mascot, and finally she adopted that for its name.

I'd known the twins ever since they were five or six years old; sort of a friend of the family, you know. I watched them grow up, and stuck around as a friendly adviser after their parents were killed in an automobile

THE GREEN NECKTIE

crash back in '26. Jimmy was a fine-looking boy when he left for Tech; but I wish you could have seen Jane. She wasn't merely pretty; she wasn't merely beautiful; she had an elusive quality of charm about her that you just can't describe. Flocks of boys and men ran after her, but she never paid the least attention to any of them. That is, until Tom Bannett came along.

Bannett was a self-made man who not only admitted the fact but shouted it. He had begun life as a lumberjack, and had rolled up a huge fortune by having a hard-willed aptitude for business combined with an emotional makeup in which conscience played no part. He had no more regard for opposition than a steam roller has for an ant hill, and his methods for dealing with it were much the same. If he couldn't buy what he wanted, he took it. And it was utterly foolish to stand in his way.

Coarse and crude though he was, Tom Bannett seemed to have some peculiar sort of instinct for the finest things that cultured people desired. That's what people said about him; but it was always my private opinion that his instinct went no further than the price tag. The man had no more aesthetic appreciation than the dumbest Canuck lumberjack in his timber empire. You can't get me to believe that his gallery of old masters meant any more to him than if they'd been a collection of match-box tops. They probably meant less, because match-box tops were connected with something that he knew about. He bought the paintings because he realized that somehow they were more than ordinarily desirable, and he could afford them while other people couldn't.

That must have been the way he looked at Jane. He saw how sought-after she was, and he set out to secure her in his own crude, direct manner. The veneer of society on Tom Bannett was only a thin film, and it was probably the dangerous sense of the beast so close to the surface that attracted women to him. Certainly he had nothing else except wealth to offer them. And Jane was not the sort of girl to run after money.

Jane began by accepting his attentions and presents with a sarcastic smile at the man's presumption, and she ended by being almost hypnotized by him. And Jane was by most standards a sensible girl.

However Tom Bannett affected Jane, he was simply repulsive to Jimmy. Jimmy was beginning his Junior year at Tech, and he was pretty sure of himself. He was positive that Bannett was even worse than most people thought. He began an intensive campaign against him, and I think it was her brother's colossal self-assurance that made Jane obstinately disregard his warnings about the man. She perversely shut her eyes even to his most obvious faults.

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Then Jimmy made another mistake. He tried to take the case over her head. He went directly to Bannett himself and tried to appeal to his better nature. That was certainly a laugh! Jimmy must have seemed like a queer one to him. For a while he was amused, but when Jimmy saw that he wasn't getting anywhere he lost his head and said a lot of things which were true but far from tactful. Bannett couldn't stand that. His plug-ugly butler showed Jimmy to the door and down the front steps with such efficiency that he never touched more than half of them. And Jane continued to be seen everywhere with Tom Bannett. Although she never said a word to anyone about it, you could see that she deeply resented Jimmy's interference.

This went on for nearly a year. An engagement was even hinted at—but not announced, you understand. Bannett was too clever for that. And it was the old, old story. He tired of her, and almost without warning he dropped her, quickly, quietly, and completely.

That came near the end of the summer vacation before Jimmy's last year at Tech. We all knew that it was a terrible shock to Jane, although we did not know then how serious it was. She fought down her feelings and stood up under it like a thoroughbred.

When Jane suddenly announced that she was going to spend the rest of the summer alone in the old shack up on the Pauntec, Jimmy didn't argue with her or try to persuade her to take someone along. He knew from experience that Jane would be able to work her problems out better if no one tried to help. He also felt that she still blamed him for his part in the affair. For these reasons he didn't even go up to see her before going back to Tech in mid-September.

The autumn went by rapidly, and Jimmy was anxious to see his sister once more. But when he returned home at Thanksgiving, he was surprised to learn that Jane was still up on the Pauntec, still by herself. He felt that he simply had to see her. On the mantel in the study he saw the old wolf-skull, which Jane must have forgotten to take along with her. He seized upon it as an excuse to go to see her. He felt sure that her pleasure at having her old mascot beside her once more would help to smooth over the unpleasantness of the past summer.

Jimmy threw the skull into his grip on top of his clothes and jumped into his roadster. It was almost dusk on that gray November day when he arrived at the bungalow. There seemed to be some excitement there; there were a number of strange cars parked about.

He had a queer wordless idea of what was wrong. He burst into the

THE GREEN NECKTIE

shack, grip in hand, without knocking. One look was enough. His heart gave a terrific leap and then seemed to stop beating entirely. Jane had died less than thirty minutes before . . .

Yes, I know that the papers said she died of blood-poisoning. What they didn't say was that the infection came as the result of an illegal operation performed by a back-country quack.

Jimmy himself was never certain just what he did after that. As nearly as I can reconstruct it from what I know of the case, this is what happened.

Brushing past the startled coroner and deputies, Jimmy swung up the ladder to the sleeping loft. He threw his grip in a corner, unopened, and began ransacking his closet for his .32 target revolver. At last he found it, buried under the jumble of odds and ends that accumulates in such a place. He loaded it with trembling hands, slipped on the safety, and thrust the gun into his pocket. Then he was downstairs and out of the door before anyone could say a word to him.

At top speed he drove the winding, twisting road from Pauntec back to the city. He had only one thought in mind: to get to Tom Bannett as quickly as possible and to empty those six pieces of lead into his dirty carcass.

It must have been well after midnight when he reached the suburb where Tom Bannett had his garish castle. At any rate, by the time he got there the huge iron gates in the glass-topped wall around it were closed and securely barred for the night. Through the bars he could see a few lights still burning in the huge house.

He walked slowly around the walls, looking for an overhanging branch or anything that might help him to get in. Suddenly from the other side of the wall came a panic-stricken scream that just as suddenly died away into an indescribably horrible gurgling. Then silence . . . absolute and complete . . .

He rushed to the nearest gate. Inside, he could see lights racing about the garden. He stood and watched closely, hand on gun, an insane desire in his heart that Tom Bannett would come within the range of his vision.

It was less than five minutes later that four motorcycle officers whined up to the gateway. Jimmy shrank back into the shadows while an excited servant threw open the gate to let them in. It was easy to slip in unnoticed behind them.

Jimmy followed them along the neat gravel paths to a spot in the formal

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garden where the flashlights of five or six servants made a circle of pale light on the ground.

There lay Tom Bannett—or rather what had been Tom Bannett. His head lolled back at a hideously impossible angle in a pool of dark blood which contrasted sharply with the frosty grass. His throat had been literally torn out, as if by some ravening wild beast. Blood was splashed all down the front of his expensive tweeds, and his shirt was in ribbons. The attack must have occurred only a few minutes before, for blood was still slowly welling out over the rag that remained of his emerald-green silk tie. That tie—how typical of Bannett's taste it had been!

Somehow—he never could remember just how he did it—Jimmy managed to slip out of Bannett's estate. He had a vague sort of feeling of relief, and yet he felt as though he had been cheated of something he wanted very much. He climbed into his car and drove slowly toward the Sharpe mansion, his brain whirling.

At home, he sat down before the study fireplace to try to sort things out. The pattern of the flames was no more confused than the pattern of his thoughts. There he sat while the fire died to embers, and the gray light of morning began coming in through the study windows.

The papers next day said that although every square inch of the grounds had been searched, not a trace could be found of Tom Bannett's slayer, whether it had been man or beast. Of course the frozen ground yielded no footprints. And you may recall that the police never found the answer to the mystery.

But all this Jimmy did not learn until much later, long after he knew the truth. Or at any rate, the closest approach to the solution of the matter that anyone will ever make . . .

It was not until the embers in the study fireplace were nearly dead that Jimmy got up and began to pace about the room. He stopped for a moment to lean against the mantel with his back to the fireplace, watching the cold dawn breaking over the November garden.

He stretched his arms stiffly along the shelf. His left hand came into contact with a familiar smooth object. He picked it up unthinkingly and began turning it over and over in his hands. Suddenly he gave a start and nearly dropped it. A thrill of recognition ran through him.

It was the old polished wolf skull—the skull he had left behind in his grip in the shack on the Pauntec. It was almost warm to the touch, and in one of the eye-sockets there gleamed a drop of moisture. Caught behind one of the long curved teeth there was a strand of emerald-green silk.

The Other Side of the Story

By HENRY BEVERLEY COX

THERE are two sides to every story" is an old and oft-quoted saying, yet how often we seem to forget or ignore it when we consider various questions of world interest and concern. For this reason I have chosen to write this brief dissertation on Adolf Hitler and his governmental policies. Having spent the past summer in Heidelberg, Germany, I feel that there is quite definitely another side to the Swastika story than that with which we have become so familiar through the partial and distorted propaganda of our press which has featured the sordid. Mr. John Q. American can find in his newspapers only prominent mention of such distasteful measures as general regimentation, Jewish persecution, confinement of dissenting citizens in concentration camps, opposition to clergy, and a controlled speech and press, and he has been to a great extent oblivious of the finer and more constructive aspects of the Hitler program, because they have been utterly ignored or relegated to obscure corners. I feel that you will agree with me, that in a spirit of fairness—the same spirit of fairness that we are demanding of the Nazis—we should consider both sides of the German story and further recognize that, while we may not be able to condone the methods employed to accomplish the end, nevertheless, the purpose and objective of a majority of the much-criticised measures of the Hitler government is the welfare of the German people.

This sentiment is ideally expressed by Frederick Franklin Schrader, German-American journalist and dramatic critic, who in a letter to Time, referring to Adolf Hitler, makes the following statement: "His enemies who will see no good in him and deliberately shut their eyes and ears to his achievements, may cuss and execrate him, but to the Germans, he is the magician who transformed thousands of years of vain hopes into reality—the factual builder of united empire—the destroyer of the Caste system—the inspirer of youth—the knight who slew the dragon Bolshevism—the Miracle Man, who in three short years found employment for four million idle and put all hands to work in the fields, camps and factories, irrespective of birth or station."

Mr. Schrader has mentioned the most important measures, which are definitely constructive in character. There are many others of which I can only enumerate a few: everywhere new schools and public buildings are

replacing older structures—Germany is being spanned with fine, four-lane highways which act as arteries connecting the distant points of the nation and facilitating travel—an extensive homestead plan, similar to several which we have seen in America, is providing new homes and opportunities for German men and women—in an attempt to broaden the outlook of the man on the street and give him an opportunity to know his country more intimately, Hitler has a plan, known as *Kraft durch Freude*, through which hundreds of Germans each year travel throughout their country and elsewhere, their expenses partially paid by the government. These, I think, you will agree, are constructive and fine. But, undoubtedly, the most important accomplishment of Hitler is that he has lifted a Germany left by Versailles chaotic, humiliated and broken, again into a place of world prominence and has redeemed Germany's lost soul.

I am, of course, quite aware that these accomplishments may not quite balance the scale which has on the other side such serious considerations as denial of religious liberty, over-emphasized militarism, and Jewish persecution. In seeking to understand them, we find that they are outgrowths of a rabid nationalism which places the state in a position where it denies the preeminence of God and ruthlessly brushes aside the rights of the individual.

As far as the anti-Semitic question is concerned, as a Christian, I am opposed to any sort of persecution of men because of their color, race or creed, and I am presenting no brief for the Hitler government's policy in this regard. I am, however, of the opinion that we in America need first of all to cast out the beam from our own eye before pointing out to our German brothers the mote that is in theirs. The persecution of and discrimination against the Southern Negro in America is in principle no different from the persecution of and discrimination against the German Jew by the Nazis. Moreover, many Americans are doing privately what the German government is doing publicly. In a July issue of *Der Sturmer*, the rabid anti-Semitic paper, edited by Julius Streicher, chief Nazi Jew-baiter, there was pictured an outdoor advertising sign of a New Jersey bathing resort, bearing the inscription: *Christian membership only*. The Nazi editor pointed out that there were over a hundred such signs in the state of New Jersey alone. Aren't we being a bit inconsistent when we condemn the policies of the German government? Limited space prevents extending these remarks, but I trust they may have conveyed to you some idea of the other side of the German story, the aspects of which have brought apparent happiness and hope to a majority of the Reich's people.

Help Wanted

By WILLIAM B. KRIEBEL

MAYBE they were fine people, but they drove us crazy," said the storekeeper, handing over the groceries. "Foreigners, you know. Glad they moved away."

"Are you sure of this new address of theirs?" asked the Philosopher.

"Sure. It's a tumbledown place where they live now. She was back here once and told us about the place, as though they liked where they were living, but let me tell you, that's some neighborhood. Well, you've got a lot of groceries here."

The Philosopher paid, buttoned his coat, took the package, and walked to the door. "You couldn't stand them because they were foreigners?" he asked.

"Could never understand them. They'd laugh at us, all of them, all the time, but we never knew just why. All those kids were enough to drive you crazy."

"And perhaps you drove them crazy," suggested the Philosopher. "They were the ones who moved." The storekeeper only blinked at him.

As he stepped outside, he immediately realized that a mean wind swept the streets with an occasional burst of biting hail. Block after block he trudged, clutching his groceries with the faint feeling, "This is a silly thing to do." He didn't know the people. How the conversation had gotten around to the woman who used to live next door he could not remember, but here he was facing a howling gale going to the aid of a widow and her six children, like the warm-hearted idiot that his friends said he was. But was it all in vain? Discouraged before this obsession had struck him, he had suddenly found a reason for living. Would not his efforts be rewarded with the joyous gratitude of the poor widow? Whether it was the noble desire to help the family, or the wish to be thanked which gave him the motive for his impulsive action, he had no desire to discover. Determination to help the people filled his mind.

The streets became more and more empty as he fought on against the wind. Blasts of hail scoured everything. The gale made buildings shudder as it turned their corners, and the Philosopher continually gasped for breath. Had it not been for the few wretched street signs rattling under

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the corner lights, he would long ago have lost his way in the blackness of the night.

He found the street, flanked with endless rows of ramshackle structures that had once been homes, most of them dark, none of them apparently showing numbers. Frantically he scrambled from porch to porch, peering into the darkness with a feeling that he was blind. The gale would not permit him to light a match. A step was rotten, and his leg went through but he extricated himself and limped on. At a corner stood a man, tall and lean of face, wrapped in a thin coat. "Where," gasped the Philosopher, "are the Schmidts?" But the man, whose eyes were wild, only stared at him and swayed. "Number twelve hundred four. Widow. Six children," repeated the Philosopher. The man still stared at him, then slowly turned away and shuffled on with the wind.

The Philosopher went on another block. Turn back now? When he had come to relieve hunger and suffering? He had to find them, for he knew what it was to be wretched. Again he looked for numbers. None on this house. None on the next. His body was ice. He stumbled. Ahead of him he saw a dim porch light, and he quickly passed a lighted window. Then he was up on the porch deciphering a number painted long ago on the brick. Twelve hundred two. Over the porch rail he climbed, staggered, and fell against the door of the house with the lighted window, his package slipping from his hands.

As the door opened, a flood of light came out and he heard a voice say cheerfully:

"Can we help you?"

Minutes later the Philosopher became conscious enough to realize what was happening to him. He was propped up in a chair before a fire that he was beginning to feel, his feet steaming in a tub of hot water, a girl was thawing out some of his clothes, and a large, vigorous woman was feeding him soup from a bowl. Five small children danced and whooped around him in a gleeful manner, perhaps laughing at the way his long hair had fallen over his face, perhaps at his thunderstruck expression. Around him was warmth, light, and cheer, and in his dreamy, dazed mind still echoed the words, "Can we help you?"

Mine Host of the Dolphin

By JAMES D. HOOVER

IT WAS one of those idle fall days. The summer guests with their laughter and chatter had all gone away and the Dolphin House stood empty. The manager, having nothing else to do, was out in the fields with his gun. The yellow grass slid past his legs, the sky was bare and windy.

A good part of the afternoon he had tramped from field to thicket and back into the open, thinking how they would laugh when he came in empty-handed again, for as a hunter his reputation came to little. To tell the truth he didn't care for shooting and he might even have looked the other way had a rabbit or bird by some strange chance popped up in front of him. And the chickadees kept chattering and flying ahead like heralds to warn the surrounding woods of his coming. All in all, it was not strange he brought in so little game. But it was something to do these dull days and it was good exercise.

As he walked he had a queer hollow feeling. The only sound was the plodding of his own heavy shoes. All the living things had run away or were hiding. The sun burned down on wide and quiet fields. And yet there was no real cause for melancholy.

He skirted a stone wall and sloshed through a piece of boggy ground. It was a funny feeling he hadn't had for a long time. It made him think of how he had felt as a young man walking the city streets and wondering what kind of a job would be open. The first was in a city restaurant, one of those cheap places with glass-topped tables. After a while the manager there had brought him out to his summer hotel and finally left the place to him.

He took to the Dolphin from the first, with its old-style furniture and heavy draperies. The solid atmosphere of the place drove out his uncertainty. The job was his and a good sturdy part to play. He had learned it well: the hearty manner, the open but dignified way of greeting one's guests, the common remarks, talking about the weather, the food, business, town affairs. It was a role lived and perfected by generations of fat, pleasant hosts going clear back into the Middle Ages. It was a burgher's job: honest, full of good sights and smells, respectable.

Tramping through the fields, he thought of those favorite guests who used to come back summer after summer and always remembered him.

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He thought of the pert little waitresses over whom he had charge. He thought of the long summer evenings when he would sit and smoke and exchange an occasional word with the boarders.

Some small animal slithered into the grass at one side. Mine host's feet were wet and cold. He felt this place had no love for the figure with the gun over his shoulder.

He realized he had strayed out of his world into the bare woods and the sticky earth. The sun's rays slanted through the trees. He wished he were back at the Dolphin and among the guests whose ways and needs he knew so well.

Invocation

By HARRY H. KRUENER

*Souls of greatness, walk with me an hour
And let me feel your grandeur; your sublime,
Measured tread in twilight vaults of time.
Calm my youth; the fiery lust for power
That whips my soul, in tumult mountainous
And purple passion, upward to a height
That dizzies off into a dreary night
Of cloying void and hollow utterness.*

*Gently lead me. All my fury tame
And purge my being in a mystic flame
To its crystal essence. Then shall it seem
A symphony full-organed and serene—
A soul harmonious, waiting, hushed and free,
To catch the whispers of eternity.*

REVIEWS

YANG AND YIN, by ALICE HOBART

Reviewed by PAUL KUNTZ

Mrs. Hobart has felt deeply into the heart of China—the old China of the mandarins, the China that we children of “progress” would term “backward.” She has been touched by the gentle resignation of the Buddha heart. She has even learned to understand the traditional Chinese scholar, extreme example of effete classicism and resignation to the past, incarnation of the spirit of Yin.

But China is rudely awakened from her slumbers. Into this static condition breaks the dynamic force of western culture. This is the spirit of Yang. From reform to revolution to nationalism the life of new China develops. A leader in the new learning is the American doctor, Peter Frazer. Opposing native superstition he introduces surgery in his mission hospital. Single-handed he labors, without adequately trained nurses. He bears terrific hardship for his ideal of service. But in this process of changing China he learns to love the thing he is destroying.

Soon the Chinese become aggressive, and call themselves Nationalists. They seize the hospital to which he has given his life, repay his sacrifices with insults, and disgrace him by giving him a subordinate position under a youth he has trained. But Peter Frazer does not rebel; he accepts his fate. He has balanced Yang with Yin; he has achieved harmony and repose. He realizes that his life has run its course, and he is ready to go. He dies, easily and without regret.

This same transformation takes place in two women characters. Stella the gentle nurse has learned sympathy in her disgrace. She loves the “heathen” so deeply that she understands their religion and for this understanding suffers expulsion from the mission and becomes a Buddhist nun. Peter’s wife learns not to rebel against her loneliness, and gives herself to her children. Only a woman could describe so convincingly her struggle between love of husband and love of children, and the conflict between Peter’s devotion to career and his obligation to family, a conflict which he does not face, which she must accept.

The directness and clarity of Mrs. Hobart’s descriptions allow one to conjure up the strange beauty of China. The old gray moldering walls,

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squalor within, patterned fields beyond, hump-backed bridges, thin tall pagodas, bamboo huts and rice fields, temples with their bells—all are dainties for our imaginative appetite.

Yang and Yin is vivid with exotic color, it surges with movements of history, it is charged with problems and difficulties, and it is deepened by a meditated view of life.

THE DIARY OF VASLAV NIJINSKY, *Translated and Edited by*
ROMOLA NIJINSKY

Reviewed by W. H. HAY

"Who wants to read a madman's diary?" But a madman is not so different from the rest of mankind. It is not his logic that is at fault but his basic postulates. But rarely do we find a clear picture of a mind working from a set of these false premises. Medical case histories are bald and cold observations by a spectator. Nijinsky gives us the picture from inside, somewhat as Edgar Allan Poe does in some of his poems. Nijinsky allows his pen to express freely the state of his mind in the days of the winter of 1919, which preceded the final breakdown. The diary is a mixture of memories of present life in St. Moritz, where he was staying, and a mass of loosely connected delusions and fantasies. The two overshadowing ideas are the guilty memory of his homosexual life with Diaghileff and a mystical Tolstoyan worship of God.

Nijinsky's early life had been unhappy. His father had abandoned his mother and her three children, and she had great difficulty in keeping the family alive. During this period Vaslav's older brother, Stanislav, fell out of a third story window, when the mother had left the young children at home with an ignorant nurse. This fall resulted in injury to the brain and eventually in insanity. At ten Nijinsky was admitted to the Imperial School of Dancing. He had inherited a good brain as well as a magnificent body from his dancer parents, and did well in his studies. Though mischievous and playful, he always rather avoided intimate contacts with his fellows. At eighteen he was graduated and there followed the years when he took Europe by storm, though constantly exploited by Diaghileff.

Nijinsky's first years of privation started him on the way to withdrawal from the world. At the Imperial School he was under careful super-

REVIEWS

vision, with few of the normal contacts with the outside world. Naturally dancing absorbed much of his interest. It is said that during performances his own personality entirely disappeared before that of the part he was playing. He was well read, particularly fond of Tolstoy. This fondness became exaggerated under the influence of two charlatans, and one of the obsessions of his insanity was that he must go back to the land and be a peasant. Nijinsky was far from being an ignorant dancer. He was a highly sensitive and intelligent artist, with many lines of interest, with a deep sympathy for man. Alternately hardened and protected by life, he developed an inner conflict that destroyed his connection with the world. In its short vivid sentences and the intermingling of present and past events this diary well portrays the thoughts of the last days before the collapse of that great dancer, who still sits head in hand, seventeen years later, in a Swiss sanatorium.

INTIMATE JOURNALS, by PAUL GAUGUIN

Reviewed by GROVER PAGE, JR.

An edition of Gauguin's *Intimate Journals*, translated into English by Van Wyck Brooks with a preface by the painter's son, is now available. It is an appropriate time for an authentic document of this kind. We have been hearing much about an extraordinary scoundrel—a successful middle-aged stockbroker, who suddenly turned monster and painter, who abandoned his wife and kiddies and sailed away to the south seas where he painted wild pictures, behaved like a savage, and came to a bad end . . . This instantaneous death and transfiguration of a bourgeois into a painter is a unique little story which has found many gullible ears. Gauguin's own *Intimate Journals* is very apt to add to the confusion; unless the character of this amazing man is realized, the reader may be in for some bumps and bruises.

"This is not a book," he begins, "for even a bad book is a serious affair," and then for two hundred and fifty-four pages Gauguin amuses Gauguin. Not that the work is light and without important substance—far from it. Herein is the spirit of the man and the painter: his insurgent ideas, his love of shocking smugly respectable people, and his hatred of sham and hypocrisy. In style *Intimate Journals* is a sprawling hodge-podge without the slightest

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attempt at order. The author calls it "All this—all that—moved by an unconscious sentiment born of solitude and savagery—idle tales of a naughty child who sometimes reflects and who is always a lover of the beautiful—the beauty that is personal—the only beauty that is human."

At the beginning he tells a few obscene stories, the purpose being, he explains, to get rid of the respectable readers, so he can proceed to something worthwhile. Rambling on, he gives us memories of his childhood; isolated bits of philosophy; views on religion; scenes from native life in Tahiti; tirades against civilization; estimates of fellow artists, particularly of Degas and Van Gogh; stories of boxing, fencing, and pool; views on women (he prefers them "fat and vicious")—in fact, anything that happens to pop into his head. Taken sympathetically and with a grain of salt, *Intimate Journals* affords the art lover an insight into Gauguin which he can have in few painters. Furthermore, it is healthy, enjoyable reading.

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Outside Bend

By JOE T. RIVERS, JR.

*Leaving the multiple green of the river
Above its delta in a transparent gulf
Where islands of bleached wool rode on faultless blue-transcendent, serene, and
smiling;
Leaving the never reversing current,
We seek the silent groves of the old park,
Groves that rang with the shouts of hundreds a few years back,
Hundreds who rose at dawn to board a stately side-wheeler,
Hundreds who hung over the white rails and watched the Ohio ravished and
knew for a second the gigantic ecstasy of the river,
Hundreds who rushed down the gangplank and up this same quay where now we
walk alone except for each other,
Hundreds who shouted, laughed, and sang where now we dare not fracture
the stillness;
Dare not because this deserted valley of mirth is sacred to silence,
Sacred as the green parks where the same deserters will finally gather to picnic;
Yes, I say, "picnic," for they will find there what they sought up the river,
Forgetfulness among green things,
Cool rest for tired mothers,
And for their half grown children
Perhaps an eternity near the same adolescent whose nervous longing they shared
on the rose arched paths.
The roses are sterile this year and the arches are starting to totter;
The roller coaster, merry-go-round, and ferris wheel droop, their work plainly
over;
Some of the mothers are dead and all have grown older;
The boys and girls are not finding whatever they sought on the hillsides.*

The Sacrifice

By THOMAS K. BROWN, III

WHEN the Jews, crowded out of North Philadelphia by their own fecundity, began to settle in the south-east part of the city, the population there, which had always been predominantly south European, objected strenuously, and from the beginning there existed an enmity which made the squalid lives of these tenement-dwellers even more uncomfortable than it normally was. Actual pogroms seldom took place; manifestations of race aversion were confined rather to social and economic distinctions: the Jews lived their lives, the Italians and Armenians and Czechs lived theirs, avoiding through a tacit hatred all those acts of sociability and neighborliness which life in crowded tenements would otherwise encourage, and taking care to patronize only shops managed by members of their own race. The Jews were less numerous, and consequently at a disadvantage; but their race was used to persecution, and they bore the taunts and abuse of their new neighbors with the stolid silence which was their habitual defense against aggressive injustice, for it had long since become a part of their race consciousness that a show of belligerency only encouraged oppression. And so these many races lived, crowded into unnatural intimacy, their spirits imbued with the same squalor as their physical surroundings, the many banded against the one in the age-old feud of Aryan versus Semite.

The Rubenberg family was one of the first to migrate from North Philadelphia, and consequently it bore the brunt of the first anti-Semitic demonstrations in that part of the city. There were three in the family: the parents and their seven-year old son Julius; and they settled on the third floor of a grimy tenement on South Eighth Street, the other apartments in which were occupied by Italian families. Immediately they were ostracized. On hot summer evenings they used to sit on the fire-escape, trying to keep cool, and once the little Italian girl next door had shouted over at them: "Dirty Sheenies!" Her mother had slapped her and told her to be quiet, but she did not look at the Rubenbergs as she did so, and it was obvious that the girl had been rebuked not for her abusive language but for having taken any notice of the Jews. Mrs. Rubenberg had watched this scene in silence, and neither she nor her husband said anything about it

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later. Little Julius, who had lived up to this time in a Jewish community, and who was therefore relatively unaware of the hatred with which the world viewed his race, wanted to know what "Sheeny" meant, but his mother did not reply, knowing that he would soon enough find out.

And he did. He became accustomed to this term and to others; he became accustomed to having his lunch stolen at school and to being excluded from the games at recess, to being jeered at and kicked and cursed; and under this treatment he developed into a shy, frightened being, silent and sullen, stolidly silent, like the rest of his race, under persecution. He had no friends, and he learned to want none; he sat with his mother and father on their fire-escape during the hot summer evenings, sullenly watching the Italian children playing in the street below, and an unspoken understanding of his position in the world kept him from making any attempt to join them.

He made no attempt to join them, but he did find a friend after a while. How this friendship started he did not know, and he made no great effort to analyze the situation. He found himself getting into the habit of waiting after school for Giovanni Sacchi, a member of the Italian family that lived next door to him. It was his sister who had called him a Sheeny. Giovanni was his own age, a little larger and stronger, sometimes domineering and cruel, but on the whole friendly and patronizing, and at times he seemed genuinely to enjoy Julius's company.

"Hell," he said once, "I don't care if you're a Jew, just so ya don't act like one, see? You're a nice guy so long as ya behave decent, and don't bawl when somebody kicks ya one. Now my mother—she don't like me messin' around wit' ya, says I shunt have nuthin' to do wit' no Jew, but I tell her, 'Hell, he aint' gonna harm me none. I can take care of myself.' "

Thus, while keeping Julius acutely conscious of his inferior race, he nevertheless afforded him companionship. Perhaps it was his mother's objection to this friendship which induced him to encourage it; for Mrs. Sacchi had more than once spoken to him about it harshly, and had once even mentioned the matter to Mrs. Rubenberg.

One evening she stood at the railing of her fire-escape and spoke to Mrs. Rubenberg. She did not have to raise her voice, for the two fire-escapes were only ten feet apart, but she did nevertheless.

"I want-a you tell your son Julius not to wait around all the time for my son Giovannino," she said.

Mrs. Rubenberg looked at her for a moment stolidly.

THE SACRIFICE

"Why?" she asked.

"You know why," said Mrs. Sacchi. "I don't-a like it. My kids has Italiani to play with if they want to, or mebbe them Armenians, but it ain't right for them to be playin' around wit' Jews . . . You don't belong here any way," she went on. "You belong up in North Philadelphia, where ya come-a from."

"I don't think my Julius vill do your Giovanni any harm," said Mrs. Rubenberg. Her face was entirely expressionless.

"It don't-a make no difference wat you t'ink," replied Mrs. Sacchi. "I don't like it, see? An' if I catch them two together any more, I'll beat Julius on his-a tail till he won't-a want to see Giovanni again."

"You vill not beat my son," said Mrs. Rubenberg, and the solid decisiveness in her voice showed Mrs. Sacchi that she meant it. "I vill tell Julius not to be playing with Giovanni, but if he does not mind I vill not tell him again."

"You better tell-a him," said Mrs. Sacchi. "I don't-a want none of my children messin' around wit' no Jew-boys."

Mrs. Rubenberg stood at the railing of the fire-escape in silence, and wondered whether her neighbor was equally careful about her other six children. She said nothing to Julius about this conversation, knowing how much his friendship with Giovanni meant to him.

Mrs. Sacchi observed that her son's associations with the Jewish boy continued, and she beat him for it occasionally; but she expressed her distaste for the situation most directly in a renewed and intensified hatred of Mrs. Rubenberg.

Late that same summer a mild epidemic of typhus broke out in the more congested slum districts of Philadelphia. The municipal health authorities issued warnings and advice, and distributed antiseptics. The disease broke out first in the Jewish section of North Philadelphia, and reached the southern part of the city only after the population had been well warned; and again the Jews were cursed and execrated as bearers of contagion and filth.

A few of the Rubenbergs' friends in North Philadelphia fell ill of the disease, and under this stimulus the Rubenbergs awoke to an activity which they had never manifested under persecution. Care for a friend would send them scampering around in excited, Yiddish-jabbering groups; defense against an enemy would not. Occasionally friends would visit them in South Philadelphia, and often Mrs. Rubenberg, and sometimes the whole

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family would migrate to their old residence. Little groups of people used to gather in front of the tenement in which the Rubenbergs lived when Jewish friends of theirs were visiting, gesticulating in rapid Italian, cursing the Jews for their interdependence and exclusive racial loyalty. And in these groups Mrs. Sacchi was always to be found.

Mrs. Sacchi's fervor in protecting Giovanni from Semitic contamination was not prompted by an inordinate love for her children. She had seven of them, and had come to accept them as appurtenances of dirty and uncomfortable living, a nuisance like all the other duties in her life, but usually able to look after themselves and to be ignored. As long as she was only dimly conscious of them as some of the objects, animate or inanimate, which surrounded her, they had nothing to fear from her. But she was a woman of aggressive temperament, headstrong and violent; and as soon as any of her children—or her husband, for that matter—made themselves obvious through disobedience or opposition to her will—in other words, as soon as they ceased to be objects in her eyes and became rational, wilful beings, she tried to assert her rights as sole human being in the household. Giovanni, through his associations with Julius, ceased being an object to his mother and became a malignant, antagonistic will, and the whole summer was punctuated by frequent fights between them and was characterized by a growing animosity. Mrs. Sacchi's anti-Semitic feeling grew in proportion to the degree to which she was unable to impose her will on that of her small son, and again she took the matter to Mrs. Rubenberg.

"Listen here," she said, "I told-a you about a month ago I dint want ya to let your Julius mess around with-a my Giovanni, an' I want-a ya to stop it, see? It ain't right."

"My son can take care of himself," said Mrs. Rubenberg.

"Yeh," replied Mrs. Sacchi, "an' I can take care of him too, if I ever find him anywheres around *me*. You go horsin' up there to Northa Philadelph' wit' all them other Jews, most of 'em sick wit' typhus, and then ya come back here an' are tryin' ta give it ta us Italians. Well, I ain't-a gonna stand for it, see? You keep that-a boy of your outa the way. Take him back to Northa Philly, where he belongs."

"You vill please shut up," said Mrs. Rubenberg in an even voice. "You ain't got no right to say such things. My boy is as clean as yours, and a lot cleaner."

"Why you dirty Sheeny," said Mrs. Sacchi harshly, "are you tryin' "

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Stravinsky: An Appreciation

By H. M. HENDERSON, JR.

THE news that Igor Stravinsky has once again visited America has of course occasioned much comment, and has gained a place on the front pages of most metropolitan newspapers. Such a welcome is quite understandable when extended to the colorful and celebrated personality that is Stravinsky. But the excitement aroused by the composer's celebrity is not as important as the polemics which will infallibly be re-aroused in many circles by the composer's presentation of his newest ballet, whose theme not, obviously, a conventional one, is a poker game. In the past, critics have entertained widely different views as to the merit of Stravinsky's work. Carl Van Vechten has this to say of him: "He is, perhaps, the most vital of the modern forces in the musical world."

On the other hand, Cecil Gray, in his *Survey of Contemporary Music* states:

"It is possible that some day, like his old Charlatan in *Petrouchka*, Stravinsky will discover to his infinite bewilderment and consternation, that the orchestra is not a mere mechanical toy—" Mr. Gray then proceeds to damn him more utterly and irrevocably by the sweeping statement that he is totally lacking, both in intellect and emotion. What are we to gather from these widely divergent views?

Last winter I had the opportunity to see and hear one of Stravinsky's most popular ballets, *L'Oiseau de Feu*. At the time, I enjoyed it without reservation. A little later, I heard the music alone on the radio, and was not impressed. Here was a problem. Was Stravinsky's music worth listening to or was it not? As you have noticed, the critics didn't help; and even if they had agreed, their agreement would not necessarily clarify my attitude.

Obviously there was but one thing to do, namely, to dig into Stravinsky's music for myself. The results of this research I am about to explain, in the belief that Stravinsky, far from being merely a clever technician, is a real artist. For the purpose of illustrating points, I have chosen three of the best known and representative of Stravinsky's works, *L'Oiseau de Feu*, *Petrouchka* and *Le Sacre du Printemps*. My readers may complain that Stravinsky should be judged in his entirety, so to speak. But the three ballets above mentioned are far more frequently played than any other of his

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works, and are, moreover, the only ones of which I am prepared to speak with any authority.

That you get out of a thing in proportion to what you put into it is a common, even overworked, statement. This particular proverb holds true for Stravinsky's music. One has to bring to the hearing of it a sympathetic attitude. One must realize that the novel and revolutionary quality of his works does not consist merely of a striking invention in the use and variety of instruments, tone, rhythm, development, or better, the lack of it; but that these characteristics are the result of a wholly different purpose in writing music than that of, say, Mozart, Beethoven, or Brahms. This is the crux of the matter. Upon consideration of his essential difference of purpose must rest all judgment and appreciation of Stravinsky's works.

Now the purpose of music not pertaining to the ballet is simply, as I see it, or rather, hear it, to create a series of pleasing sounds, and to evoke some mood or moods, such as sorrow, joy, ecstasy, struggle, yearning, romance, weirdness, tragedy, spiritual ideals, etc., and to search and connote these fully. This is accomplished by improvising some theme or themes, building them up, imposing colorful chords and phrases upon them, and making variations in them. All this is very intangible. No phrase of joy or sorrow can be pinned down. There are a thousand ways to express one emotion. The play of imagination allowed by music other than Stravinsky's is very broad. One need only surrender one's self to the sound.

Now you will say, "What about tone-poems and operas? Do they not illustrate action?" They help it, surely. But can you tell just what is going on if you suddenly switch to an opera on the radio? And do you know what is going on in *Don Quixote* without reference to the program notes? The appeal of most classical music is largely connotative. Stravinsky and his school revolt against this quality, and call it by a more unflattering name. The master himself says, "I want to suggest neither situations nor emotions, but simply to manifest them, express them. I think there is in what are called 'impressionist' methods a certain amount of hypocrisy, or at least a tendency toward vagueness and absurdity . . . Though I often find it extremely hard to do so, I always aim at straightforward expression in its simplest form." Briefly, Stravinsky's aim is to denote, not to connote. While, of course, he does not fully realize his aim (music is music because it differs from ordinary noise), still he comes close enough to be, in many cases, unappreciated by those used to the connotative methods. For one thing, Stravinsky's denotation or realism in treatment does not possess

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that transcendental quality, or vagueness, as the Russian so irreverently puts it. And secondly, it is not always lovely, heroic, or harmonious. But must music be all this? If we can enjoy Stravinsky's ballets, music need not be.

Now I have suggested that Stravinsky's works are largely denotative, and as such, realistically executed. With this perhaps most important key, let us consider some instances where our change of attitude may prove helpful.

In the first scene of the ballet *L'Oiseau de Feu*, the Fire-Bird is pursued by Prince Ivan. Accompanying the frenzied and terror-stricken attempts of the fairy to elude her pursuer are swift spirals of tone from the orchestra. An advocate of the more classical mode tends to condemn this passage as flashy and disconnected. It is. But is not the Fire-Bird a glittering creature? And is not her flight blind and flurried? In *Petrouchka* may be found several other outstanding examples of realistic treatment. There is the welter of woodwinds, interspersed with the cynical mocking of the bassoons, to express the agonized cries of the love-stricken, rejected, despairing clown. These notes are not transcendental. They are meant to depict one thing, and succeed, I think, admirably well. Just as admirably has Stravinsky described the ponderous and labored strides of the performing bear in the carnival scene of *Petrouchka*. The heavy, sometimes grating noises in the basses, while not strictly beautiful, are quite acceptable to human ears, and convey poignant impressions. Do not paintings portraying the ugly and uncouth rate as art? It is necessary to realize that Stravinsky is painting pictures in sound, to enjoy him. It may seem peculiar to you that one can see the ballet coordinated with the music and yet remain unappreciative. But many critics and theatre-goers still cry out against the sometimes unlovely, unheroic, cynical, always novel music of Stravinsky.

Now those who confess to being revolted, or at least left unimpressed by him, when asked for another reason, invariably point to his lack of development. Is this so heinous? It seems to us unfair to say, as many of those out of sympathy with Stravinsky do, that this lack of development is manifestly a result of his ignorance of the first principals of music. Stravinsky, it must be remembered, was a pupil of Rimsky-Korsakoff, and a favorite one, at that. It is not Stravinsky's purpose to have development. He says, "I have no use for 'working out' in dramatic or lyric music." The reason for this lack of "working out" is bound up in Stravinsky's realistic treatment of his subjects. He is avowedly endeavoring to portray episodes. In consequence, his music is very naturally episodic. It is as foolish to condemn

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this quality as it is to condemn the counter point style employed by Aldous Huxley. As the music is intended only to accompany action on the stage, it need not take care to inform the listener by slow degrees that a change of scene or action may be expected. The character of the music often changes so abruptly as to startle and displease a lover of the old school. One addicted to the regular development and iteration of the classical symphony is much like Ling Wei who is accustomed to turn his small jade vase over lovingly in his hands, and to gaze for long hours at the compact loveliness of it. The abruptness and bright color of Stravinsky does not appeal to one possessed of this esthetic sense. It jolts and jars him from his quiet meditation, as must all realism.

I have not yet mentioned *Le Sacre du Printemps*. It, of all Stravinsky's ballets, is probably the hardest to listen to without seeing the dancing, which should accompany it. Many critics refuse to recognize it as music, as did I the first two times I heard it. I was deeply pained. In fact, I was almost tempted to chuck this whole essay over. How to write of this monstrosity? Two things kept me at it. First, the ballet never fails to draw large and appreciative audiences. Secondly, how could the creator of *L'Oiseau de Feu* and *Petrouchka* so revolt me? There must be something in this primitive rite of spring that was worth listening for. The keys of realism and denotation didn't make up for what at first seemed noise, noise, and more of it—notes jumbled and hashed. All that was regular was the ominous undercurrent of the percussion section. I carefully read the notes. The music seemed to represent a primitive dance and rite of worship. The titles of the various parts were significant: The Adoration of the Earth, Vernal Dance, Ritual of Abduction, Dance of the Earth, Pagan Night, etc. Plainly, the music was meant to be earthy if not downright lustful. So I must approach the music in an earthy spirit? With an incompetent and despairing feeling, I put on the record. Then, wonder of wonders, I became for the first time infected with the music, discovered on the spot that *Le Sacre du Printemps* must be danced to be appreciated. Not until one is a part of the music can one appreciate the snarls, dissonances, and rumblings of the primitive dance. Then in these tones of the orchestra you can feel the fitful glare of the sacrificial fire, the thunder of drums, and human cries, moanings, and stampings. Not until you're worked up into a frenzy of hard dancing, can you understand the frenzied music. Such is the extent of its realism. Lest our readers think me funny or even insane, I hasten to quote Carl Van Vechten.

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“ . . . a young man occupied the place behind me. He stood up during the course of the ballet (*Le Sacre du Printemps*) to enable himself to see more clearly. The intense excitement under which he was laboring, thanks to the potent force of the music, betrayed itself presently, when he began to beat rhythmically on the top of my head with his fists. My emotion was so great that I did not feel the blows for some time. They were perfectly synchronized with the beat of the music. When I did, I turned around. His apology was sincere.”

No wonder the older critics condemn *Le Sacre du Printemps* as mere noise. They think music inevitably bound up with the concert hall, that music must be made exclusively of sweet, lofty, and noble stuff. To enjoy Stravinsky requires a broader sympathy.

To the Reader

By THOMAS MORGAN

*Formerly I used to write many verses on her name.
Well, all things change, and even this is not the same.
My love has now grown too great
For me to write about it.
I am become inchoate;
The reader will not doubt it.*

Lloyd Hall Anthology

By JAMES D. HOOVER

THE HALL

*Where are Eddie, Tommy, Joe, Bill, and Harry,
The pure in heart, the campus king, the saint, the smoothie, the man of iron?
All, all are sleeping in Lloyd Hall.*

*One must get his eight hours,
One had too much football,
And one too much beer,
One had finished his prayers,
One had worked all day on the "News:"
All, all are sleeping, sleeping, sleeping in the Hall.*

EDWARD EVANS TOOGOOD

*I get a lot of quiet satisfaction
From something—how to express it? about us Friends
That sets us apart from other men.
If you would become one of us,
You must turn quietly inward
Into our own circle and join
Our own meeting,
Our own summer camps,
And our own secret fraternities.*

THE SPORTS EDITOR

*Maybe I can't toe the mark for the Baron
And go down swinging when Fritzie slips in a fast one,
But let me get out on the old gridiron
With the pigskin cutting the clouds
And two high-power outfits contesting an epic battle*

LLOYD HALL ANTHOLOGY

*With a dual whitewash till Wow!
A boot from the Ace chalks up the winning tally:
Then the Muse grips me and words flow out as fast
As a Scarlet and Black eleven on a victory march.*

BIBLE BILL

*My friends, you see I am happy
Even though I know you make fun of me
And say indecent things about me behind my back:
I really hold you no ill will.
Even if you will not be my friends, after all
A man who has found God for a companion
Is not so badly off.*

JOSEPH COLLEGE

*Dick, Goldie, and Fred are all my friends.
Most of us went to school together.
We get along pretty well
Since we buy our clothes in the same stores,
And like pretty much the same orchestras,
And go out with the same kind of girls.
About the hour when the noon whistles blow
We sit down to play bridge,
And in the evenings go out for beer
Long after the weary workers are home in bed.*

THE CAMPUS RADICAL

*When I speak,
It is not my voice you hear
Not I the wild-eyed fool you used to laugh at,
Whose inmost dreams you killed so cruelly.
Now when I speak,
You hear the voices of oppressed millions:
Laugh that off if you can.*

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TOMMY ROSEMONT

*Among the names in the yearbook mine will be outstanding:
My marks were consistently over eighty,
I was several times a class officer
And a member of the Students' Council,
I served on the "News" board,
And in my Senior year I rose to become
Manager of Track.
Of that record my parents are proud,
Glad their son developed into an all-round man,
Full of the go-getter spirit.
The secret of my success?
Well, at the end of my writeup you will see, I hope,
Founders Club (4).*

H. S. BROWN

*Mr. Armour, one of my schoolteachers,
Recommended Haverford to me
As a quiet place where you could go and study
And still not be lost in the crowd;
And when I see some of the rowdy pictures in the "Collegiate Digest,"
I am glad I picked out such a nice place
To pursue my reading in peace.
You don't remember me? I used to room in Founders
Till I heard a lot of fellows were moving to Lloyd,
And I thought I'd come too.*

HARRY ARMSTRONG

*All these poets, grinds, and holy boys make me sick.
I'd like to see some of them get out on the field
And roll around in the mud three hours a day.
All that's wrong with them is they just haven't got what it takes.
Isn't it so, old man?
Who wants to get drunk tonight?*

Stinking Amish

By WILLIAM S. KINNEY, JR.

THE crew train had been shunted into the siding by the golf course earlier in the evening and now it was illuminated by the flickering intensity of oil lamps and it echoed with the loud voices of ten rugged track workers. Moxie, the foreman, Studenski, Tamulis, the Lithuanian, and three others were playing penny ante; the three Italians lounged in faded green plush seats, talking and laughing in their native tongue; only Goldie, the new man, was reading. Abruptly there was a commotion among the poker players and gloating laughter; Studenski arose, cursing, and moved away. Moxie shouted: "Hey Goldie, c'mon, get in the game!"

"No thanks," said Goldie, "I'm broke as hell."

Studenski lifted a gourd of water to his mouth from a pail in the corner, spat and cursed. "Then how about comin' to the pump with me? This damn stuff tastes like rotten tomatoes." The pump was a ten-minute walk up the tracks.

"Sure," said Goldie.

It was midsummer and a cool night breeze pressed against the two men as they slipped into the darkness and the sweet smell of mingled grass and clover reached out from the bordering golf course. Hundreds of frogs torpedoed in irregular confusion from the nearby swamp. From afar off the loneliness of a dog's bark and the wail of a freight's whistle almost blended into each other.

"Someday I'll learn not to gamble with them monkeys," said Studenski. "Makes me mad at myself."

"Yeah," said Goldie.

In the silence the night cast over all her spell of incredible and soul-tearing loneliness.

Goldie shivered. "Jeez, this place gives me the creeps," he said.

"Just wait till you've been here awhile," said Studenski grimly.

"Why?"

"Why? You'll damn well find out why! Swing a pick all day and sit around doing nothing all night because there's nothing to do! Maybe go down to this two-bit town of Hartville to get a beer, and you gotta sit with a raft of lousy stinking Amish."

"Amish?" said Goldie. "What are they?"

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"A bunch of religious nuts that wear beards and overalls and drive around in horses and buggies and won't use curtains or pins or anything like that. All they do is play with pigs and they never take baths or change their clothes. They're the greasiest bunch of fools you've ever seen."

"Jeez, that sounds crazy. What're the women like?"

"They stink too but they wear sunbonnets and plain green or blue dresses—always plain, no fancy stuff—that go down to their ankles."

"Jeez," said Goldie.

And now they had passed the swamp and had come to a small lake and lights from cottages along the shore gleamed comfortably in the waters with darker hue than the reflection of the moon. The noise of the frogs was blurred and behind them, radio jazz came low but distinct from across the lake.

"Over here's the pump," said Studenski. "Someone's there now."

When she heard his voice the girl, who had been leaning against the trunk of a large tree, ran to the well and began pumping furiously, with hurried breathlessness. Studenski saw her outline in the moonlight and said, "There's one of them now."

Goldie walked leisurely to the girl's side. "Hello," he said. "Here' let me do that for you."

"No," said the girl.

"O. K., stubborn. Say, what's your name?"

"Lay off," said Studenski.

"Just call me Goldie. What'll I call you?"

The pump clanked on, making strange rhythmic noise in the silence.

"I think I'll just call you Lulu," said Goldie.

"Taint me," said the girl in a low guttural. "That's my sister. I'm Ruth."

Goldie laughed. Suddenly the train rounded a nearby bend with reverberating echo, and the headlight caught her full in the face. She picked up the bucket and hurriedly started off.

"Say," shouted Goldie. "You're pretty, you know it? Darn pretty."

She turned her head and her teeth were very white. "Oh yeah?" she said, and then the engine hurtled by, the earth trembling beneath it, and she could be heard no more.

"She was pretty, too," shouted Goldie to Studenski.

"You better lay off," said Studenski.

"And she didn't smell bad, either. She smelled like Ivory soap."

He didn't see her again for a week and even then he wasn't sure that it

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was she. He was walking alone on the tracks to Hartville when he met her, her blue cloth dress almost dragging on the stones of the roadbed. "Hello, Ruth," he said.

She tried not to smile, but did. She was tall and well proportioned, without makeup, but the windblown quality of her high, red cheeks and sparkling brown eyes made her attractive. "Hello," she said.

"I'll go with you."

"No."

"Well, then, I'll meet you up there on the golf course after it gets dark."

"Oh, yeah?" she said, and walked on.

He was halfway up the course picking his way in the semi-darkness and cursing himself when he heard her. "Goldie!" she whispered.

"Ruth!" he said. "I didn't think you'd be here. Gee, I'm glad though. That's the first time you've ever said my name, you know it? Here, sit down and talk."

She sat down and he moved close to her. "You're awful pretty, you know it?" he said.

"Oh, yeah?"

"Hey, can't you say anything but 'oh, yeah?'"

"What you want me to say?"

"Tell me that you like me a little bit. Can't you do that?"

"Nice night, ain't it?"

"Say, you know more than I thought you did."

"Oh yeah?"

Goldie laughed. She said: "I like it when you laugh."

"Do you?" He paused. "How many boy friends you got?"

"Mm. Lots."

"You like 'em?"

"Maybe."

"As well as me?"

"Maybe."

"Say, you sure believe in tellin' lots about yourself."

"Oh yeah?"

"Don't say that," said Goldie and he put his arm around her. She jerked away and jumped to her feet.

"I got to go," she said.

Goldie took her hand. "No you don't."

"Yeah, I do. Pap'll be awful mad."

"So will I."

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"I don't care."

"Yes you do," said Goldie. "Come on, sit down, just for a little bit."

"I hadn't ought to."

"But you're going to." He pulled her down. "I'll be good."

She didn't speak.

"You are pretty, though, you know it. Honest you are."

She still said nothing. He could hear crickets chirping and frogs in the distance.

"Gee, I like the smell of this grass. Don't you?"

"No," she said. "I smelled it too long. I'm awful sick of it."

"What do you like, then?"

"I like the city. Someday I wisht I could go there and live and have me good times like other people."

"Don't you want to stay here with your folks?"

"No," she said. "It ain't no fun here."

"I'd like it here if I could see you a lot," said Goldie. He put his arm around her again and wouldn't let her jump up. He tried to kiss her but she fought furiously. "Lemme go! Pap'll be—"

"You don't care about pap now," he said.

She didn't answer and kept on fighting but soon she stopped and let him kiss her for a long moment. Then she said, "I got to go," and there was panic in her voice.

Goldie still held her. "Say you'll meet me here again tomorrow night."

"All right."

Then he released her. "Good night, Ruth."

"Good night."

He sat watching her until she became a shadow in the moonlight and disappeared. The smell of Ivory soap lingered pleasantly behind her.

* * * * *

Darkness was floating down upon the countryside. Goldie stepped to the door of the crew car.

"Where you goin'?" asked Studenski.

"Hartville." He stepped out.

"Wait a minute—I'll go with you."

"No. I'm goin' by myself."

"Like hell you are. You're alone too much and it ain't good for you."

"I know what's good for me," snapped Goldie, "and I'm goin' alone. I'll see you later."

"You'll see me now, I'm comin' with you."

Goldie shrugged his shoulders and they started down the tracks in silence. Suddenly Studenski burst out. "You by God ain't foolin' me, Goldie. I know damn well what you been doin', playin' around with that Amish woman. What the hell's the matter with you? You might get into a lot of trouble doin' that, and the girl might too. Them old men are particular about who their daughters goes out with and if they found out about this they'd all get together and raise hell with all of us. It ain't safe, and you've got to stop it. Besides, it ain't natural. It's like goin' out with a nigger, and you got to stop it, you hear?"

Goldie looked up at him with a crooked grin. "I been out with niggers," he said, "and they're all right. Yes, sir, they're all right."

Studenski stopped short, clenched his first, and grabbed Goldie by the collar, but after a minute released him. "Oh hell, what's the use?" he said. "I can't hit people like you." He started back toward the crew car without looking at Goldie, who remained motionless for a moment and then turned again to the golf course.

He sat beneath a clump of trees, waiting. Soon he heard footsteps. "Ruth," he said softly.

"Goldie!" and she was there before him and her arms were around him.

"Hey, you sure throw yourself into it, don't you?" said Goldie.

"Don't you like me to?"

"Sure, honey. But look, I got bad news for you. We're leavin' in a little while and I guess I can't see you no more because I got a lot of packin' and things to do. We'll be back pretty soon, though, so don't feel bad."

They weren't leaving for two weeks, but she didn't know that. For a while she was silent and then she whispered, "You—going?"

"Yeah," said Goldie. He saw the beginning and tried to stop her, but she was trembling with her tears and was putting her hands to her eyes and sinking toward the ground. "Don't, Ruth. Lord, I never knew it was as bad as this. Please don't."

But her sobbing continued and became almost hysterical. "Take me with you! You got to take me with you, Goldie! I hate this place! I hate it! I hate everything about it and I hate my folks and I hate being Amish! You got to take me with you and make me like any other girl! You got to or I'll kill myself! I swear, I'll kill myself! You got to make me like you and take me to movies and dances and things and get me pretty clothes and nice things I ain't ever had! I'll do anything—honest I will. I'll make your bed for you and scrub your floors and cook dandy food for you and do any-

thing you want me to! Look, Goldie, you don't know what an awful time I got when I hate it so much being like I am! When you got here I thought I could stand it as long as I could see you, but if you go I'll hate everything more than ever and pap'll make me marry Roy, and I'll kill myself, Goldie, I will! I can't stand it no more! Tell me you'll take me, Goldie! You got to! I can't live like this!" She clung to him and her tears fell fiercely on his face and he could feel her trembling tension and her agonized helplessness. He felt weak and afraid in the face of her passionate plea and he thought of Studenski's angry blast and was appalled at the mess he'd gotten himself into and the effect of the lie by which he'd intended to get away.

"Ruth, gee Ruth, don't act like this. Stop for a minute and listen."

She made great effort and almost stopped but convulsive sobs occasionally shook her.

"Look, Ruth," he said. "I wish I could do what you say but I just couldn't and even if I did you'd have an awful time because you wouldn't like me long. See, Ruth, something happened to me a long time ago and I quit my job and ran away from home and I've been a drifter ever since and never stay in one place long, because I can't help thinkin' of what a lousy mess I made of everything. A bum's all I am, Ruth, and all I'll ever be, and you'd hate me for taking you away. You see what I mean, don't you? It'd never pan out an' I know it. You've lived here all your life and you know what it's all about here. Forget you ever knew me and you won't hate it long. Marry your guy and live here and have kids—that's the only thing for you. You belong here an' I'm just a bum." He finished and with a startled but vague sense realized that this was exactly the truth and that he'd never before admitted it, even to himself.

No longer could she control herself then and she sobbed, "No! No! No! I'll kill myself! It ain't like that, it wouldn't be like that! You ain't a bum, and when we could get a place and settle down everything would be swell. I *don't* belong here! I hate it too much. You're wrong! *Wrong!*" She raised her face and he could see her anguish in the moonlight. The shadows of leaves swaying in the wind cut a crazy lattice across her wild face until she buried it in his lap. "You've got to take me with you! You're wrong and I'll kill myself if you don't!"

Cold terror crept into Goldie's soul as well as sharp, sudden hatred. He realized that he must calm her, that in her hysteria she was capable of causing much trouble. "All right, Ruth," he said. "I'm wrong and I'll take you with me. You hear?"

"Oh, Goldie!" she said and kissed him and the wetness of her face

irritated his cheek. He gently pushed her away.

"Look, Ruth," he said. "Look into my eyes. You know what you're doing, don't you?"

"Yes!" she said, "Oh yes!" and again she threw her arms around him.

He said, "Don't, Ruth, we got to make plans. Look, don't see me again so your pap can't have no idea of anything. Just stick around home for a few days and when I know for sure I'll meet you here and tell you when we're leavin'. Then you can get your stuff together and come down and get on the train and we'll be together. All right?"

"Yes."

"All right then. Go on home now before your pap gets wonderin'." He strode off but she stayed beneath the tree still sobbing breathlessly.

* * * * *

While the crew cars were being hooked to the rear of the freight, Goldie sat watching the track ahead nervously but he saw no sign of Ruth. He hadn't seen her since that night more than two weeks ago, and in that time he'd stayed close to the others so he wouldn't bump into her. The others had become a little more friendly to him, although he was still the most unfamiliar member of the gang. But the wildness and resolve of Ruth had continually plagued him, and he was glad they were leaving.

The whistle blew sharply twice and Goldie jumped into the car with the others as the train started to move. Then, when there was a momentary pause to change the switch he saw her at the close of the bank which sloped down to meet the roadbed some distance ahead. There was a standard black shopping bag at her feet and beside her stood an Amish boy. She turned to watch the train and saw his head stretching out of the window. The train was picking up speed fast as it approached her. "Goldie! Goldie!" she cried and started to run down the bank. The engine passed her and the boy grappled her hand trying to stop her but she turned around with flash-speed and slapped his face hard and rushed down the bank.

"Don't, Ruth, don't!" shouted Goldie. "Stay there!"

The boy was scrambling madly down the bank and was close behind her as she raced beside the train, screaming, "I'll kill myself! I will!"

"Stop her!" screamed Goldie.

The boy reached for her waist and held her despite her repeated blows. Goldie felt weak and hopeless as he watched her sink down. When he could see her no more he drew his head in the window and with sickly grin faced the others. But when his glance met theirs they quickly turned away.

REVIEWS

THE FLOWERING OF NEW ENGLAND, by VAN WYCK BROOKS

Reviewed by W. H. HAY, II

The Flowering of New England is not an ordinary literary history. As Mr. Brooks says in his preface, it is a study of the New England mind between the years 1815 and 1865 as shown in the lives and writings of the authors of the period. He interprets the period in the light of Spengler's theory of the development of a culture. A section develops a literature with a town as its focal point, but the time comes when the town dominates so much that literature is divorced from the soil, becomes self-conscious, and falls into decadence. From New England at the end of the War of 1812, George Ticknor and Edward Everett go abroad to study in the new, Romantic culture of Germany and return to teach in Harvard. A steady stream of German Romanticism pours into New England, excites the native character to action. In the second generation come Longfellow and Emerson, who express the social ferment of Brook Farm. Last comes Lowell's generation, shown as characteristic of the decadent period of a culture.

Mr. Brooks has used the narrative form for this literary history, but assures us that he has "not indulged in fiction" and "can quote chapter and verse, for every phrase used in this book." He has in many cases taken phrases directly from an author's writings. If we compare *The Flowering of New England* with a similar book, Bliss Perry's *The American Spirit in Literature*, we can see the advantages of the narrative method in picturing a period. Bliss Perry goes from writer to writer, giving their life, their principal works, and a judgment on them. Brooks weaves a tapestry, picturing every man to the life. It is the difference between a landscape painting and a contour map. One gives vividness, the other may give precision. Nevertheless, a careful critic like Brooks attains accuracy, and gives the reader a much sharper conception of the New England spirit than Perry. Brooks' talent lies in his short, penetrating portrayal of character and his charming style which make *The Flowering of New England* not a scholarly dissertation, but a story to be enjoyed.

REVIEWS

IT CAN'T HAPPEN HERE, by SINCLAIR LEWIS and J. C. MOFFIT

Reviewed by JAMES DAILEY

Sinclair Lewis, first in his novel, now in a play, issues a stern and fearful warning. He insists that we wake to the possibilities of a dictator in America, that we see the forces endangering our democratic government. Vigorously he destroys our assurance, shows how easily and wholly we may be swept into the power of Fascists, into the power of such a politician as Senator Windrip. He, a presidential candidate, promises aid to farmers, to laborers, to big business, promises national prosperity and international peace. To stir enthusiasm (to support his schemes), he uniforms a thousand, then a million young men as Corpo(rative)s. America worships the new hope, gives Windrip tremendous victory. Then the new day begins. With power, without scruples, Windrip and the Corps reign. Freedom vanishes. Politician becomes tyrant. The press is muzzled, labor cannot strike, business must surrender its wealth. Revolting citizens meet swift death. Concentration camps welcome editors and ministers. Mass murder is a daily habit. American democracy bows to military dictatorship.

A typical American is Vermont Editor Doremus Jessup, who believes that "it can't happen here." He stifles his early doubts, yields to the Windrip appeal, makes no firm stand when the country could yet be saved. Truth comes immediately and in terrifying shape. He must hold his editorship under a brutal Corpo, a former servant. His son-in-law is shot casually, but officially. His daughter is violently attacked. Turning too late to revolutionary activity, Jessup himself is imprisoned. Action, understanding have come too late—at tremendous cost. It can't happen here? Mr. Lewis makes his audience rather less confident.

As propaganda this is extremely effective; as a play it is merely a workmanlike dramatization of the novel. Lewis and Moffit achieve stunning climaxes, but do not develop with continually mounting power the fury and excitement of their material. They wisely choose one family to illustrate the typical attitude, the typical suffering, but they are not willing to remain with the family—must scatter the appeal of their warning and lessen its dramatic force. As to the nature of Fascistic horrors they leave no doubt, but they obscure the motives and directions of their characters. They present in full measure their fear, but are content to go no farther, to leave unresolved the issues and the human elements of their play. The production by the Federal Theatre in no way overcomes the faults of the play. The

THE HAVERFORDIAN

pace is often too relaxed, and climaxes are denied their whole sharpness. The individual performances are capable, but do not fill out the simple stock figures, average Americans, good and bad. The villains are properly suave or ruthless as their roles demand. The good gentlemen are no more interesting than their parts, lacking strength not only in action, but in expression. The women are the most convincing, having greater opportunities to express indignation and making much of them. These latter men and women serve, as Mr. Lewis intends, the interests of propaganda, not of drama. They show the nature of the future danger; they are respectable and intelligent, but quickly misled and impotent in their bondage.

The Sacrifice

(Continued from page 80)

to get tough?" She shook her fist at Mrs. Rubenberg. "You dirty yellow Jew-Sheeny!"

"You doity wop," said Mrs. Rubenberg in an even voice. "You doity goy-wop."

In answer to this taunt Mrs. Sacchi beat Giovanni as hard as she could.

Her prophecy came true. Julius fell ill, and ugly red blotches broke out all over him. The doctor from the clinic said it was typhus, but not a bad case; put a quarantine on the whole tenement, and promised himself that the disease would not spread further.

But Giovanni got it too. The next day the doctor had to return, and as he was leaving, Mrs. Sacchi came up to him and said that her son had a fever and would he please stop in and look. But the doctor had a pressing engagement, and assured her that he would come the next day. He did, and an hour after he left four attendants from the clinic came and took Giovanni to the hospital. His case was very serious.

Just as they were putting Giovanni into the ambulance Mrs. Rubenberg came home from her marketing. At first she thought it must be Julius whom they were taking to the hospital, and she ran up to the car, pushing her way through the crowd, silently, and looked in. Then she saw Mrs. Sacchi

THE SACRIFICE

standing to one side, talking volubly in Italian to one of the attendants. When Mrs. Sacchi saw her she stopped talking suddenly; then she walked slowly over to where Mrs. Rubenberg stood and said in a low voice,

"My son Giovannino, he is sick with the typhus, he has to go to the hospital." Then suddenly she spit in Mrs. Rubenberg's face.

The Jewish woman did nothing. Slowly she wiped the spittle from her face with the edge of her shawl, keeping her eyes on the ground. The crowd that had gathered was large, and they were all Italians.

The next day the two women met again. The doctor came to see Julius, who had a fever but was in no danger, and Mrs. Rubenberg went downstairs with him, listening to his instructions in silence, asking very few questions. As she turned to go upstairs again she saw Mrs. Sacchi standing at her elbow. They looked at each other for a long time in silence. This time there was no crowd. Finally Mrs. Sacchi said,

"My son, he is still sick. The doctor says it is not bad, but he does not recognize me when I see him. But I do not think it is bad." Then she stood silent again. She made no threatening motion, and in her words there was apparently no animosity.

"My son too is sick," said Mrs. Rubenberg after a pause. "He has a high temperature, but he will be all right. He does not need to go to the hospital—yet."

"Giovanni, he got his sickness from Julius," said Mrs. Sacchi. Then she turned and left.

Why she had spoken to Mrs. Rubenberg she did not know. Perhaps she wished to give her a feeling of guilt; perhaps it was an example of that force which pulls suffering people together. These two meetings marked the beginning of a strange relationship. Every evening, by a sort of mutual, tacit understanding, the two women met in the street before their houses, exchanged a few sentences about their children, and parted. They gave no solace to one another through expressions of hope and optimism; they stated facts, and parted. And every evening, just as they were going, Mrs. Sacchi said something unpleasant about Mrs. Rubenberg.

"Giovannino is worse," she said every evening, and there was a note of triumph in her voice as she said it, almost as if she was glad that her son was sick, so that she would have something about which she could revile Mrs. Rubenberg. "Giovanni is worse. He caught the typhus from Julius, an' you brought it here from them Jews in Northa Philly." She spoke in a harsh, even voice.

THE HAVERFORDIAN

It gradually became obvious why Mrs. Sacchi sought these short conversations every evening. Mrs. Rubenberg knew why she did, if Mrs. Sacchi herself did not. But why Mrs. Rubenberg came to them she herself did not know. Perhaps she felt, in the stolid, resigned way of her race, an obligation to accept this abuse as punishment for the suffering she had caused.

"Julius is about the same," she would answer to Mrs. Sacchi, although she knew that Mrs. Sacchi did not care.

Mrs. Sacchi spoke of other things besides her son's health. "The clinic says I got ta pay somet'ing to the hospital," she said; and again she seemed almost to welcome this expense, for she concluded: "You Jews got all da money, and us others has ta pay for everyt'ing dat you ought ta pay for."

And then one evening Mrs. Sacchi was late for their appointment. As soon as Mrs. Rubenberg saw her coming she knew what had happened. Mrs. Sacchi's eyes had a peculiar fire in them, and her mouth was twisted in a strange, staring triumphant smile.

Mrs. Sacchi stood for a moment before the silent Jewish woman, and when she spoke her voice was brittle, as though she were suppressing a sort of hysterical laughter and joy.

"I was at the clinic today," she said quickly. "I ast to see my son Giovannino. The doctor he wunt-a let me do it. I ast him why and he wunt answer. D'ya know why? D'ya know why da doctor wunt-a let me see my son? . . . Because he was dead," she said slowly; "he was dead. He died dis mornin' early." Her voice rose to a scream, and she laughed. "An' you done it! D'ya know that, ya dirty Jew? You done it!" She seemed shaken by some great joy, for her eyes were not fired with the light of desperate grief, but with that of a fiendish triumph. "You dirty bitch of a Jew-Sheeny, you and yer dirty little Jew-brat come hornin' in down here on Eight' Street, an' ya kilt-a my son!" Mrs. Sacchi paused, and then once more she spit in Mrs. Rubenberg's face, again and again, until she could do it no longer.

And this time Mrs. Rubenberg did not passively accept her abuse, although a large crowd of Italians had gathered. Silently she seized Mrs. Sacchi by the throat and throttled her, forcing her down into the gutter and choking her until her eyes strained from her head and her dirty stringy hair flew in her face. Mrs. Rubenberg's face was expressionless, but in her heart was the strength of righteousness and avenging justice, for she acted not as a Jewess, but as a mother exacting vengeance for the motives which had led a woman to welcome the death of her child.

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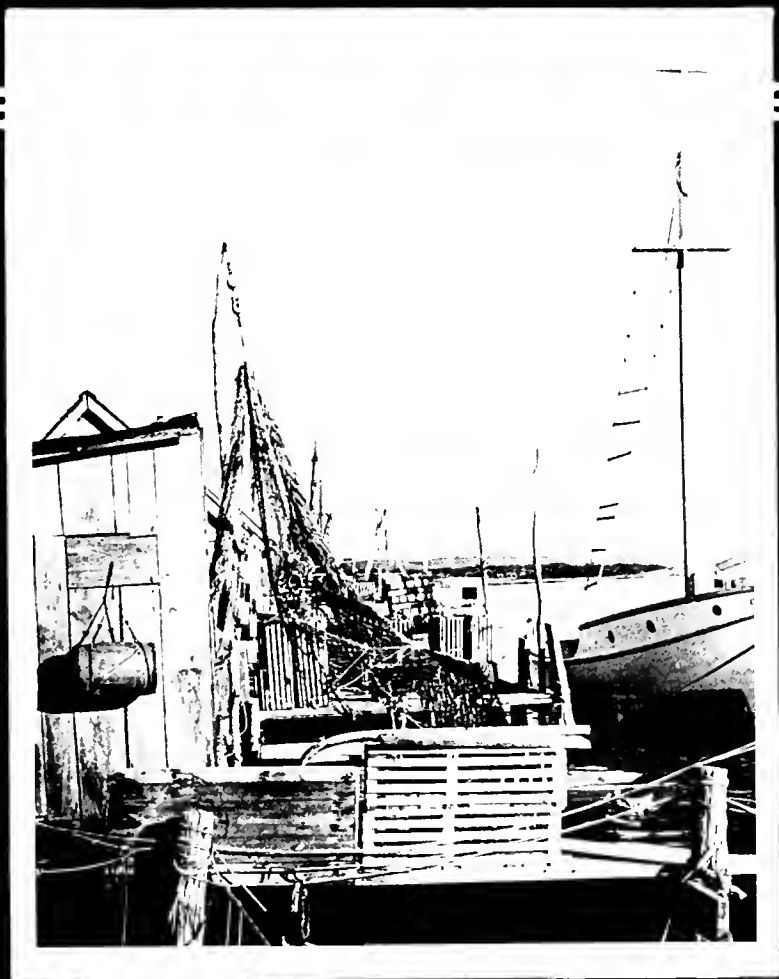
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Alter Ego

By JOE T. RIVERS, JR.

*His hand can with a rounder script than mine
Set down in jest the words that bleach my blood,
And carelessly pour out a ringing flood
Of sound, that shames my best constructed line;
And he has all the patience to refuse
Mere dirt and whirl the shapeless plastic clay
To forms suggestive of a seagull's play—
The cosmos finds a place in his design;
He builds his castles on a higher ground,
On peaks I cannot scale for all I try
To steal his songs or match his endless art;
Some more than finite wisdom stirs his heart,
And yet, I know that at my turn to die,
Where I shall fall, his body shall be found.*

Final Hour

A Story by L. CROSBY LEWIS, JR.

COME in, sir. You're the padre, I suppose, sent to shrive my immortal soul. Oh, don't misunderstand me, I'm very grateful for the visit and deeply appreciative of the honor implied. "The condemned man was visited by his spiritual adviser." That's how the papers phrase it, isn't it? The *Times* has carried my name in the headlines twice—when I stroked the Oriel crew in the "Bumpers" and when I was convicted. I wonder which article was more avidly read. Undoubtedly the one on the conviction. What's a clean stirring boat race compared to a tasty murder trial?

It has been hell, padre, but the worst is over now. When they told me that the Home Office had refused to grant a reprieve, I think that relief that the suspense was over outweighed my disappointment. Good Lord! Until you've waited for news of a reprieve you'll never know the meaning of suspense. The minutes are long days and the days years and all the while there is the unnatural silence that grows more oppressive with each hour until you feel you must sing or scream or beat on the walls—anything to break down the ominous tangibility of the silence. I very nearly broke when the man in that cell at the edge of the row was taken shrieking to be—uh—to be . . .

Thanks, padre, I'd enjoy a cigarette. I smoked the last of the box that Anne brought this morning. It was fortunate that she brought extra matches with them because I used so many that the last match lit the last cigarette. It's odd that so little a thing as a lack of matches could upset one, but if I hadn't been able to light that last smoke I would have burst into tears.

Anne has been wonderful. You know, padre, she has been to see me every time they would let her in. I don't know what I'd have done without her understanding and sympathy. Oh God—it's all so futilely unjust! To think that I am to be hung in three hours for the murder of my brother Richard. Richard, who with Anne meant more than life itself; Richard with whom I played, went to school, to college, fought and hunted. If it weren't so tragic it would be ridiculous. And he couldn't have known that I loved Anne for I never even told *her*. It would have hurt him terribly and I would never have had that happen. We were all three so happy together, Anne with the baby, and Richard and I with the farm. Ever been to Wantage,

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padre? It's a short hour's drive from Oxford. There's a market place in the middle of the town and every Thursday the farmers from the surrounding country bring their sheep and cows to sell. I've always thought that they come just as much for the conversation with each other as for the actual business of buying and selling. It's a lovely town full of pleasant contrasts of the past and the present. Northcoate Manor, where we lived, was two miles to the west, in magnificent rolling country with fine meadows, patches of woods and neat fences. Wonderful hunting country. Often in the fall—but you probably aren't interested, are you, padre? I don't quite know why you should listen to a man who in twenty-four hours will be a terse notice in an obituary column. But it does help to pass the time and that's what you're here for. Oh don't worry, I'll make my peace with God when the time comes but now I want to talk. How funny! In a few hours I'll never talk—never talk to Anne again, never hear any more Mozart, never read any more Poe. Ever read Poe, padre? You should. You probably wouldn't like him but he'd do you good.

I *will* have another cigarette, thanks. In the batch of letters they brought me this morning—my last mail—there was a letter forwarded from home from Richard's tobacconists saying they had mended his pipe and would he call for it when he was in town? He was always very sticky about his pipes, always insisting that they were in the rack when not in use. When we were at Marlborough he used to make his fag go through a perfect ritual of cleaning his pipes every Wednesday and Saturday. Nothing annoyed him more than when I used to drop cigarette ashes on the floor. And yet when he used to get paint all over himself and the floor in one of his frequent fits of manual labor he would never understand when I accused him of inconsistency. I think he was at his best when the three of us sat, as we often did, before the tremendous fireplace in the library—Anne with her coffee and Richard and I with brandy—and discussed commonplaces, the day's hunting, the headlines in the papers, or our hosts at dinner the night before. He had a most engaging sense of humor and a most amazing memory for conversations which he embellished as the occasion demanded with flashes of his keen wit until I was often roaring with laughter. Anne seldom laughed but she had one of those smiles that the writers call “deep” and which seemed to me to show far more amusement and appreciation than any vocal effort.

You know, Justice always seemed to me to be a kindly sort of arbitrator but here it is demanding in a cold impersonal fashion a life for a life. Certainly my death will benefit the state even less than my life *did* whether I killed a

FINAL HOUR

man or no. I wonder how the person who really *did* kill Richard feels. Poor devil, I wouldn't be in his shoes for anything. He must have been strong, for the coroner said that Richard had only been struck once.

* * * *

That afternoon Richard and I had had one of our few violent quarrels. He stubbornly insisted that he was going to sell the two hunters and invest the money in some fly-by-night corporation. We had a few heated words and I moved toward his desk from the fireplace where I had been standing swinging the poker in my hands.

"You can't do it," I said, gesturing with the poker, "for Anne's sake you mustn't. If I can possibly prevent it I won't let you do it."

"Don't be a fool, Alan, you can't stop me," replied Richard with an uneasy grin.

"Oh can't I?" I muttered and turned so sharply to leave the room that I tripped over a small table which fell to the floor with a crash. There was a silence and I surveyed the mess. I dropped the poker and strode from the room. I was thinking of how much Anne would miss her hunter and that perhaps I could persuade her to interfere with her husband.

But the jury didn't believe me and said that after an argument I had threatened my brother and when he mocked me I had struck him with the poker and walked out of the room. The servants gave evidence that they had heard us quarreling and were able to remember that part of our conversation that was most damaging to me. The motives ascribed to me were that I coveted both my brother's farm and his wife. The K. C. managed to get across some nasty innuendoes that were damaging to my case before my counsel's objections were sustained. Good Lord! To think that the law allows a swine like him to bandy Anne's name around a courtroom. I can almost imagine myself murdering him, by God.

* * * *

One last smoke and then it's all over, padre. Do you have many of—uh—us to see tonight? I suppose all convicted murderers swear they're innocent, but I really am—don't you see? Don't you believe what I've been telling you? Ahhhh of course you don't. But why? Why?

* * * *

"In the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost Amen.

"O God who sparest when we deserve punishment and in Thy wrath rememberest mercy, we humbly beseech Thee of Thy goodness to comfort and succour all prisoners *especially those who are condemned to die.*"

Editorial

WE HAVE for some time felt that THE HAVERFORDIAN, in common with most college magazines, does not hold its rightful place in the campus sphere. Too often have such publications, inspired by a lean year or two, won the reputation of being the mouthpieces of a few people who consider themselves intellectuals and who write slush which is not worth reading. And after this situation has been corrected, if, indeed, it ever actually existed, its atmosphere undeservedly hangs on and the magazine suffers.

Obviously, this shouldn't be so. The publication is a medium which should mirror the thought of the student body in fiction, in poetry, in the arts, and above all in the manifold aspects of contemporary political and social scene. And by that definition the magazine does not belong to a few people but rather to that great portion of the student body which looks upon the world with more than a glimmering of intellectual curiosity and has something to say about it. Actual literary merit means little, for there are few who are mature enough to turn out anything much above the level of hack work, and conversely there are few incapable of expressing their thought in words.

If you will remember, it was probably no later than a week after you came to college that you, without seeing an issue, were prepared to curse THE HAVERFORDIAN with the oldest hands. The purpose of the changes which we have made is to dispel that attitude and to make writing for and an interest in the magazine something which is right and proper and desirable. Two of the new departments are designed to aid in meeting the need. The World seeks articles on any subject, political or social, having to do with the current scene, and the Arts wishes contributions from those who feel that they have something to say about almost any form of the world's culture, about anything from Michaelangelo to Stuff Smith. And certainly there are few Haverford students who cannot speak in at least one of those two fields.

And if the student body will believe that THE HAVERFORDIAN holds an integral place in student activity, it can make it one of the best college magazines in the country. The staff would welcome the criticisms, suggestions, and reactions of every person in college. But above all it would welcome *writing*, and writing in a wide variety of fields.

THE ARTS

devoted to modern as well as classical forms

Nocturne

By GROVER PAGE, JR.

IT IS not often among painters that there appears a man whose life is one of purity, loftiness, and sheer beauty—an artist who as a man is free from all that is base. Michaelangelo was an ill-tempered, uncouth crank; Cellini a murderer; Van Gogh somewhat of a fool; Whistler a sham; Gauguin a braggart—and so on. It is often these worldly qualities which give their art vitality. Goya's participation in life as a healthy red-blooded man and not as a misfit dreamer is clearly shown in his pictures, which for the most part deal with bull-fights and war. Living in a time of great disorder (Wellington and Napoleon were making a bloody battlefield out of Spain) he coloured his canvasses with his none too spotless soul and they came out the better for it. But once in a while there appears a pure soul whose pictures reflect the light of mystical inspiration and whose beauty is heavenly. Among these is Albert Pinkham Ryder.

It was natural that Ryder so often used the sea to give expression to his moods and ideas. He was born in 1847 at New Bedford, Massachusetts. Two of his brothers were sailors. In those days one didn't sail about in huge ships with swimming pools and bars on board. Those were the days when men went down to the sea—a grim sea—in tiny sailboats; the days when whalers circled the globe. To Ryder the sea had a far different meaning than to us. He was not a romantic Rockwell Kent trying to resurrect a dead spirit; he lived and painted when Kent's pipe dream was a reality. This early environment and Yankee heritage stayed with him all his life. Like all children he began to draw at an early age. An unknown artist saw some of young Albert's clumsy attempts and told his father that the boy

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had rare talent and remarkable feeling. "I don't know—I don't understand him," the father replied, but wisely allowed him to continue his art without opposition or interference.

The lad approached his work with a quiet but firm determination. He felt that he possessed the power to paint pictures that would live through the ages. So he went calmly to work, hard work. No painter was ever less Bohemian than Ryder. He seems to have sown no wild oats; his youth was spent in quiet, serene reflection. He loved his fellow beings deeply and enjoyed wandering about in large crowds watching their antics, but dissipation was not for him.

And so he grew up, from a shy youth to a giant with huge broad shoulders, a magnificent leonine head, kind eyes, and a "gentle voice like a Quaker's conscience." He lived as simply as a hermit. "The artist needs but a roof—a crust of bread and his easel," he said, "and all the rest God gives him in abundance." In all his long life of poverty he called on his friends for help only once—at seventy he borrowed a pot of beans. A news boy from whom he bought papers recognized his picture and asked, astonished, "Youse the guy what's mug's in the papers? I t'ought youse was a bum." There is a story about a young violinist who moved next door to his studio. He heard her playing, introduced himself, proposed, and was refused—all on the same afternoon. This vague rumor is the only record of a woman in Ryder's life.

Ryder was almost entirely self-taught. Hence his work is remarkable in its originality. But it is not a freakish originality achieved by strained attempts to be different. Nor was it an attempt to break with convention—Ryder painted as he felt and saw, uncontaminated by schools, fads, and theories. He enrolled in the New York Academy, but drawing and painting from plaster casts threw him into such a depression that he quit school after a short time. His departure was not a dramatic quarrel with the professors; one day he merely didn't come back. He returned to nature to paint the sea he loved so much and to regain his self-confidence. His marines almost without exception are nocturnes; an expanse of rolling water, a tiny sailboat, all under a soft, moonlit, broken sky. On his one trip abroad he amused his friends in Venice by painting moonlights in broad daylight. "Toilers of the Sea," "Moonlit Cove," "The Smugglers," "Ship"—they all portray the soul and the very smell of the sea with their soft greens and blues. In different moods are "Jonah" and "The Flying Dutchman," showing the sea in storm.

And what did the critics have to say about them? Naturally the indoor sailors said that he didn't know a thing about the sea.

Besides his marines there are the exquisite little phantasies which filled his dreams. He never consciously sought an escape from reality. He was one of the few successful mystics in art. "The Way of the Cross" and "Resurrection" contain the very charm and beauty of the tales of John or Matthew, and the "Temple of the Mind" gives us his poetical philosophy. One night a waiter told him of his having bet all his savings on a horse that came in last in the Brooklyn Handicap. The same night the waiter killed himself, and this gave Ryder the idea for his most famous picture, "Death on a Pale Horse," or "The Race Track." Death rides a swift horse furiously around a deserted race course under a gloomy, monotonous sky. In a similar mood is "Death Rides the Wind."

Owing to his use of poor pigments and his bad painting habits, Ryder's pictures are at present in extremely poor condition. He frequently worked over patches of half dry paint and the result of the unequal drying of the two layers is today resulting in dangerous cracks which may bring complete destruction to many of his pictures. And we can hardly afford the loss, for his complete output was small. Probably no other painter worked as slowly as he did. "Macbeth and the Witches" was on his easel for eighteen years; when somebody asked about its progress he replied, "I think the sky is getting interesting." A patron who had paid for a picture in advance was told six years later that it was still not finished. "Shall I have my funeral procession stop by your studio for it?" "Even then if it is not finished they must wait," was the reply. He was incapable of turning out slipshod, inferior work. Unfinished sketches did not interest him. He saw each picture through to its fullest realization; he knew what he wanted: "a halo in every picture."

A Story of the New South

The Pride of the Caldwells

By J. WALLACE VAN CLEAVE

SHE was a very old lady, and a shabby one, living on in a one-story frame house where she had always lived. There were stores on each side of her now, and a factory two blocks away, but she still held on, shutting out the world with a small rusting iron fence and a swinging gate. In the back yard an old pear tree showed a few blossoms in the spring, and there was an oleander tree in a tub. Some moss and ferns that had been planted near the house years before still carried on.

She was not one to change her ways. Miss Caldwell they called her, or Miss Jane. She lived alone, and refused help from anyone. Sometimes a boy came to see her, a boy as shabby as she was, with an earnest, intense look. He was her brother's grandson, and except for him she was quite alone.

But the Caldwells, she would tell you, were the best people. They were rich, and the men were handsome and the women beautiful, and they were all proud. Proud of themselves and their family and their homes and their slaves and everything that went to make grace and happiness. That was before the War. She could remember riding over the fields with a West Point cadet who sat very straight in his saddle but in the end did not ask her to marry him. She could remember when General Morgan borrowed her grandmother's carriage for the wounded. And now all she had was a fine old sideboard, and some spoons which were nearly worn through. She made quilts when her eyes felt strong, and the rest of the time she spent rummaging through old boxes, reading musty letters, or, most of the time, simply looking out of the window.

THE PRIDE OF THE CALDWELLS

Her nephew found her like that, sitting and looking out of the window. He was thin, and had a watery, bloodshot look about him. The blood had run thin in this last Caldwell. But she adored him, and rose to meet him, standing like a grand lady at a reception, handling her plain black skirt as though she were on a dais. And he bowed to her dramatically, like a courtier, as she had demanded of him when he was young, and now expected as a matter of course. They sat down then, and began to talk.

"I met Elizabeth Porter the other day," he said. "She's very attractive. Her family were related to grandmother, I think."

Miss Caldwell sat even straighter than she did ordinarily, looking down her nose. "You must not see those people," she said.

"Why? They were very nice, I thought."

"Your grandmother's name was Porter," she said, "and she married my brother. But we Caldwells hate all the Porters and always must. They thought my brother wasn't good enough to marry their daughter. And who were they but a lot of upstarts with some money? No one ever heard of them fifty years before, and the Caldwells were older and prouder than anyone. Your grandmother was a bridesmaid at Hannah Lithgow's wedding, and when it was over she slipped upstairs from the reception—she said her slipper hurt—and she crept down the backstairs, and your grandfather was waiting there in a carriage, and they drove off and were married. The Porters never forgave her, and hated her, and cut her off without a cent. And when your grandfather saw old Mrs. Porter at church one day and thought he would be generous and Christian and speak to her she took her fan and struck him in the face, in church, before everyone. She thought she would be proud too, but she was a little dumpy woman, not worth two cents compared to any Caldwell that ever lived. So you see, we have no use for the Porters, and you must not."

The young man looked weary, as though he had heard the story before.

"You must keep up the pride and traditions of the Caldwells," she continued. "You must hold yourself straight and be decent and honorable and proud of your family and yourself. And you must never give the Porters an inch, or forgive them anything."

"Aunt Jane," the young man said quietly, "that was sixty years ago. Don't you think we could forgive them now?"

"The Caldwells can never forgive the Porters anything."

He rose to go then, bowing stiffly, and she rose too, standing very straight and stiff. He noticed that her shawl was torn, and that the windows

were dirty, and that the wall paper was peeling off. He noticed that his Aunt Jane was a very plain woman, and must always have been so. As he went out of the gate he noticed that the creaking hinges were rusted and would soon give way. He saw her through the window, still standing stiffly, and as he walked away he thought of her dreaming of romance, of fans and bright silver, of carriages and slaves, of the West Point cadet riding over the fields, and he thought of her nursing her old hatred into remembrance. As he walked along looking at his own shabby clothes and worn out shoes, and thinking of his Aunt Jane, he unconsciously straightened up, and held his chin proudly. Then after a while he slouched again and ambled along as he always did. He was, after all, a very shabby young man.

Succes D'Hiver

By RENÉ BLANC-ROOS

Un soir dans une gare vers la fin de l'automne
Lorsque pendant longtemps on ne s'était vu
Je constatais que quelque chose d'inconnu était venu
Avec vous; et cela me rendait triste en somme.

Peut-être la façon que vous aviez
De parler, de regarder autour de vous
Comme si le monde entier devenu fou
Vous avait laissée là dans un isolement de glacier.

Pourquoi (c'est ridicule!) auriez-vous peur de moi, pourtant
Depuis ce jour vous n'aviez plus confiance
En ces choses qu'on vous lisait dans votre enfance . . .
Nous marchions lentement vers le guichet et en sortant

On voyait la neige de ce nouvel hiver tâchant
De se détourner du vent.

THE WORLD

social and political forces at work today

Eating as an Art

By BUNICHI KAGAMI

WHEN I speak of Japanese dishes you would be reminded of chopsticks and, some of you may be, of Sukiyaki and Tempura. But these are very little and unimportant part of Japanese dishes. Especially of Sukiyaki, which is rather well-known and popular, it is relatively new and may be one of the unrefined Japanese dishes.

Old and traditional Japanese dishes have been highly refined through long history. Perhaps nowhere else in the world is eating so closely associated with art as it is in Japan. The people have developed the cult of eating for the purpose of enjoying art; consequently art is pressed into service whenever a meal is taken. Not only are the environment and the utensils made to enhance the pleasure of eating, but the food itself is so prepared as to appeal to the aesthetic senses. It may be fairly said that Japanese dishes are prepared especially for admiration. Accordingly, the traditional and most refined art of making Japanese dishes has become very difficult for amateur ability of the family staff. The great majority of Japanese entertain their guests with formal dinners at restaurants rather than at home. This has brought about the existence of many pure Japanese restaurants where artistic eating has been developed to near-perfection.

To some of the exclusive restaurants, one must be introduced before accepted as a patron. And if the patron wishes to make sure of getting a certain room in these restaurants he may find it necessary to apply two or three weeks in advance. These are owned by makers of beautiful dishes—and what more logical than a potter's conducting of a restaurant as a medium for displaying his art?

In these gathering places of epicurean aesthetes, so exquisite is the service that girls of good family do not feel demeaned by working here as maids. Rather, they appreciate such an opportunity to perfect themselves, through practice, in the art of etiquette, flower arrangement, and tea ceremony. Nor

are they permitted to chat with the guests, to serve their Sake (rice-wine), or otherwise to interfere with the enjoyment of art.

The approach to the eating place must give a suggestion of seclusion, of remoteness from the work-a-day world; so that it is almost invariably a gate-way, from which one may follow a path, short perhaps, but bordered with concealing bushes and trees. The entrance is cozily low and graciously wide which, with the sheltering roof and long, broad step, gives an inviting air. Through long corridor guests may be led to a pure Japanese room. The rooms are respectively named and the menu as well as the dishes vary according to the room. Guests should wait meal, appreciating the flowers arranged at the foot of a painting hanged at the Tokonoma-alcove. When they have seen all painting and flowers, there is the immense garden to be enjoyed—waterfall, ponds, streams and bridges, winding paths, fine trees and bushes.

Meanwhile, meal is served. As the first course in a formal dinner, Sake is served on a tray placed before the guest. When this tray is removed, three trays for the meal proper are set. The bowls and plates may be black or red lacquer, and gray or light green china respectively. The lacquer bowls may be designed with pine-tree, bamboo or plum-blossoms,—indicating respectively “ever green, bending but not breaking and sweet bravery in adversity.” The soup is served in these lacquer bowls. Lobster and crab meat or slashed raw fish meat with greens may be served in a dish shaped like a lake, gray, with a design of ferns and grasses and a texture reminding one of a sandy shore. Soy or Japanese sauce is served in a small dish shaped like a boat. The vegetables may be served on a plate which simulates one leaf overlapping another. In the bottom of a deep, straight-sided cup a raw egg may be put, like the reflection of the moon in the depths of a mossy well. From a black lacquer tub, which the waitress keeps beside her, is taken the pearly steamed rice. And the guests take up the new willow chop-sticks.

Even when the food has been eaten, the beauty of the dishes remains; and the guests may philosophize that so it is with man—though time may remove him from his place, still the beauty of the earth remains. After the proper course of dinner, a tray for cake and tea is served. This part of the course in formal dinner has been developed and refined to the art of the tea ceremony which we are now dealing with as an independent art from dinner.

And so we might go on indefinitely, giving innumerable examples of the union of art and eating. This much is evident, the young women who would be good cooks must have some artistic sense, for they must put art into their cooking.

TIME PAST

reprints of current interest

The Bird and the Pool

By FREDERIC PROKOSCH

*Last night I dreamt about a bird—
A strange and sunlight-aureoled bird:*

*He lived upon a golden tree
That blossomed in a distant land;
And there he sang deliriously
Unto a thousand waves aquiver
Upon an emeraldine river,
While southern breezes floated past
Like moving camels on the vast
And simmering wastes of sand.*

*And while he sang, this wond'rous bird,
Flying through the woodlands, heard
The silver whisperings of the cool
And crystal waters of a pool—
A pool unruffled, shadowless,
Bordered by the tangled cress—
A hidden, sleeping pool that lay
Unrippled on the windiest day.*

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*Hither, through the forests ringing
With his joy-impassioned singing,
Came the sunlight-aureoled bird
And lighted on the dark pool's edge,
Shadowed by the cress and sedge.
To him did the pool impart
Secret whisperings that stirred
The sleeping depths within his heart.*

*He flew through regions ne'er before
Crossed by mortal—regions where
Cliffs rose summitless and bare
Into grayness: where the roar
Of torrents endless as the night
Filled the aged rocks with fright.
At last he found a jewel rare,
Invaluable—who knows where?—
The sunlight's and the ocean's daughter,
And brought it to the pool's dark water,
Lighting softly on its edge
(Shadowed by the cress and sedge);
And there from off the dark-green brink,
He let the jewel fall and sink—
It sank, without a sound or trace,
But for a single watery ring
Slowly, slowly widening
Upon the pool's unruffled face.*

*And the Sun-bird, songless, soundless,
Gazes down into the groundless
Depth; the pool lies motionless,
Bordered by the tangled cress.*

*This I dreamt about a bird—
Strange, oh sunlight-aureoled bird!*

(NOTE: Reprinted from the May, 1924 issue. Mr. Prokosch, Class of '25, is the author of "The Asiatics" and "The Assassins.")

Last Night

A Haverford Mood

By ANTHONY C. POOLE

OH MY Lord! Two o'clock already. What's this—a magazine? Well so it is, pages and pages of advertisements. Turning over pages and sopping up dully a lot of nothingness. Magazine, enough of you, so there you go, flop on the floor. The room looks horribly empty and quiet. Three hard white lights burning. On the middle of the floor an ashtray, pieces of yesterday's newspaper, and a shoe. Clothes and books and litter on the couch and desk, and that empty chair over in the corner with the white light shining over it. All so quiet. The ticking must be my watch. And that moth keeps circling and bumping around the bulb. The window is half open, and outside there is a soft wind blowing. The newspaper on the floor rustles in the gust. The lamps burn on, the moth flutters, and the watch ticks. Someone is asleep in the next room, behind that closed door. Far off in the night somewhere the sound of a train breaks the stillness and is gone. Yes, two o'clock already.

I take a deep breath and stand up. The chair creaks. Another cigarette. I light it, and walk slowly up and down the floor. Those few type-written sheets over there on the desk and the light glaring down on all the poor meaningless mess. Good Lord, *think*, man. That's a paper you've got to get in by tomorrow, do you realize that? Do you? Action—action—start the wheels moving. Paper. Write. Well? No use? No use. Another deep breath. I toss the cigarette into the fireplace and walk to the window. There's a warm wind blowing in, and the night outside looks black and inviting. The dark branches are swaying, and the moon drifts through ragged clouds. A good walk out there in the night ought to clear the air. That's it! That's what I'll do. I turn back into the room, take one last pitying glance at the litter of papers, the glaring lamps, and the fluttering moth, and march out the door, down the steps, out through the trees, walking furiously.

The wind, the moon, the trees swoop down and carry me along in a torrent of darkness. Far up there through the tree tops the moon is riding through black ribbons of clouds. I take deep gulps of the sweet warm wind, and feel like a god. Looking back, I can see the tiny light of my window receding in the distance. Down through the lane of trees arching far upward into the darkness—walking, walking. Past the pond, past sleeping houses, down onto the highway. Massive hulks of trucks rumble past like black monsters, the only sign of movement on the empty streets. Far down the road a light gleams—the dog-wagon; the only spot of light on this desolate expanse of cement and rumbling juggernauts.

Now I am inside, sitting at the counter swallowing magnificent hot coffee. Sitting there feeling serenely apart and superior to the totally unreal microcosm around me; mere puppets of people—those two men over in the corner growling and muttering over their steaks and saying Jesus Christ periodically for no apparent reason, and over on the other side the small man with the pockets under his eyes and the two giggling women in evening dress—all, all unreal, poor crawling animals.

Out into the night again, and down the lampless street. Swinging along up the road, up through the trees reaching to the stars. The pond stretches out quiet and clear in the moonlight. The city sounds grow faint and distant, and nothing remains but the great shadowy trees and the wind and the level waters drifting so silently at my feet. Here and there a star glitters on the silent ripples. For a long time I stand there in the whispering darkness. Time ceases to exist.

Suddenly the spell is broken; a car swings up the road and rattles past. I watch its lights disappear up the hill, and then start walking fast, eyes to the road.

Soon I am back in the room. Nothing has changed. I walk to the stack of papers, tear them up, and fling them joyfully into the fireplace. I sink down on the couch with a contented sigh. The window is open and I can feel the wind blowing gently in. It is three o'clock. It is rather pleasant sitting here doing nothing. I suppose I shall go to bed in a little while, but I don't know.

REVIEWS

DOCTOR FAUSTUS, by CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE

Reviewed by JAMES DAILEY

Bold are the Federal gentlemen who venture to revive Marlowe's *Doctor Faustus*. They must attract a modern audience to an unfamiliar piece, rude in form, remote in its symbols. They must put life into a "classic" that has spent an unusually long period in its shroud. Their method of solving the problem is simple—they stage the play with great skill, with striking effects. They envelop the action in a multitude of mysterious curtains and unexpected lights, add fire and smoke, and a touch of real brimstone. They employ a projecting apron of the Elizabethan type and, for the seven deadly sins, a troupe of marionettes. The audience is completely charmed. It is hypnotized into silence, if not into understanding; it becomes wholly absorbed in the marvelous variety and surprise of effects. Unfortunately such methods of production do not illuminate the play itself. A sudden rush of actors to the front of the apron sends illusion off in a great hurry. The marionettes are equally distracting, are also too much for the play. More helpful, more nearly successful is the use of the lights and curtains; these—in innumerable combinations—conjure up a realm of mystery, bring with the darkness and vagueness of their effect, hell and the powers of evil close to the imagination of the audience.

The only hope for genuine revitalization of the play lies in the actors—who are, however, generally eclipsed by the backgrounds that should be merely serving them. To such a condition there are two exceptions, a stray clown and Faust. The former is cleverly inventive, light in touch, though not on foot; knows how to involve his audience, completely discovers the value of an early comic episode that wins the audience for the play. On Orson Welles, as Faust, the real burden lies—and by him it is honorably borne. The nature of Faust's struggle he projects clearly, alternating with the varying degrees of emphasis required, between remorseful agony over his sin and fierce delight in the fruits of that sin. He creates a feeling of terror that carries the play through its last difficult scenes; conveys the strength that led Faustus along his fatal path. As far as it is possible he

gives life to the mouldering Doctor, and overcomes the dramatic lapses provided by Mr. Marlowe. His presence makes *Faust* something more than a stage-designer's holiday.

HIGH TOR, by MAXWELL ANDERSON

Reviewed by WM. S. KINNEY, JR.

The second of Maxwell Anderson's three plays of this season is a fantasy, a blend of biting prose and of blank verse, which is, we fear, somewhat of an artistic failure, although a gay, diverting, and unusually entertaining one, far superior to the average box-office success. The play takes its title from the name of a mountain bordering the Hudson in upstate New York upon which all of the action occurs.

The theme of the work lies in a contrast between the pioneer ways of living and the present emphasis upon the great god finance, which leads to the conclusions that change is inevitable and that to attempt to stand in its way by living as did our ancestors is a futile path to personal integrity. And to carry out that purpose Mr. Anderson places on his mountain a galaxy of fascinating characters, including the crew of an old and lost Dutch ship whose members have gained immortality, the youth who holds his father's mountain home in spite of the efforts of amusingly crooked real estate salesmen to wrest it from him, three young bank robbers hotly pursued by the State Police, the sole surviving member of a forgotten Indian tribe, and, believe it or not, a huge steamshovel. These divergent elements mingle in the course of a mad twenty-four hours, to create a strikingly original play which is in part lusty and inordinately funny vaudeville comedy and in part pure lyric beauty equalling if not surpassing that of "Winterset."

And in that blending lies the fault. Mr. Anderson's original purpose seems to have been to write a fantasy, an allegory if you will, dependent chiefly—and rightly so—upon the element of beauty, the poetic force of which would remain with the audience long after the play itself had vanished. But he evidently became carried away with the hilarious possibilities which his players, particularly that steamshovel, opened to him, and as a result he differentiated his characters too sharply and made the transition between his comedy and his poetry too harsh for the radiance to remain and to grow, and grow it must if the aim is to be fully achieved.

That, though, is really a minor point, for *High Tor* is exceptional entertainment, and is acted by a competent group of players. Most important

is Burgess Meredith, the mountain's owner, who has lost none of his amazing ability to catch the soul of a piece of blank verse and send it ringing out from the stage, and here proves that he is a comedian of high order as well. Peggy Ashcroft, the wife of the Dutch ship's captain, possesses undoubted charm but is not equal to Meredith and gives an impression of trying too hard. Charles D. Brown is the most gusty of the Dutchmen, and the others are capable if not inspired.

THE WOMEN, by CLARE BOOTHE

Reviewed by WALLACE COLLETT

The Women adequately fulfills Dr. Johnson's definition of the great end of comedy—"making an audience merry." While it is true that Clare Boothe, the author, has something to say in her play and does say it, nevertheless the audience is certain to come out of the theatre in a gay and laughing mood, chuckling over some of the sallies of wit, and remembering very little of the serious import of the play.

There is not a single man in the cast of thirty-eight, although manhood is a factor in the theme of the play and is the motivation of the plot. Men are not needed. The women, these women, are quite competent of directing the course of events and of disposing of their men friends. This absence of men gives an atmosphere of femininity that would not otherwise be possible. Conversation is always controversial, emotional, and usually gossippy—here, the Women talk as men never hear them. The all female cast also makes possible a freedom which at times becomes daring when scenes a bit immodest are shown with a touch of smart naughtiness. It is as if Miss Boothe were trying to show that she has "been around." Scenes are laid in a maternity ward, in a ladies' store fitting room, in an exercise salon, in a Reno hotel room, in a bathroom, and in the ladies' room of a night-club, and the frank conversation and unreserved actions used in such places are not restrained.

The play is appropriately named *The Women*, not *The Ladies*; there is only one lady in the plot, and in the end she finds that she must become a female to get her man. Mary Haines, the Manhattan apartment heroine, holds fast to her calm lady-like submission after losing her husband, Stephen, to a seductive blonde because of the gossip-mongering of her catty friend, Sylvia, but at last she becomes disillusioned and resorts to a little wily detective work in which she loses face but gains her one-time and still beloved

husband. Along with this main plot are carried several other love intrigues which show all sorts of New York and Reno amours (as affected Princess Tamara repeatedly calls them). There is plenty of spice in these affairs, and a great deal of real wit in the cracks with which the Women are continually bantering each other. Indeed, some of these are so epigrammatical that they are certain to become popular sayings.

This isn't great comedy, but it is good comedy and very representative of our contemporary stage. We are swinging away from the sentimental comedy, in which the country girl newly come to the city is *almost* ruined by the handsome gangster, to fast moving plays of this type which have much in common with the English Restoration comedy of manners. The successful revival of Wycherly's *The Country Wife* now on Broadway bears out this observation. Wit and complicated action are requirements made by today's audience, and *The Women* has both.

AS YOU LIKE IT, by WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Reviewed by GEORGE MATHUES

The recent successful production in the British cinema of *As You Like It*, was the result of directing very fine dramatic material with a wise purpose. On every occasion artistic restraint set the tone. The lines of crude comedy were carefully removed; only sharp wit or wise epigrams were left to the fool and to the clowns; and every player acted within the bounds of his part. There were no innovations to startle anyone.

Elizabeth Bergner's impersonation of Rosalind disguised as a man, exposed a mischievous young maid mocking the gravity and manners of the male with delightful moments of womanly hesitation and confusion. Laurence Oliver as Orlando gave a steadiness and manly vigor to the part that strengthened the tone of the play. The settings, too, the costumes, the music, were all creations of taste, of quiet beauty. The woodland and palace scenes avoided spectacle. The simple, yet impressive, architecture of the Duke's palace finished in black and white, afforded a background that contributed to the scenes but did not intrude on them. The aged, gnarled oaks and heavy turf of some ancient English forest were quite in the pastoral mood. The director insisted that everything that was to be seen or heard should reflect the happy, easy atmosphere of romantic comedy. This general excellence of cast and properties, this sustained mood of pastoral joy, gave the piece an unity of effect which was utterly disarming.

SHIHADEH

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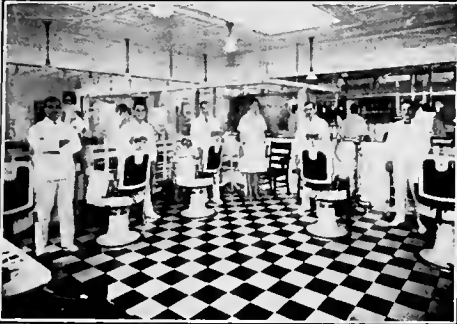
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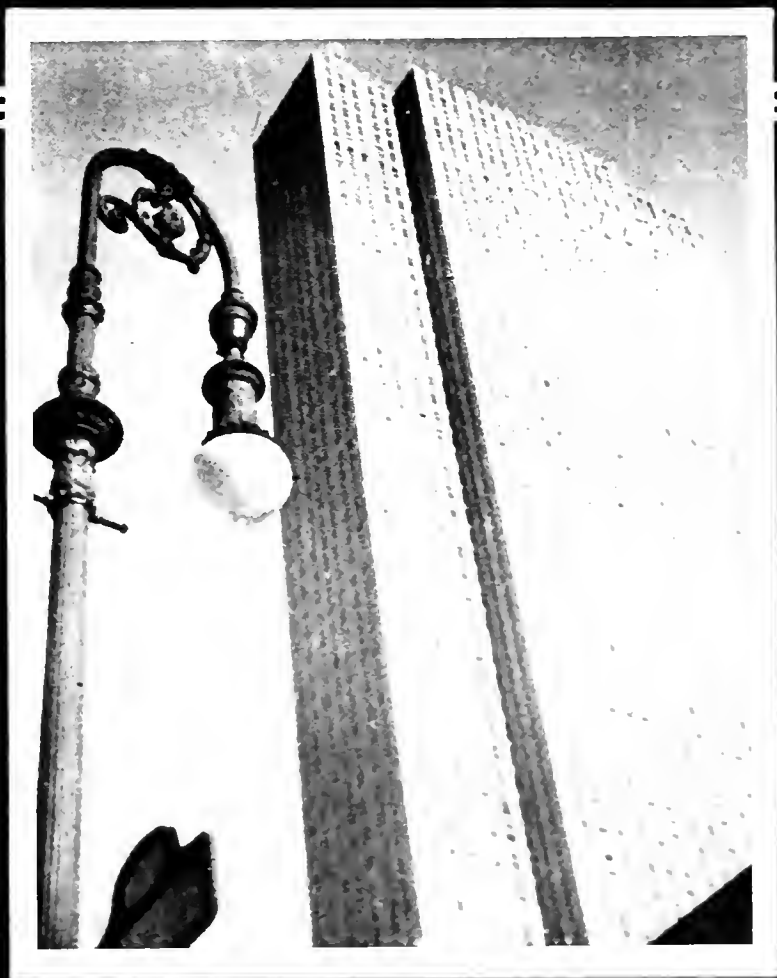
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THE HAVERFORDIAN is published monthly during the college year. Its purpose is to foster a literary spirit among the undergraduates. To that end contributions are invited. Material should be submitted to the Editor before the fifth of the month preceding publication.

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No. 6

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Fog

By WILLIAM D. HALSEY, JR.

THE Young Lady from New York leaned on the rail and stared at the water unhappily. The propellor thresh curled back from the stern, dirty white in the fog. It was most depressing and quite opposed to the travel poster spirit. Suddenly, flicking her cigarette into the opaque nothingness of the sea, she turned and reentered the lounge, slamming the door behind her. A wisp of fog followed gently after her and turned back with gentle reproach from the cold steel of the door.

The Parisian Gentleman sat in the bar, carefully clutching his whisky and soda. He mournfully studied the cherubim who were built into the frescoed ceiling. They all had the same benevolently cow-like face, and he decided that if all the cherubim in heaven were the same cherubim he would be careful never to be in any danger of having to go there.

The Captain was sleeping soundly, and noisily, in his cabin. His snores were surprisingly similar to the guttural mumblings of a dreaming hog. He was not a very successful Captain, and at times this disturbed him. A more intelligent man would have been unhappy—the Captain would merely take another drink.

The Second Officer stood on the bridge, staring out into the blankness and being irritated by the regular bawling of the fog horn. Unfortunately he was a young man and a sentimentalist. As a boy he'd wanted to be a sailor and do all sorts of glorious things, but he'd found this very difficult. The opportunity to be heroic always came when he had indigestion and was not in a history-making mood. Furthermore, he wanted to get married and the lady, who was quite definitely *not* a sentimentalist, refused to have him until he was a First Officer.

The Ship plowed on in the steady, businesslike manner which, above all else, made it dear to the profit-loving hearts of the directors of the Line. In books of a certain sort all ships have a personality and are commonly re-

An Original and Highly Diverting Story of a Shipwreck

ferred to as "she," but the Line didn't go in for personality very much and this particular ship seems to have been neuter. There was little of that cooperation for a single end which all of Kipling's ships possess—in fact the turbines often seemed to disagree violently with the rest of the machinery.

There was a Lookout posted at the bow, but as he was only half awake little can be said about him. Drowsiness is not a state which readily lends itself to intelligent description. It was, however, unfortunate for him that he should have snoozed so deeply, because an accident presently occurred for which the Board of Inquiry later held him responsible. The fact that his being awake could not conceivably have had any effect on this accident was not mentioned by this Board, which takes the attitude that *someone* must be blamed as soon as possible after a disaster at sea.

This Accident, which had such disastrous results for the Lookout, came about when the Ship struck a reef which the Captain carelessly assumed to be some twenty miles to port.

There was no sudden shock. A crumpling could be felt, but there was certainly no indication of great damage. Practically no one was disturbed except a Middle-aged Matron who had spent the voyage annoying the Poor Darling Sailors with questions about Life At Sea. Only the fact that she drowned presently prevented her from writing papers about A Shipwreck.

The Twelve Jewish Stenographers who had taken the trip because it was cheap tottered out of their staterooms dressed in sundry highly-colored cosmetics and wearing high-heeled pompoms. They were quite terrified, and the emotion added nothing to their charm.

The Captain was awakened and dashed from his cabin to the bridge, cursing the Lookout and the general malevolence of Fate. He forgot the Fog completely, which was unjust as it was to blame for everything.

The Ship began to slide gently off the reef; boats were lowered but usually they overturned and invariably they were almost empty; the Parisian Gentleman sauntered forth from the deserted bar with a bottle of Scotch under his arm—he considered the whole affair as a stroke of extraordinary good fortune. The Young Lady From New York met him and they went into the dining salon, where the orchestra was attempting to uphold

the tradition of the Sea by playing "Stardust." The effect would have been greatly enhanced if the trombone player hadn't vomited and fallen from his seat, which was a somewhat disconcerting event. But the audience, which consisted of only the Parisian Gentleman and the Young Lady from New York, were not disturbed; in fact they weren't even listening.

Very shortly the Ship began to show unmistakable signs of giving the whole thing up, and everyone left aboard promptly tried to leave. The Captain remained—he felt it was his Duty—but he would have been far more impressive if he had been wearing something besides a pair of bright blue underdrawers.

The next morning a few, a very few, survivors were picked up by a Coast Guard Cutter. Among them was the Young Lady From New York, who was found clinging to an oil-can with more than maternal affection.

The Fog has never made an official statement, although the Young Lady From New York swears she heard a faint chuckle at intervals all through the night. But she is, of course, very imaginative.

The Temple

By THOMAS MORGAN

*In the country of the Oxus,
Where the mighty Tamur fought,
Lay a great and gloomy temple
Round about with silence fraught.*

*Shrine to an unknown god it stood
Where once with many a chant
The ancient priests did sacrifice
And priestess' danced their mad bacchante.*

*Ruined now, its glory gone,
Its walls and pillars fallen lie;
No more the brassy cymbals ring;
No more the solemn crowds go by.*

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Treason!

In the S R L

WELL by now, neighbors, you've probably all seen the following item which appeared in the Personals column of the *Saturday Review of Literature* for February 13, 1937.

LESLIE HOTSON, Haverford's boy-wonder literary-detective, after several free trips to England, declared in his "Shallow" book that "Merry Wives" was written in 1597. Dr. Cairncross, who did not leave his study, dismisses Hotson's notion and sets 1593. Hotson wrote in "Atlantic" that "Shakespeare" signed London documents; and refused to reply when shown that the signature was "Shakspe." Will he reply to Dr. Cairncross? George Frisbee.

The first shock of amazement and anger over, you must have wondered, as I did, who this George Frisbee person is and why the dependable old SRL ever admitted him to its pages. He must have known that Dr. Hotson was sailing about February 1st and timed his craven attack accordingly. After all it was no secret in literary circles that Leslie was "off" to England for a semester's "detecting." Well, thought Mr. George Frisbee (if that is his real name, which I very much doubt), here is my chance. And, as the Bard himself says, "How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds, makes deeds ill done!" The merciless Mr. Frisbee sank the knife to the hilt. The quotes around "Shallow" fooled nobody—we cannot help realizing what he thinks

of Dr. Hotson. The last sentence too is a stroke of diabolical genius. "Will he reply to Dr. Cairncross?" Will he reply indeed! Unless Mrs. Hotson remembered along about Christmas (the busiest time of the year) to notify the *Saturday Review* of the impending change of address, Dr. Hotson will never even read this item, let alone reply to it. I'll bet even money that if George Frisbee goes over to 3 College Circle right now he'll find the *Saturday Reviews* piled high on the doorstep, along with the *London Times* and a couple of quarts of milk. But Mr. Frisbee never thought of Hotson's being away when he wrote the piece. Oh no.

And just who is this upstart Dr. Cairncross and where is this study from which he never strays? One theory is that he is just a pleasant figment who never strays out of George Frisbee's imagination, and I'll have more to say about that later. But how a man can decide that the "Merry Wives" was written in 1593 without lifting a finger, so to speak, is a problem that has captured my imagination. Divine inspiration is "out of bounds," and doesn't count. Of course Dr. Cairncross could have employed a periscope (or a chair) and looked through the transom into the living room without leaving his study, but I doubt very much whether the solution is or ever was in Dr. C.'s living room. The whole thing is plain as daylight: the answer lies in Frisbee's own word "study." A study implies books, ergo the good Doctor read it in a book. Any child knows, although apparently these two don't, that you can't believe everything you read in books. Perhaps, you conclude triumphantly, Dr. Cairncross and Mr. Frisbee are the unsuspecting dupes of some crafty literary "fakir," who has an insidious and obscure reason for persuading the world that the *Merry Wives* hit the boards in '93. Just wait till you hear the right answer, though.

If this had been George Frisbee's only offense I might have put it down as a temporary derangement and allowed the poor "fellow" to enjoy his shame and confusion in private. Since January 1st, however, he has published and presumably paid for six items, containing a total of 445 words at seven cents a word. This adds up to \$31.15, a considerable sum in any man's language and one of my chief reasons for believing that George is no scholar. He persists in spelling it "Shake-speare," too, and if he thinks that's one word, he's living in a Fool's Paradise. I'll wager the business department lost no time informing him that "Shakes-peare" is a fourteen-center.

On January 30 he announces that Dr. Cairncross, "orthodox Stratfordian scholar, demonstrates conclusively that *Hamlet* was written by

Shakes-peare before 1588." He doesn't say whether Dr. Cairncross left his study to cast this pearl, but I suspect he didn't, and the reason is clear enough once you think about it. The doctor couldn't come out because then people would see that Dr. Cairncross and good old George Frisbee are one and the same person. "Will he (or they) reply to Dr. Weightman?" I doubt it.

To get back to that money problem. The cost of six advertisements hints at a syndicate backing an underhanded and systematic plot to destroy something or other. I had a little trouble finding what they were trying to destroy. For awhile I thought it was Haverford College: besides the thrust at Hotson there is mild reprimand for Dr. Christopher Morley. Maybe George Frisbee is only Dr. Frank Aydelotte, I mused, but was heartily ashamed of myself after a little reflection. Yale, though, is mentioned twice also and Stanford likewise. George is nothing if not impartial. The most likely solution is that it is Yale he is after, and his scrupulous care in giving equal space to Haverford and Stanford tends to confirm my suspicions. The reason is not hard to find. Yale has been "on trial" with liberals ever since the dismissal of Jerome Davis, and this is an attempt on somebody's part to undermine further the University's prestige. It must be obvious then to every intelligent adult that the name "George Frisbee" is just a "front" for the American Student Union, which has been prosecuting the Davis case with some vigor and to little effect. The ASU is notoriously rich (supported by Moscow, as a matter of fact) and they can well afford a few dollars for propaganda in the *Saturday Review*. George Frisbee indeed!

Well, it's all out in the open now, and we might as well let bygones be bygones. In George's own words (February 6, 1937) "I forgive and will try to forget."

On second thought, if he isn't happy here let him go back where he came from, the dirty Red. He can stop on the way, if he wants, and find out what Hotson's reply to Cairncross is. I'm confident our "boy-wonder literary-detective" will vindicate himself fully.

The First Japanese Novel

By BUNICHI KAGAMI

I HAVE at least discovered how hard it is to find a woman of whom it may be said, "Here at any rate is the one. Here no fault can be found." There are plenty who may be considered fairly tolerable, girls of superficial sensibilities, ready with their pens, and competent to give intelligent responses upon occasion. But how hard it is to pitch up any of whom you can say that here is one who compels your choice. Often they have no thought for any accomplishments but such as they themselves possess, and depreciate those of others in a most provoking way. Some, again, there are, made much of by their parents and not allowed to leave their side, who, while they remain within the lattice which bounds their future, may no doubt make an impression on the hearts of men who have had little opportunity of really knowing them. They may be young, attractive, and of sedate manner; and so long as they are without external distractions, they will naturally, by the assiduous imitation of others, gain some skill in frivolous pastimes. . . . Those born in a high station are made much of by their friends, and their faults are concealed, so that in outward appearance they are naturally second to none. In the middle class, there is greater freedom of expression of individual feeling, and thus the means are afforded of distinguishing among them.

Who would believe, upon reading this passage, that this was written over nine hundred years ago by a Japanese woman author? How realistic and vivid these words still sound to us, living in the twentieth century. Yet they were written about three hundred years before Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*! The *Genji Monogatari*, from which I cited this passage, is the first Japanese novel in the real sense of the term. It is in fifty-four books, which in the standard "Kogetsusho" edition runs to no less than 4234 pages. The genealogical tree alone of the personages who figure in it, comprising several Mikados, a crowd of Princes, Princesses, and Imperial consorts, with a host of courtiers, occupies eighty pages. The *Genji Monogatari* is generally supposed to have been finished in 1004 A.D. The authoress, Murasaki Shikibu, was a court-lady attached to the Empress Aki-ko. This would explain her familiarity with ceremonies, institutions, and customs of the court of Kyoto. Her writings bear unmistakable testimony to the fact that she moved in the best

circle of her time and country. She did more than write a successful novel. Like Fielding in England, she was the creator in Japan of this kind of fiction,—the prose epic of real life, as it has been called. Before her time we have nothing but myths, stories, and tales far removed from the realities of daily life, and poetry which had been developed considerably.

Prior to the *Genji Monogatari*, our history of literature can be traced from the beginning of the eighth century. "Kojiki" or "Record of Ancient Matters" was completed in 712 A.D. It is a mythical history of the early Japanese traditions beginning with the creation of the world until it comes to a close in 628 A.D. Early in the ninth century, the "Manyo-shu" or Collection of Thousand Leaves" was completed. It consists of more than 4,000 pieces of poems of free verse or of thirty-one syllables, belong chiefly to the latter half of the seventh and the first half of the eighth century. Poetry was almost the only form of expression from that time until our novel.

The hero, Genji, is the son of a Mikado by a favourite concubine, whose colleagues are all jealous of the preference shown her, and are continually annoying her in a petty way. She takes this so much to heart that she falls ill and dies. Her death is related with much pathos. Genji grows up to be a handsome and accomplished youth of a very susceptible disposition, and his history is mainly an account of his numerous love affairs, and of his ultimate union with Murasaki, a heroine in all respects worthy of him. It continues the story up to his death at the age of fifty-one.

The work is realistic in its best sense of the word. There is in Genji pathos, humour, keen observation of men and women, as they are, in their daily lives and surroundings, their sentiments and passions, their faults and weaknesses, and an appreciation of the charms of nature. Though the Buddhism had been known to Japan in the sixth century, the people in the capital of peace were enjoying their this-worldly lives and even the teachings of Buddha did not touch their heart to its core.

About two centuries after this time the bloody dark age came in sight. War after war, great fires, famine and earthquake, these calamities made the people's minds pessimistic. Buddhism became rooted firmly in the depth of their mind. There appeared many historical works on the rise and fall of the war lords, which show the principle that life is subject to decay and prosperity is to decline. The author of *Hojoki* or *Notes Written in a Humble Cell* of 1212 A.D. begins his work as following:

(Continued on page 144)

Two Sketches

I. *The Corner*

IT BEGAN to be dark, and he turned the collar of his coat up. She was late. She was to have met him there on the corner at the hour. It was the right corner. She was always late like this. He wished she had said some other corner, one not so lonely. There was no wind, making it seem colder. When there's a wind a man can stand out of it in a doorway, and feel warm; this way it was cold everywhere, cold and quiet, and dark.

He wished she would come. He wished she would not keep him waiting always. He wished she would not come, so he could go home and be warm again. He wondered if she kept him waiting deliberately.

It was quite dark, and she was later than usual. Perhaps she would not come after all. He thought he would wait ten minutes, and then go home. He was angry, and his feet were cold. She was selfish, she should be taught manners. Then he remembered her face, with her funny blond hair blowing sideways into her eyes, and her eyes laughing at him when everything else about her was grave. He wished he did not have to meet her like this, secretly, on some street corner. Perhaps she was not coming. He saw that it had been ten minutes. Perhaps she could not help being late, perhaps she was hurrying now. Then if he left she would come and wait and be cold, and no one would come and she'd go away. She was always late. But not as late as this. Perhaps she was laughing about him now, in some warm place, thinking of him standing foolishly alone on an empty corner, stamping his feet or blowing in his hands. Perhaps she had some better things to do. It wouldn't be hard.

He wondered why he liked her at all. Why he put up with her. Then he remembered her blond hair blowing, and the laugh in her eyes.

TWO SKETCHES

by J. WALLACE VAN CLEAVE

II. *The Pier*

AND the wind blew, softly rippling the still water, and the ripples brought designs to the swell slapping against the pier, and the pier curved to a point in the water, cutting it like a graceful ship of stone. And on the horizon were dark clouds gathering. There were sea gulls drifting, and circling slowly, white and clean in the sun. And yellow sand shining, fading away to thin points in the dark clouds.

The water sparkled in points of light between dark patches, and the wind brought a clean smell of fresh water made pure by the sun and the sand. And then a haze covered the sky, bringing leaden sands and leaden water, deeper and blacker.

The clouds moved then, coming up from beyond the horizon, gathering and rolling together and rolling on. And the wind blew, sharp and stinging, whipping the water into small choppy waves. The swell at the pier became choppy, sending spray flying. The gulls sailed away with the wind, crying. The clouds rolled in.

Rain fell then, from the dark clouds into the dark water, gently at first, then furiously, beating the waves into foam, and the wind blew the waves into whitecaps which teetered and toppled onto the pier, hurling spray high in the wind.

And the air was wet with spray and rain, and cold with wind, and the waves slapped rhythmically against the pier, and the air was cold and clean and the rain was clean, and the spray and the sky and the strong cold wind, and everything was clean and fresh, and then I was clean too, clean with the wind and the rain and the spray and with everything that was clean.

Editorial

WE SHOULD like to take this opportunity to thank the student body for the general interest shown in our first issue of the magazine, to promise them that a vigorous policy will be continued, and to remind them again that the responsibility for its maintenance remains directly upon their shoulders. But we are, to say the least, heartened by the improved attitude toward the publication.

The greatest debt, however, we owe to those who have handed us a goodly number of manuscripts, intended chiefly for inclusion under one of the new departments. We have received no less than five *publishable* articles having to do with "social and political forces at work today" and it has really been a hard job deciding which were the most appropriate. The same problem of difficult selection has also met us in picking out every piece which is included in this issue, and as result we *think* we are presenting a somewhat better magazine. And may we once more point out that if the improvement is to go on, writing must go on, and that those who keep plugging at it will inevitably succeed and eventually become members of the board. Only through lively interest making for a wide choice in material can the HAVERFORDIAN subsist, and we won't be completely satisfied until every one in college who has had an unconventional job or who has gone abroad or who has lived in an interesting district in this country has put down his experience on paper and submitted it to us.

Finally, we should like to urge those who have not been in the habit of more than glancing through the magazine to read it pretty thoroughly this time. We're positive that there is something or other in it to appeal to everybody on the campus.

Photographs suitable for cover illustrations are wanted. They may be unlimited in subject and do not need to be cover size, though they should be in approximate proportion to its dimensions.

THE WORLD

social and political forces at work today

The "Manhattan" Sails

By O. N. RAMBO, JR.

[NOTE: The author, a former member of the Class of '38, was active in the recent New York Seamen's strike as a member of that faction of the Union which eventually lost.]

IT WAS three-thirty A. M. when we climbed the steps at 22nd Street and Eleventh Avenue into New York's Seaman's Strike Headquarters. Usually we turned in our picket cards at this time and were dispatched to our regular piers for the four to eight watch. Today we were informed that we were to mass-picket pier 60, as the shipowners "thought they could sail the *Manhattan*."

Most of us realized that the ship would sail in spite of a thousand angry men incessantly milling about the elevated highway pillars in front of the pier. We knew how, after the crew of some 500 had first walked off, many had drifted back and the International Mercantile Marine had accumulated sufficient scabs to put the great ship to sea. Our hopes lay in converting all possible stragglers who would try to go aboard sailing morning, as well as in our own contact men who were planted aboard ready to walk off just before then, so leaving the ship without her legal complement of crew. A group of us with missionary tendencies walked east along 23rd Street stopping taxicabs and subjecting their occupants to a mild inquisition. These activities were rudely interrupted by a policeman who was escorting a scab by way of taxi. He had removed his hat to prevent recognition and jumped from the car brandishing gun and stick and so thoroughly wild-eyed that we retreated.

On 18th Street the pickets were more fortunate. In the gutter was a pool of blood; it had come from a scab-running taxi-driver whose car had been dumped.

Before daylight the mass picketers, wearily double-filing around the steel pillars, had been able to vent their justifiable hatred of strike-breakers by letting fly a barrage of rocks on each cab as it drove up to the gates. Dawn brought the "Cossacks," or mounted police, and temporary quiet as a horse cordon formed around the moving line of men. As the battle

lulled, our "rolling kitchen" brought us coffee in milk cans and a welcome ration of two tailor-made cigarettes, which were, among our crew, very rare.

By the time the longshoremen had begun to shape up, a savior of the cause appeared in the form of a truck driver who said that local 808 of the Brotherhood of Teamsters had voted not to pass through our picket lines. At every possible approach to the pier we stationed men whose duty it was to persuade drivers from entering the gates. They were successful until sedan loads of strike-breakers arrived. Their leader conferred with the police lieutenant, who moved the entire line away from the gate, accusing the men of blocking traffic. A strike-breaker mounted the running board of each truck and convinced the driver he'd be safer inside the gates, so there he went.

Nonetheless, all of our activity went for nothing. The United States Lines, owners of the ship, had advertised for men in out of town papers as far west as Cleveland and had hired such underworld characters as "Chowderhead" Cohen to round up others in New York. As the recruits arrived, they were boarded in the third-class quarters of the idle Panama-Pacific ships which were in the same dock. At scheduled sailing time the owners were able to replace all those whom we had planted on the *Manhattan*, and the boat had sailed before we were even conscious of the fact.

The Case for the Spanish Loyalists

By HARRY H. BELL

THANKS to the assiduous campaign of deliberate misrepresentation being carried on in the pulpits, on the radio, and in the conservative and sensational press, the American public has absorbed a number of erroneous impressions concerning the present rebellion against the legally constituted Spanish Government. According to Father Coughlin, John D. M. Hamilton, and the "impartial" editors of *Time*, what really happened last July 18th was that the God-fearing people of Spain—the believers in "law and order"—rose up in spontaneous indignation against the atrocities of the "Reds." In the Hearst headlines "rebels" have become "insurgents"

THE WORLD—THE CASE FOR THE SPANISH LOYALISTS

or "nationalists;" the Government forces are referred to as "lust-crazed communist mobs" and "terrorists."

In last February's elections the left parties received the clear majority of 246 out of 473 seats in the Cortes, and the Popular Front came into power. Its strength was reaffirmed in the run-off elections of March. It was neither Communist nor Socialist, and *Communists were not represented in the cabinet and Socialist leader Largo Caballero did not become premier until last September—in the middle of the war, when military efficiency made necessary a reorganization.*

The Popular Front Government gave amnesty to the thousands of political prisoners taken in the cruel suppression by the Moors of the Asturian revolt of fall 1934. Excessive land rents were reduced and wages were raised. Small traders and proprietors were protected. Separation of church and state was enforced (hardly a radical step; we took it a century and a half ago). Schools were secularized. The most important part of the program was the pushing of the land reform. Spain suffered from farm tenantry and absentee landlordism, important causes of her economic backwardness. In 1931 at the beginning of the Republic the law had provided for the division of land among the peasants, but when the landlords came to power in 1933 the laws were interpreted in their favor. In the four years after 1932 1,360 peasants received only 17,000 acres. But in the first two months of the Popular Front regime 3,000 peasants got 50,000 acres.

Meanwhile there had been sporadic rioting between the extreme Anarchists and Fascists. Some churches were burned; there were some assassinations. Much of this disorder and terrorism had been provoked by the militant reactionaries. Fascists defended their rebellion on grounds that the Government was unable to maintain order, and if Spain has gone "Red" it is because the war has radicalized the moderates.

Who were the forces who attempted the coup d'état on July 18? There were the absentee landlords and about 95 per cent of the clergy, both desirous of maintaining and expanding their class privileges. There were some of the conservative peasants in the northwestern provinces. There was the lunatic fringe of little Hitlers. There was the army, especially the officers. The complete lack of popular support for the Fascists is attested by the fact that, even with the trained army and the aid of their financial "angels," they must depend on thousands of Moors and German and Italian "volunteers." To "save Spain and Christianity" General Franco has to

(Continued on page 148)

TIME PAST

reprints of current interest

A Roaring Romance of 1902

The Key to the Mystery

[NOTE: The following story first appeared in the issue of April, 1902, and is quite representative of the type of fiction written for the magazine at that time. The author's name is, for our purposes, unimportant—but, if you're curious enough to ask, we'll be glad to give it to you.]

NO, DICK, I won't marry you. I like you—" she paused, a misty film spread over her dark eyes. "I love you—better than any man I have ever met; but marry you, never! You would be miserable and so would I. I have always had my own way in life, and I mean to until I die,—afterward, too, if I can. I had often thought that you would ask me, and now it makes me feel so happy that you have. Oh, say something," she exclaimed a little impatiently, "do say something. Don't be so submissive. There you sit, a splendid specimen of manhood, but as docile as a kitten, no matter what I do or say. Dick, you are too irresolute."

"Well, perhaps I am, and perhaps I am not. Would you love me better if I were more firm?"

"I would respect you more. Every woman needs some one to sling her around, jam her into a corner, or sit on her if necessary, when she is rebellious."

"I'm afraid I might sling and slam and sit on with no avail in your case."

"Dick, you are the most provoking man I ever met."

"I'm glad of it," he said good-naturedly; "I'll not need any practice to stir up those domestic squabbles you have determined upon,—after we are married."

"I have told you we would NOT be married. Aren't we soon going to fish, Dick? You are sailing so far to-day; but it's delightful, where—"

"We will try large fish to-day, and are going to the shoals."

A strong wind carried them rapidly along and soon they were skirting the edge of rocks. Dick jumped to the bow, slipped the chain through the steeple in the rock, inserted a lock in the links, held the key in his hand a moment for her to see, then with all his power threw it far away into the sea.

"What did you do that for?" she asked, her voice filled with surprise.

"We are going to stay right here; chained to this rock, key ten fathoms deep, until you promise to marry me before the autumn leaves fall. I may lack firmness, but remember, I lack a key also, and we are fifteen miles from shore. I have provisions for two months. Now let's fish while the tide is right."

Margaret's dark eyes rested upon him ominously.

"There's no hurry," she said with a grim smile. "There will be plenty of time and no fish left before I promise you,—remember. When you are ready, we'll begin."

For two hours they angled. The sun was going down. Across the water the wave crests looked crimson as though they were set with coral. Meanwhile Margaret glanced at him restlessly. Now and then she lost a fish; as it darted off, she darted upward. "You know, Dick," she remarked, "I have several very important engagements to-night."

"I glory in your popularity, but our engagement will be the most important one you have for to-night."

"Richard, I want you to understand that I too have firmness," she said with a slight touch of defiance in her tone. "Get that key this instant." He skillfully landed a fish.

Without hesitating, she leaned over the side of the boat and called pleasantly, "Please get my line loose, Dick. It is fast upon the bottom of the boat."

Courteously, he went to the side to investigate. She gave him a wicked shove, and he fell head-foremost into the water. "Get the key!" Swim for it! Dive for it! Get it!

Dick's hat floated upon the surface of the sea. She looked at it for a time with glaring eyes.

"Oh, Dick! Dick! Heaven, what have I done!" she screamed aloud. "I have drowned him! Oh, Dick! I loved you! I would have submitted! Dick, Dick! so kind, so true, so loving! I forced him to this! I would marry you tonight if you were—"

"Would you really, Margaret. I'll just take you at your word." The

calm voice sounded from under the bow of the boat. "I was detained in loosening the line."

Margaret shrieked with joy as she rushed forward.

"Forgive me?" she sobbed.

"For what?"

"Pushing you overboard."

"Why certainly. It was a good joke."

"Where did you stay all the time?"

"I only remained under the bow until you offered such a liberal reward for my return."

"Then you heard?"

"I will give you until September." He drew her close and kissed her.

"But how can we unlock the boat?"

"I have another key in my pocket, dear."

They looked into each other's eyes through the dim twilight. A solitary star watched them from above.

The First Japanese Novel

(Continued from Page 135)

The current of a running stream flows on unceasingly, but the water is not the same: the foam floating on the pool where it lingers, now vanishes and now forms again, but it is never lasting. Such are mankind and their habitations. In a splendid capital where the dwellings of the exalted and of the lowly join their roof-trees and with their tiles jostle one another, they may appear to go on without any interval from generation to generation. But we shall find, if we make inquiry, that there are in reality but few which are ancient. Some were destroyed last year to be rebuilt this year; others, which were great houses, have been ruined, and replaced by smaller ones. The same is true of their inmates. . . . In the morning some die, in the evening some are born. Such is life. It may be compared to foam upon water. Whether they are born or whether they die, we know not whence they come nor whither they go . . .

Thus, reflected in their literature, we see the sentiment of the Japanese people changing from one of optimism in the earlier period to one of pessimism in the time of the dark age.

REVIEWS

THE HUNDRED YEARS, by PHILIP GUEDALLA

Reviewed by DWIGHT D. CURRIE, JR.

In *The Hundred Years*, Mr. Guedalla presents to us a new and strikingly original type of historical writing. Instead of binding himself closely to the continuous stream of history, he has selected what he considers significant events and enlarged upon them. But in describing these, he has not lost sight of the whole panorama of history and has been careful to relate each incident with the whole. Upon finishing the book, one is rather surprised to find that he has not read, as expected, a series of essays, but rather a sweeping and inclusive account of the last century.

The book opens on a summer morning in 1837 with the accession of Victoria to the throne of England and closes with the death of George V in 1936, and from the pageant of the intervening century are drawn forth those scenes which have proved most important to the contemporary world. The tide of revolution which swept Europe in 1848 is carefully described and the contrast between the uprising in England and that in France skillfully drawn. In the next section, one is confronted by an apparent *non sequitur* in a minute description of the arrival of the first trainload of grain at Chicago. But, as the series of snapshot glances at events progresses, the conviction grows that each one of these subtly connected to all the others and is a part of a great composite picture which increases in size as the book unfolds. The surrender of Fort Sumter, the proclaiming of the German Empire in 1871, Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee, the massacre in the Winter Palace Square at St. Petersburg and the collapse of Russia in 1917—these and many other similar happenings pass before the reader in kaleidoscopic array, each one adding something to the whole great canvas until at the end the picture is complete, and the reader has the satisfying sense of having cornered a hundred years of history and not missed a thing.

There can be no question as to Mr. Guedalla's abilities as an historian. It is quite apparent that he has taken the greatest pains to be absolutely accurate on even the smallest points. But at the same time, while dealing with minutiae, he has not lost a sense of the true significance of events and his interpretations are lucid and plausible.

The style of the writing is for the most part clear and terse even to the point of being epigrammatic. But, there is a peculiar quirk in Mr. Guedalla's writing which creeps in apparently without his being able to control it. It is especially noticeable when he is describing something of a rather abstract nature and takes the form of long, involved sentences whose original thought becomes lost in the jungles of its own verbosity. But happily, these occasions are rare and are far outweighed by the book's general excellence.

From the very fact that the author undertook to cover so great a period in such a short space, the book was in danger of falling into the category of a sort of Wellsian "popular history"; but the seasoned scholarship and fine interpretive abilities of the author have saved it from this. It fulfills admirably his avowed purpose of throwing "a light bridge of narrative over a chasm of a hundred years."

OF MICE AND MEN by JOHN STEINBECK

Reviewed by H. M. HENDERSON, JR.

The latest novel by the author of *Tortilla Flat* can perhaps be described, superficially at least, by likening it to James Hilton's very successful novel, *Goodbye Mr. Chips*. Both this and Steinbeck's *Of Mice and Men* are of about the same length, have the same wistful quality about them, are written in a direct and simple style, and make pretty fast reading.

But here the likeness stops. *Goodbye Mr. Chips* told of an old English schoolmaster, a product of Victorian Culture. *Of Mice and Men* is the story of the wandering cattle-ranch hands of our own West.

Our two vagrants are not unfamiliar types. George is the smaller of the two, more alert, self-possessed, intelligent. Lennie, his companion, was "his opposite—a huge man, shapeless of face, with huge pale eyes, with wide, sloping shoulders; and he walked heavily, dragging his feet a little, the way a bear drags his paws." Lennie is not bright; he is prone to forget events several minutes after they occur, and he has a fatal fetish of stroking things he likes. He keeps mice in his pockets to stroke as he pounds the highway. They're always dead, because Lennie, in his excitement, strokes too hard. The oafish Lennie is something of a liability to George, who frequently explodes:

"God a' mighty, if I was alone I could live so easy. I could go get a job and work, an' no trouble. No mess at all, and when the end of the month come I could take my fifty bucks and go into town and get whatever I want. Why, I could stay in a cat house all night. . . . Get a gallon of whiskey,

REVIEWS

or set in a pool room and play cards or shoot pool. . . . An' whatta I got," George went on furiously. "I got you. You can't keep a job and you lose me ever' job I get. Jus' keep me shovin' all over the country all the time. An' that ain't the worst. You get in trouble. You do bad things, and I got to get you out." His voice nearly rose to a shout. "You crazy son-of-a-bitch. You keep me in hot water all the time." He took on the elaborate manner of little girls when they are mimicking one another. "'Jus' wanted to feel that girl's dress—jus' wanted to pet it like it was a mouse'—Well, how the hell did she know you jus' wanted to feel her dress? She jerks back and you hold on like it was a mouse. She yells and we got to hide in a irrigation ditch all day with guys lookin' for us and we got to sneak out in the dark and get outta the country."

But despite George's tribulations, he sticks by Lennie. The two need each other and share a common ideal.

"Guys like us, that work on ranches, are the loneliest guys in the world. They got no family. They don't belong no place. They come to a ranch an' cork up a stake and then they go into town and blow their stake, and the first thing you know they're poundin' their tail on some other ranch. They ain't got nothing to look ahead to."

Lennie was delighted. "That's it—that's it. Now tell how it is with us."

"O. K. Some day—we're gonna get the jack together, and we're gonna have a little house and a couple of acres an' a cow and some pigs and—"

"An' live on the *fatta the lan'*," Lennie shouted, "An' have *rabbits*."

So Lennie and George work to realize their ambition and become entangled in several interesting situations through Lennie's stupidity. The climax of the book raises the old lump in the throat in much the manner as did the passing of Mr. Chips.

Mr. Steinbeck is thoroughly at home with these, his favorite characters, the "vagabonds and human flotsam that drift about in odd backwashes of our civilization." He portrays them with feeling and evokes all our sympathy for them. In addition to his understanding of human nature, Mr. Steinbeck displays gifts of imagery and an ability to portray lyrically the beauties of the country forming a background for his book.

On the whole, *Of Mice and Men* is well worth the couple of hours required to read it.

The Case for the Spanish Loyalists

(Continued from Page 141)

kill Spaniards and Christians with Foreign Legionnaires and the savage Mohammedan Moors, Berbers, and Riffs, whose chief incentive is the lure of plunder and a more or less justified hatred of Spain.

"But the Reds are attacking the Church!" Anything that may happen to the established Church in Spain will have been deserved. As largest landowner and employer it has much responsibility for Spain's economic degradation, and as educator it bears much of the blame for the fact that before the Republic half the population was illiterate. It has always played an active role in politics. According to a catechism of 1914, to vote liberal was "usually a mortal sin." The Church openly supported Primo de Rivera's dictatorship in 1923. It opposed the Republic in 1931. But when the Republic set about to separate church and state and to dissolve the Jesuit order (which it could legally do under the Concordat of 1851), the clergy that had made the Spanish Inquisition famous began to howl about religious persecution. It is only natural that the Church holds little respect and influence among the Spanish populace today. Nevertheless, the Popular Front Government re-appointed the Spanish ambassador to the Vatican.

When the revolt broke out, churches were used by the Fascists as points of vantage from which to fire on the militia. Rebel ammunition was stored in them. The Bishop of Pamplona granted 100 days plenary indulgence to any one killing a Marxist. The organized Church took advantage of the leniency that had been shown toward it by the Government. No wonder that the extreme fanatics retaliated in violent demonstrations against churches and priests!

Dictatorship will probably be the outcome in Spain no matter which side wins. But if the Loyalists lose, it will have been shown that basic reforms can not be accomplished in present day Europe by ballots and parliamentary majorities without the mutually destructive sabotage of the selfish and short-sighted minority. The situation in Spain is an omen and a challenge to the few remaining democracies.

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Cross Currents

By JOE T. RIVERS, JR.

*I went back in the winter,
In that strange winter when the snow failed
And the earth was dull gray green and brown but mostly earth,
And the sky dripped sloppily clouds,
And I put the kayak carefully down till it rode fluff light on the broad Ohio's
heaving high brown bosom:*

*In the calm water along the shore
Floating forests of driftwood scratched the kayak skin and threatened disaster,
So fearing the plunging billion gallons I fled before
The wind away from the angry river;
But the whitecaps in the midstream called me back—
The dirty half white caps that danced where the upstream wind met the current's
downstream track:*

*In the middle where the wind swept down from Nebraska,
Where the water was free of driftwood and the sewage of Cincinnati was too
well mixed to be noticed,
I rested to rock and sway with the easy pitch of the rollers,
I breathed and the air was clean, crystal and free from coal soot;
I found a true silence—not the dead stillness that hangs in an empty cathedral
But the genuine living silence, born of rough water's violent union with wind
from the prairie,
That blots out sound and anaesthetizes the hearing . . .*

THE WORLD

How to marry by mail

Love Marches On

By T. L. SIMMONS

"Vernon, N. J. A bewitching young miss in search of romance. Age 21, 5 feet, 5 inches, 128 pounds, fair rosy skin, auburn hair, and dark green eyes, has \$5,000.00, and a steady income. She will answer all letters and exchange photos. . ."

AND that means, dear friend, that she will answer yours if the Jane Fuller Club (Copyright 1937) will accept your \$5.00, enroll you among their duly registered, and send you her name and complete address. If you are particularly fortunate, they might even send you the name and address of the "romantic and beautiful young lady from New York City, age 23, 5 feet 6 inches, 136 pounds, dreamy brown eyes, a gorgeous figure, and a loving nature, with \$1500.00 a year!" All this and more was offered to several curious and enterprising Haverfordians who sent for detailed information to a half-dozen matrimonial and correspondence clubs, several weeks ago.

Along with the many regular offers received were very special offers to try the clubs for one month, three months, one year (instead of an indefinite time) for prices as low as fifty cents, during which times full club privileges would be granted! Of course, these remarkable offers were good for only a limited time, and one must *Act Immediately* to effect one's *Greatest Advantage!* Some of them were motivated because of the "floods of letters during recent weeks" from people "in all parts of the United States, ranging in age

from 18 to 70 and beyond" (way, way beyond; apparently no limit!). Another special offer was made because Mr. J. W. Schlosser, who is "in correspondence with marriageable ladies and gentlemen of every age and rank, rich and poor, in every part of America," has "a lady member living in *your* state" whom he thinks will interest you, for whom he has promised to find a congenial companion, and whom he thinks you will find very interesting. And the Get Acquainted Correspondence Club's special offer of \$2.00 for twelve months simply has to be acted upon, because it is *Good for Only 20 Days, It May Never Appear Again*.

Now the object of each of these clubs is very much the same in the general statement. The American Correspondence Service (Registered) wishes "to pave the way for a lasting understanding in the relations of friendship, romance and marriage." The Get Acquainted Correspondence Club desires simply and clearly "to bring together ladies and gentlemen and make them acquainted"—and they find that after a few letters, marriage often results but you are under no obligation. The Standard Correspondence Club (Old and Reliable) wants to "introduce and place in correspondence ladies and gentlemen desiring marriage." And Mr. Schlosser, the owner, will have you know that your "*Five Dollars* will entitle you to all the privileges and benefits without any extra fees or charges of any kind, until Cupid ties the knot." Jane Fuller's managers, in their "Confidential Way to Meet Your Ideal," even stress the point that *No Matter How Particular You Are*, they can *Secure You Any Kind of a Wife You Want in a Very Short Time*. The A. C. S. (above) emphasizes what they mean by "*Personal Service*" and warns you against the "flowery words and catch phrases" used by other correspondence clubs who are certainly out for no good, and who, fie on them, have no altruistic motives!

There is no limit to the variety and number of the lonely hearts whom they can offer as correspondents and potential "Ideal Mates" to you. Would you desire a widow? Fine! The A. C. S. comes forth with a wealthy widow, a pleasant widow, an attractive widow, a kind-hearted widow, a college-bred widow, and a French Parisienne widow, all in one breath. If it's money you value most, Mr. Schlosser (Established Over 38 Years) has for you a widow, age 54, worth \$25,000; a brunette, age 23, worth \$17,000; a middle-aged lady worth \$30,000; a blonde, age 19, worth \$15,000; and finally, if you like the wealth of the landed aristocracy, a widow age 55, who owns a large farm! In the matter of beauty, Jane Fuller's prize catches tend toward dark brown hair, golden blonde hair, shiny black hair, red gold hair, hazel eyes, grey eyes,

THE WORLD—LOVE MARCHES ON

blue eyes, dreamy brown eyes, big brown eyes, and, if possible, even bigger brown eyes. Among all the clubs we find that some are "pleasingly plump" while others are almost exceedingly so. To wit: "5 feet one inch, 154 pounds . . . considered good-looking." One wants "a home life and babies;" (see Mr. Simpson, president of the afore-mentioned G. A. C. C. for further details), another is fond of animals; a third likes the movies; and a fourth would like a widower with children. Mr. Schlosser (Business Sacredly Confidential) in his four-page paper with its photographs offers, among others, No. 48713 from Georgia whose "great desire is just a little home with loved ones and a loving husband and happiness," and who "would never tire of keeping the little home the most interesting place in the world."

Although the pressure of answering floods of letters necessitates use of printed and mimeographed forms, a serious and intelligent specification as to the type of correspondent desired, brought the following personal "P. S." to one of our number from Mr. Simpson of the G. A. C. C. (Indorsed as a Commendable and Worthy Institution). The "specification" was as follows: "I like buxom babes with lots of you know what!" and the personal addenda read: "Just let me know the age and type ladies you wish to meet. We are the largest organization of the kind in the country with members in every state of the Union. We have plenty of fine Pennsylvania girls and ladies all around you there, or you may have new friends—as many or as few as you wish—just any place you want them, and everything is strictly high class and confidential in every way. Would be more than glad to introduce you, Mr. A——, regardless of how particular you may be." A great, great deal for one's money if advantage is taken of the 12 months for \$2.00 special offer.

Of course, a few minor similarities are found in the introductory letters of some of the clubs. The S. C. C. (An honest, Legitimate Enterprise—Mr. J. W. Schlosser) for example, states:

"Whether you join our Club or not, accept our advice as a friend and marry. You do not know what it is to live alone, uncared for, unknown when old age overtakes you. Solitude fills one with horrible agony. Solitude at home by the fireside at night is profoundly sad. The silence of the room in which one dwells alone is not only silence of the body, but silence of the soul, without father or mother, sister or brother, wife or children—nothing but a wasted past to look back upon, nothing but a lonely, painful deathbed, and an unwept and unhonored grave to look forward to. . . ."

In somewhat the same vein—at least with the same underlying current of thought—the Jane Fuller Club (Satisfaction Guaranteed) addresses prospective members as follows:

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"In conclusion, dear reader, whether you do business with me or not, accept my advice as a friend and marry. You do not know what it is to live alone, uncared for, unknown, when old age overtakes you. Solitude fills one with horrible agony. Solitude at home by the fireside by night is so profound, so sad. The silence of the room in which one dwells alone, it is not alone the silence of the body, but silence about the soul, with neither father nor mother, sister or brother, wife or children—nothing but a wasted past to look back upon; nothing but a lonely, painful deathbed and an unwept and unhonored grave in the future. . ."

Yes, as I said, there are a few points of similarity here and there, and the same integrity and altruism of purpose is so much a part of all the Clubs that at times it is confusing as to just whose literature one is reading! It sometimes seems safer not to commit one's self to any particular organization. Mr. Simpson of the G. A. C. C. (Confidential) states: *If You Cannot Use This Invitation, Do Not Throw It Away—Give It to Some Unmarried Friend Who is Lonely!*

You, dear friend, may consider yourself invited!

Concerning Reviews

With the next issue, we are thinking of making an experiment with the review department. We have rather felt that there has been a lack of unity in this work as it is now conducted, as well as that not enough territory can be covered in such a limited space. Our proposal is to institute a book column, written by a single person, which will appraise as a whole the significant literature of the preceding month and, perhaps, tie together loosely the books mentioned. This sort of thing is now being done by many publications with satisfactory results, but before we commit ourselves definitely we should like to know what those interested in this phase of the magazine think of it.

War Note

A sketch

By THOMAS MORGAN

I SEE by this morning's paper that the *Mar Cantabrico* bearing planes and other munitions of war has been sunk in the Bay of Biscay by the Insurgent cruiser *Canarias*. It seemed a sad event to me. I saw the *Cantabrico* once, in the harbour of Barcelona, and to me she appeared as a beautiful big ship, at least in comparison with my own. To a young American abroad for the first time, Hog Island, the building-place of an *Examelia*, cannot hope to be as romantic as Bilbao—the home of a *Mar Cantabrico*.

My friend the Cynic would, I know, be sure to interrupt at this point. "Why," he would ask, "isn't Hog Island as romantic as Bilbao?" Outside of the obvious lack of beauty in the name Hog Island, it is a vague place in my mind; somewhere near Philadelphia, I believe, though I can't be sure. (I found out only yesterday that Mare Island is in California; I always used to think it near Philadelphia, too.) Hog Island seems to be filled with the hammering and riveting of war-time ship-building. Ships are launched by the dozens to the music of "America" or "Over There." It is a stirring sight in my mind now, but it did not stir me then when I sat in a dirty rowboat rocking on the waters of Barcelona harbour, looking up at the glistening paint of the *Mar Cantabrico* and wondering where Bilbao was and if it should be pronounced *Bilbow*, as the sailors said. I still don't know how to say it.

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It is sad enough to think of the shell-torn hull of a fine warship sinking slowly to the hiss of escaping steam and the noise of bursting shells, but to think of the same thing happening to a cargo-ship, to think of that bright ship resting now in the mud and slime on the bottom of Biscay Bay, her hull warped by shell-fire, her super-structure blackened by the flames of exploding cartridges, is not at all a pleasant thing. Cargo-steamers don't fit into pictures of that sort. It is not too bad to think of a freighter, heavy-laden, fighting a heavy sea and defeated, crashing at last on some foam-covered reef. That is part of the duty of a freighter; to fight its enemy the sea and to win or perhaps not to win, but to go down to a glorious defeat before a well matched enemy. To think of the same ship fleeing before a heavy-armed cruiser, straining at every valve in her fight for a few more minutes of useful life, only to go down in a puff of black, flame-shot smoke and a gurgle of oily water; that may be spectacular and even glorious, but it is not fitting. Whether the cruiser is Nationalist-Communist or Insurgent-Fascist does not matter to me. It is the thought of a bright boyhood memory smeared suddenly with powder-smoke that is horrible. We have so many pleasant memories of our youth, or should have, and we will not lose one of them if we can prevent it.

Meditation

by ROBERT M. ZUCKERT

*I sit in my room at Entry Smith
And say to myself: "Gee whith,
My theme is due on old March fith!"
Which is poetic license, sith¹
It's really due March fourth.*

¹ Archaic.

(Reprinted from the Issue of March, 1935)

A small-town story

The Last Good Spring

By WILLIAM S. KINNEY, JR.

BEFORE that advance in transportation which the economists so loudly hail, the annual outdoor festival of the Methodist Church had been the outstanding event of Hartville's early spring, and even now, with Akron and its movies and stores and crowds and cheap night clubs only half an hour away, it was looked upon with something of awe. It's impossible to bestow properly upon any one person the credit for keeping alive the spark of veneration, but Mother Nature must be given her share in it. Somehow or other, she had managed to build up the tradition that spring never really came to town until the Methodists had held their annual fete; a tradition built up by several years of bitter early April which, beginning with the very day of the festival, had turned swiftly and inexplicably into brilliant, agonizing spring, and one which had served to fight off valiantly the challenge of automobiles and asphalt roads. And so by this time, it was deep-rooted, but more than that it was lively, for about the fifteenth of every January the good Reverend Sharpe began to be besieged with the question of when he'd decided spring was going to start that year. The Reverend always had a witty answer, too, and it was never the same as his last had been, wherefore his congregation thought him a fine fellow.

And so it was that the Graftons, who were among Hartville's most select and latest rising families, woke up on the Saturday morning of the affair with expectations which were pushed even higher than ordinarily because, true to custom, it was the finest day which the season had yet seen. Wholesome and restless country town smells ran riot in the streets; the Amish came into town for their shopping an hour earlier and tenfold more smiling than ordinarily; the fat groceryman, John Berg, was more confident than ever that the Indians were going to win the pennant this time; and even the stolid Dutch engineer on the Wheeling and Lake Erie's early morning passenger

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train waved gaily at half a dozen boys playing marbles at the side of the station. Mr. Grafton pushed a comfortably tousled head into the room of his favorite son, Joe, who was the pride of the senior class of Hartville High, and shouted at him to get up and see the swell day, and then bring brother Luke, an Akron rubber worker for the last three years, back into consciousness.

"Whee, Dad!" howled Joe, "Isn't this a perfect festival day though?"

"You sure that Marge doesn't have something to do with that 'Whee'?" laughed father. "Go on and get Luke up."

Joe conceded to the spirit of spring by not putting on his slippers to run to the attic and rouse Luke, and by whaling him with two pillows instead of the usual one, which brought forth a proportionately more disgusted "ugh."

"Going to the festival, lad?" said Joe.

"Naw," said Luke. "Not on a bet."

"Well, you lousy unpatriotic gumshoe, what's the matter with you?"

"No fooling though, Joe, do you really still get a kick out of those things?"

"Sure I do," said Joe. "They're good fun, and besides I'm taking Marge. You would, too, if you'd only get up enough guts to come once in a while."

Luke got half-way out of bed and sat with his head in the palms of his hands. "Aw nuts," he said. "You haven't got any idea, kid."

"Phoo!" said Joe.

By the time Luke was ready for breakfast Joe had wheedled permission of the car for the evening from his father and had announced that his brother was a sorehead and wasn't coming.

"Aw, nuts," said Luke again.

"Well, all I can say," said his mother, "is that it's mighty strange that everybody else in this town can have a good time at that festival and help the church besides, and you can't."

"Don't you worry, mother, there are lots of others. There's not a boy at the plant who's going, and neither are Louie or George or Alice or any of those people."

"What I can't understand," said Mr. Grafton, "is just why you can't stay in town once in a while and enjoy the place. I know that you young bloods have got to have your fun, but what's the trouble with the fun *here* after all? Honestly, Luke, it's beyond me. Look at Joe here for instance. He isn't wild to go running off to Akron every single night in the year, and you can't accuse him of not having a good time."

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"Yeah, but you just wait till he gets out and sees something, instead of making up to his teachers and being captain of basketball teams."

"Bushwah," said Joe.

* * * *

Joe started to clean up about four-thirty because he'd decided that he'd like to tear around in the country for a while before the festival with Marge and have milk shakes for supper somewhere. He came bounding down the stairs singing "Minnie the Moocher" off-key and cut Minnie short to shout "Hey, ma, where're the keys?"

Of course a lecture came with them. "You be careful, Joe. I don't want to see my son's name in to-morrow's obituary column. Now, promise me."

"Aw, don't be silly, mother, you know how careful I am."

"Yes, but you've got to look out for the other fellow these days. Why, I just heard to-day that . . ."

"I'll be all right, don't you worry. See you there."

Before he went to pick up Marge, he drove around for a while thinking of just how beautiful she was and just how much more beautiful she would be since it was spring. Then he marvelled at the way girls became pretty all of a sudden, over only a summer, and he wondered if anyone had ever written any poetry or anything about that. He ought to read more poetry; it gave a person such a comfortable feeling.

Marge saw his car stopping and bounded out to meet him. "Isn't this perfect, though?" she smiled in her nice voice.

"You bet," said Joe. "C'mon, get in, and I'll take you for the ride of your life."

So they went off to the country, not saying much but feeling a great deal. The world was becoming green again, almost like you see in the technicolor movies, thought Joe, and there were those exciting spring noises which never came at any other time, and there was the breeze which would soon become the cooling in-between breeze of dusk, and there was the sun, now brilliant and warming, on his left, and all of this made up an air of gentleness, but of inspiring gentleness calling loudly for action, which was the glory and the religion of spring. And then they reached a stretch of broad, straight, and deserted highway, and Joe stepped down on the accelerator as hard as he could, and Marge put down all the windows, and the breeze came in, almost breaking their eardrums, like a thunderclap, like the command of a God, and was so powerful and all-engrossing that even the spring seemed no more than

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a pleasant background for it. When they came to a curve and traffic and had to slow down, the first thing they heard was a plowman, working on one of those immaculate squares of farmland into which the Ohio plains are divided, singing some hymn in a deep and penetrating bass. That was the climax, and it gave Joe a theory.

"You know, I bet this sort of thing is what preachers are really talking about—I mean, let's say, that God was born in some fine spring."

"You marvel, you! That is a nice idea, though."

But even God couldn't be serious on a day like that, and when they reached the nearby town of Kent, they were bubbling with suppressed ecstasy. They shouted "Glue!" as loudly as they could to people on the sidewalks, they choked on their milk shakes over inanities, they bought some jelly beans and gave part to a pair of street urchins and threw the rest at pedestrians and automobiles, and by the time they got back to Hartville, they were so worn out that their fun had to be quiet for a time.

The festival was held in the baseball field right at the edge of town, now decorated with strings of hard white lights relieved occasionally by a colored one. About fifteen booths were on each side; most of them were gambling stalls of which Bingo was the favorite, several benches being continually filled with her devotees. The novelty introduced by this year's directors was a fortune teller at whom the few Amish present gazed with awe. In the center was the largest stand of all, and there good Methodist housewives sold ice cream made by the Sanitary Milk Company, and cake baked by other good Methodist housewives. At the rear, in short left field, was the band platform, and that body, led by Berg the grocer, was playing one of their old favorites when Joe and Marge entered. It was "You Nasty Man," and it sounded like a funeral dirge, but nobody minded and the children who spent all of their time staring at them thought the noise was grand.

Almost all of Hartville was there, entire families, isolated farmers, groups of children, and a few in their twenties. Only the babies seemed not to enjoy it, but this was parents' night and infant howls did them no good. Joe and Marge met their friends Tommy and Betty, and spent the time wandering through the densely packed aisles with them, snatching at bits of conversation with everybody and saying that everything was fine. In fact, everybody was, on this one night of the year, absolutely on the top, and that was the whole point of the carnival. They saw briefly Martha Gedge, daughter of the town's richest man, who had been a tire company executive for ten years and then been committed to an insane asylum. Martha was

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supposed to drink all the time and to be subject to epileptic fits, and they half expected to see her fall to the ground foaming at the mouth and shrieking, but she was only looking bored and saying nothing. They saw Eugene Lyons, president of the Hartville Screen Door Company and one of the town's few country-club members, eating ice cream and laughing. All of the merchants were there, holding to their behind-the-counter manners in spite of normal dress. The Amish stared at the crowd furtively, as though expecting that they would be stricken dead because of their presence at a frolic; they had no money to spend frivolously and for Methodist benefit. Johnson, the middle-aged barber, was with a woman the town had never before seen, and tongues buzzed in curiosity. Wagner, the druggist, was with his wife and ten-year old son, and all were eating drizzling vanilla ice cream cones. While the band was resting, John Berg was everywhere, laughing, talking about the Indians and Earl Averill, who wasn't capable of staying in a slump for two years running. John was working to get the town incorporated, because he thought he would make a good mayor. And then all of the nearby farmers had brought their families and you could tell that most of them were farmers from a mile away. It was indeed a gay crowd.

Joe and Marge realized that it was not the letter but the spirit of the affair which counted, and were not disappointed at the lack of excitement, but excitement of a sort came nevertheless. They sat down at a Bingo table next to the enigmatic Martha, still hoping for fits, and Marge and Martha found a close union of interest when their luck was good on the same game, and they reached three numbers before "out" at the same time.

"Twelve," said the officiating deacon of the church. Martha had a twelve and darted a triumphant glance.

"Eight." Marge had one of those.

"Six—nine—four." Marge screamed with delight.

"Seven." They were even again.

"Eight—two—one."

"Bingo!" screamed Marge and Joe together, and Martha shrugged her shoulders and left the table.

The prize was a mama doll, and it was proudly exhibited to everyone they saw. Most of their good friends wanted it, they said, for little sisters, but Marge was firm. "It's going to be a keepsake," she said, "and I'm going to give it to my own little girls."

The gaiety began to calm before ten o'clock, because Hartville slept early and because the directors intended taking no chances that boredom

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would seep in, so Joe and Marge went over to the ice cream stand where Joe's mother served them with cake she'd baked herself and made them pay for it, and on top of that told Joe to get home early. But she made up with Marge by kissing the doll and making it say "mama" and laughing genially.

Leaving, they were conscious of the sudden stillness and the now cooler breeze and the delicate new moon, and this consciousness quickly brought about a sensation of aloneness more powerful than they'd ever felt before, and they stopped at the side of a back road and turned on the radio and watched the few late Amish horses and carriages which went clattering by and talked soulfully and sincerely and emphatically for an hour and decided that they'd had a riotous and glorious evening and that they were a glorious couple, and other related matters. And they parted with a glow of rapture which they were sure had rarely been equalled in the world's history. The glow made it difficult for them to get to sleep and Joe's rest was broken by Luke's drunken weaving up the stairs and, in spite of his attempts to be quiet, falling halfway down the flight leading to the attic. But when you're in the grip of rapture, it takes more than that to make you angry.

THE ARTS

MELVIN A. WEIGHTMAN *tells*

What's Wrong with the Movies

The other day I was leafing through the April issue of *Silver Screen*, dreamily sketching mustaches on the pictures of beautiful girls, when the following paragraph caught my eye:

Camille—Splendid. The Paris of Alexandre Dumas (1850) is captured perfectly in this profoundly moving story of the tragic lady of the camellias who loved not wisely but too well.

The effect on me was at first unnoticeable, since I am notoriously stolid and unexcitable. At length, however, I donned my thinking cap and reflected a bit, and here is what I decided: the trouble with the movies is they cultivate the beast in man and let the spiritual side atrophy. That neat phrase about the lady "who loved not wisely but too well" is a typical example of what I mean. The euphemism is too transparent to fool anybody, let alone American children. Why not come right out with it and call her a Fool of Fate or one of Love's Derelicts? Vice is bad enough, but when it wears a sugar-coated mask—well, you see what I mean. While I'm on the subject, that crack about capturing the Paris of Alexandre Dumas (1850) riled me a little, too. I saw the picture and believe you me, they not only captured it, they beat it to a pulp. Grim, stark realism may be all right in its place, but nobody is going to make *me* believe Paris was so depraved. Next thing we'll have the Paris of Baudelaire (1850) on our hands, with Janet Gaynor and Joel McCrea sipping absinthe (iced tea) in full view of our wives and children.

Nor is that an isolated example. Take this picture which, while not receiving as favorable "press" as *Camille*, gets a benevolent nod from the reviewer.

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Let's Make a Million—Fair. A genial yarn about a soldier whose war bonus becomes a bone of contention among his relatives and friends. Finally, the worm turns, and the soldier recaptures his precious money and makes everybody sit up and say "uncle."

Genial yarn indeed! The sadistic streak latent in any man who can make everybody sit up and say "uncle" gives me the cold shudders. And you will notice the crass emphasis on material success—the frenzied fighting with friends and relatives, until finally he recovers his "precious" money. Better to sacrifice a thousand war-bonuses than to alienate the affections of one friend! (The relatives will stick around anyway.) I contend that the producer missed the real point of his genial yarn entirely: the moral is that the government nearly started another war by paying off the last one. As the late Arthur Brisbane put it, "Money is the root of all evil."

Well, as I went on through the magazine, I think I found the cause of all this immorality and subversive social teaching. Hollywood is a pretty disillusioned and cynical place. After all, these actors and actresses have seen Life, and they are a little blasé and jaded by now, so the studios have to keep a firm grip on their private lives. A little of it crops out in spite of everything now and then. Boris Karloff, who has always been one of my favorite monsters, is a good example. According to *Silver Screen*, he has "a happy home life, but the studio has something to say about that." Probably he would be all the time terrorizing the family if his employers didn't keep a close watch on him. Then, presumably on account of some mental or moral infirmity, "Carole Lombard can't get dressed except as the studio commands." One of these fine days Hollywood is going to be treated to an impromptu Godiva-act because some absent-minded official forgot to call up Carole and command her to get dressed.

Sometimes, they claim, a tough hombre on the screen turns out to be a timid soul, who "has the jitters every time a gun is thrust into his hands for picture purposes, like Akim Tamiroff or Jack LaRue." Jitters, eh? It's my private theory that these men have an unsavory past which the sight of a gun recalls. People who aren't used to guns don't get jittery when they are handed one: they brandish it around and point it coyly at their friends. This looks to me like a case for Melvin Purvis and his Post-Toastie Junior G-men.

Of course, it is all very well for the studios to shield Hollywood's moral lepers from the general public, and their attempt at reform is highly commendable. Sometimes I feel they are too zealous, though, and tend to overreach themselves. Gene Raymond, every inch a curly-haired Adonis, can't do oh! just lots of things, you and I do without thinking. He's probably doing

penance for some awful studio crime. "And when it was discovered that Gene likes to jump, too, that was promptly forbidden," *Silver Screen* confides in a stage whisper. Not even with joy, boss? Let's hope he isn't cast in a picture with Akim Tamiroff or Jack LaRue. He'd probably break his contract the minute somebody handed one of them a pistol. "Dick Powell may drive a car, but not a pony—it's in the contract." I suppose automobiles are safer in the long run (!), but I should think Dickie-bird could handle a Shetland with a minimum of risk. Anyway, you don't *drive* a pony where I come from—you sit on it. Sometimes it walks.

Please don't get the idea that all actors are morons or rakes. Now take George O'Brien—there's a swell guy for my money. No nonsense about studio restrictions with him; he's old enough to take care of himself. Just read this review of his latest picture:

Park Avenue Logger—Good. Handsome George O'Brien is the virile Easterner who is sent to his father's western logging camp to get a few well-needed knocks. He not only gets the knocks, but manages to save a rival logger from ruin, and ends up by marrying the man's daughter.

Of course that plot of the Easterner "hardening up" in a logging camp has been done before: I might almost call it "hackneyed." But saving a rival logger from ruin adds the touch of altruism which pictures like "Let's Make a Million" so sadly lack. And he probably didn't know until he saved him that the fellow had a beautiful daughter. It sounds like a good healthy picture and that's what we need today. After all, there is enough ugliness and misery in life without having to put up with it in art too. (And that means *you*, Mr. Farrell; I guess you've noticed that James Hilton is having *two* pictures produced!)

I read an interview in the same issue, and I've decided that Jack Oakie is the white hope of the American cinema. He can lead us back to a new and saner way of living if anybody can. Kipling's "If" is Oakie's favorite poem and the greatest moment of his life was when "he received a letter from his mother." This is apparently the same mother for whom he bought a mink coat while struggling along on a meagre salary, "even though he had to economize for weeks thereafter." He's married now and has a house which overlooks the Pacific. Whether mother and the mink coat have moved in on the newlyweds yet the dispatch doesn't state. Probably if Boris Karloff's mother had come in the beginning, the studio would never had have to look after his domestic happiness. Let's all write to our favorite stars and make them Mother-conscious. Let's you write anyhow—I've done my part.

Seaside Song

By STEPHEN GUTHRIE

Hold hands and sing one loud song more;
Old Darkness fears our fire's roar;
Bold moonbeams chase him from the skies
Down to the ocean floor.
Behind us towering cliffs arise,
Royal star-crowned majesties
Who hear our merry tune and echo very soon
The same song o'er.

Two giant lovers our shadow makes
Against that rock where the firelight shakes;
They quickly mock our merest move—
See, her hand he takes.
The waves with nodding heads approve,
But, running up to spy our love,
Each stumbles with a shock upon our sentinel rock,
And falls and breaks.

The moon sinks down in his cloudy bed,
Blows out the light and hides his head;
Old dark creeps back through the open door
Of the rocky colonade;
The running billows charge the shore,
Their bare claws red with the fire's gore;
Our song's diminuendo is drowned by the wind's crescendo.
You're afraid?

Though our shadows die a-quivering,
And foam in the wind be shivering,
That wind with our song accompanies;
Let hills forever ring.
Old stars may blink their tired eyes;
The warmth of my hand to yours replies;
We'll see how Darkness quakes when rousing Day awakes;
Hold hands and sing.

Why She Kept Him Waiting

A Story by J. WALLACE VAN CLEAVE

YOU have been," he said, "too long over a simple thing. Two years is too long for a simple thing."

"Yes, two years. You might have known though. I told you that. I told you I might wait and wait, and never know. Waiting is a hard thing, and brings evil to some people. It is my evil."

"Waiting, yes," he said slowly, "and I have waited. Or perhaps you don't remember."

"I remember."

"Then think, girl, what it means to a man to wait for two long years, two years and never know a thing, waiting and wondering 'til, well, 'til your blood runs cold and your mouth is dry. 'Til your tongue sticks to the roof o' your mouth for dryness, or to your lips if you try to lick them. And all the time waiting like a terrified thing with shifty eyes."

"I am sorry for you. I would not hurt you."

"Hurt me? No, you could not do that. Only the evil could. But waiting's our evil, and it's in us now. I can shake it off still, if you can. But before long, the evil will win and have us old. Old and dry. It's being dry and withered and wrinkled that scares me. You'll see then, all the life in the world will be brine, and though you drink it all, you'll be drier than before. You'll be old, and the evil will have won. O, let's you and I be young for once, not old before our time."

"You speak," she said, "of waiting. I have waited too. I have waited more than you in my time. I wait in order to be sure, or for fear of something, though I'm not sure just what. Waiting's my evil, and your's too now."

"You know," he said, "I can remember a time when life was gay, and you were my angel who made it so. I can remember stars and moons, and

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bright lights shining. There were more moons then than now. I remember the feel of your hand in mine, and the proud way you walked, and your hair blowing in the wind. I can remember a time when God in His heaven seemed by us, or perhaps you have forgotten."

"I remember."

"Well, and if you remember, how can you wait, and make me wait? What is it you think I'm made of? I'm wasting now, and you're wasting, walking with dragging steps and looking at the ground, waiting for something that won't be coming."

"Perhaps you're waiting, too, for something that won't come. Perhaps you're waiting for your dream of me, not me."

"I'm not a dreaming fool."

"What if I should choose tonight, and be wrong," she said. "What if later you should see that you were wrong about me? I want to be sure. Try to see that I want to be sure."

"You'll not be surer later than on this night. I can tell you that. You'll never be sure until you choose, and stop your waiting. Then there will be time for being sure."

How lovely she was, with her skirt and her hair blowing, standing shadowy in the night. "Yet I will wait," she said, "and you will wait, too, for waiting's our evil."

"Good bye then, for now, good bye. I'll try somehow to bear it."

When he was gone, she walked up to the door and stood for a while leaning against the doorway, with her hands on the cold stone. When she went inside, she sat in her great chair, dreaming and drowsing, dreaming of happiness lost, of gay, of bitter deception, and most of all of waiting. Then when later they found her there, in her chair, they took her up in their arms and carried her, rigidly quivering and icy cold, to her room, and wiped her mouth, and wrapped her in the blankets which were their secret, and hers, waiting until the fit should pass.

BOOK REVIEW

WE ARE NOT ALONE, by JAMES HILTON

Reviewed by ANTHONY C. POOLE

After resting on his laurels for some time, James Hilton has come out with a book that keeps well up to the standard of his three previous successes. It is not as glittering and expansive as *Without Armor* and *Lost Horizon*; the mood is the more gentle one of *Mr. Chips*. But here Hilton is toying delicately with an idea, a puzzle. The result is a well rounded, cleverly constructed pattern of events cloaked in that tranquil charm which is Hilton's peculiar gift.

We Are Not Alone is the story of David Newcome, the "little doctor" of Caldurbury. Detached, wistful, in his late forties, possessed of a shy sense of humor, he is the author's favorite type. Once again, Hilton uses the device of the prologue, which in this case takes the form of a memoir on the trial of David Newcome for the alleged murder of his wife. We catch a glimpse of a weary and bewildered little man sitting quietly in the court room and finally dozing off, while his conviction is being brought about by an excitable war-time court working on circumstantial evidence of a pathetically complete nature. Throughout the story which follows, we are thus forewarned to watch the accumulation of events, each minute detail of which is so innocently fatal to the ultimate destruction of the pair.

Married to a prim efficient daughter of a rural dean, the sort of woman who was "always on the committee of this, that, and the other," David Newcome had learned to live placidly and gently his own modest doctor's existence "in communion with life rather than with individual lives," and to leave domestic government in the hands of Jessica.

Chance brings him on a windy night to the Caldurbury theatre where a dancer has met with an accident. Fate continues to play its little tricks, and Leni, a lonely disillusioned German girl with "a little crushed smile" comes to live with the Newcomes as governess for David's neurotic problem child, Gerald. A bond of infinite tenderness springs up between these two. "There was something between them pouring always in invisible streams." Watching her, one day, she looked to him "so still and calm, so much a part of all that he sought beyond the fret of existence, that he caught his breath at the sight; and all at once he realized something he had long been experiencing without notice—an unclenching of every nerve whenever he came into her presence, a secret renewal of strength to take up every stress when he was left alone. And he thought that it was a strange thing, at forty-six, to know the

sweetness and terror of existence as if one had never known them before, to look back mystically on the incredible chance of human contact, to feel some finger of destiny marking the streets of Caldurbury where he had walked and talked with a girl."

This finger of destiny touches every happening in the book and directs it toward the end. A flat bicycle tire, a late train, an overheard exclamation—all have their tremendous significance. David and Leni, intoxicated with joy, journey to the coast and spend an idyllic night in a wood. Then the blow falls and a month later both are hung for the accidental poisoning of Jessica. It is hard to believe that the natives of Caldurbury could sit back and see their beloved "little doctor" condemned. It is exasperating to see David so complacent first in the face of Jessica and later before a war-mad court. But we must overlook these flaws. At the very last, the doctor flares up in his cell at the preacher and the governor in a bitter outcry against the crazy miseries of the war that is raging in Europe. It is at this moment that his story takes on its meaning.

Flowing between the lines is a tenderness which only Hilton can convey. In a literary world stiff with Aldous Huxleys and Thomas Wolfes and extremes from emotionalism to slick cynicism, it is a relief to breathe in a little simplicity and delicate sentiment for a change. Whether it is the author's best or worst novel is a matter of personal taste, but *We Are Not Alone* does at least, like its predecessors, stick curiously in the mind of the reader.



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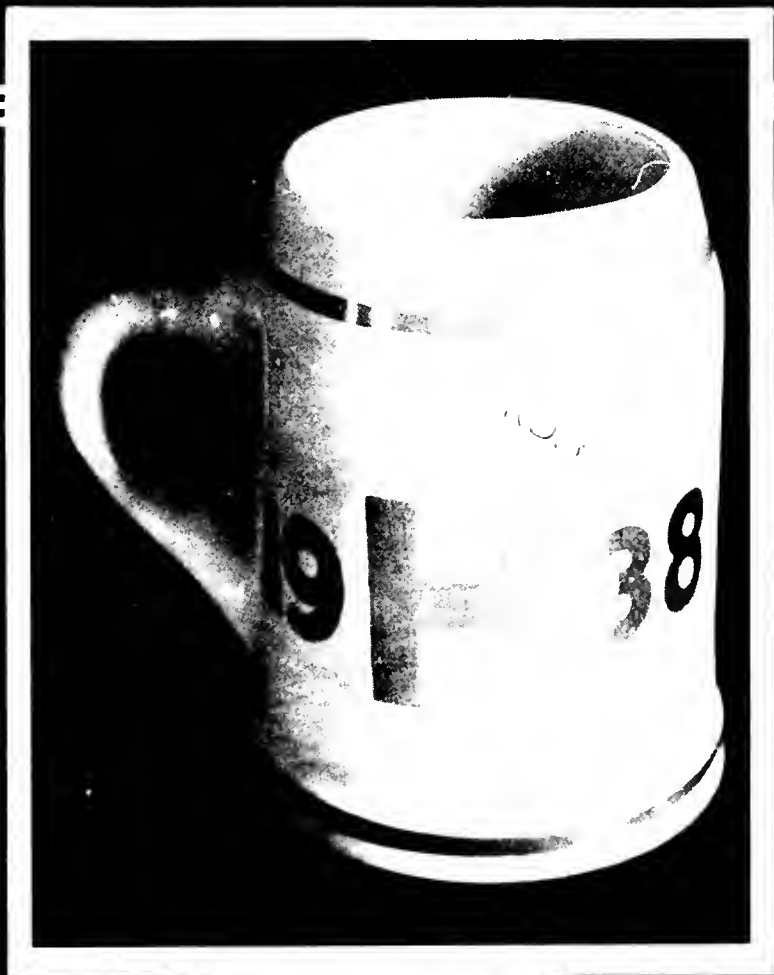
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Sonnet

By WILLIAM D. HALSEY, JR.

*Despite thy wisdom, O Sage, I said,
It is not in my heart to envy thee
When at the sight of love is bent thy head
And from thy words is made a sophistry.
But yet I need thy aid, O Man of Thought,
For what was white is now turned dull and gray,
And all my heart revered has late been bought
By that which none respect and all obey.
With anger not, but chill remorse alone
I see her soul within a font of lead;
That faery face now from my life has flown,
And all I loved has from my soul been led.
But answer, Sage, thou cans't not to me tell
For thou hast never had a soul to sell.*

THE WORLD

More about the late sea strike

Picket Duty

By O. N. RAMBO, JR.

DUTCH was our picket captain. He was a member of the West Coast Maritime Federation and one of the very good reasons why five of the Dollar Line fleet, now looking as deserted as if they were in the "bone yard," were tied up in New York. West Coast men were as new blood to our strike; they represented the complete organization which they had so dearly won in the '34 strike, the unity for which our own "Rank and File" leaders told us we were fighting for. So the ten of us who were assigned to Pier 46 for the morning four to eight watch learned the science of picketing from a veteran.

Unless there is a mass demonstration to greet an incoming ship or to discourage scabs and passengers from boarding one which is about to sail, dock picketing appears to the bystander to consist merely of an orderly parade of two sign-clad men before the gate of each "hot" pier. Dutch posted the sign bearers reluctantly, realizing that they were a mere formality. He had better use for his men.

Someone was always on the lookout across the street. His job was to "call all hands" in case a "Goon squad" attacked the pickets. A car full of strikebreakers, usually armed with baseball bats, made up one Goon squad. When his pickets and guards had been posted, Dutch would comb the streets nearby for scabs. If a man had a suitcase, he was invariably investigated, force being used if necessary. Dutch once stopped a negro who, quaking and

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scared, kneeled down on the pavement and said, "Honest to God, mistah, there's just some roller skates an' toys in heah for my kids ovah in Hoboken." That wasn't even a good story, but Dutch opened the suitcase, and lo and behold! there were the roller skates.

The narrative of another negro was even less plausible. He saw us at about the same time we noticed him, and, realizing what we were, he immediately backed off in another direction. We shadowed him up and down the streets for about an hour before we finally caught up to him.

"Hey, there, fellow, what're you doin'?"

"I'm lookin' for my father."

That stumped us for a minute, but we got on the right track again when we asked him what his father did. He didn't know about that, he couldn't be sure. He did know, however, that the elderly gentleman was on Pier 46.

"What's he doin' there?"

"I don't know for sure—I think he's drivin' a truck."

So we wouldn't let him pass, and he wasn't smart enough to parry Dutch's questions. After a futile fifteen minutes, he wandered sadly away, and the last we saw of him he was heading for the Harlem subway.

Dutch was really a considerate picket, though, in spite of all his toughness. We saw one strikebreaker who hadn't had the good fortune to run across our bunch. His inquisitor had beaten up the negro first, and then decided to ask questions; the result was that the unfortunate Harlemit headed for the police station a bloody mess, his face beaten to a pulp, and one eye closed and the other actually out of its socket and hanging down the side of his left cheek. The police asked him to identify his assailant before they would give him medical attention, but the culprit was never, to my knowledge, caught. Even if he was, it wouldn't have bothered us because we had a lawyer who was a wonder at that sort of thing and would have had him out in no time. The lawyer's name was Glickstein.

Another scab, also one who didn't come into contact with us, was foolish enough to allow a picket to steal up behind him. This picket, too, held no brief for the formalities of the case, and proceeded to hit the scab on the back of the head with a brickbat; the latter, however, was an extraordinarily sturdy individual, and also had the ability to meet each new situation fearlessly. This time, he pulled out a gun and fired four shots at the surprised and retreating picket; he unfortunately must have been a bit nervous as a result of the brickbat, for all four shots went wild.

THE WORLD—PICKET DUTY

George, one of our best men, also had his homicidal moments. Once, he ran across two scabs carrying suitcases, but the scabs were weak and George was strong, and he gave them both, and at the same time, the beating of their lives. Two children playing in a doorstep had been much amused by the proceedings. After George was forced to stop because the police were coming and because they had a few old grudges against him, he tossed the scabs and their suitcases to the children, telling them to "keep the slobs." The law didn't lay its hands on George that time, either; he escaped by running up one entrance to an L station, crossing the tracks, and running down the other.

The pickets were not all roughnecks. There was one boy there who claimed that his father had once been the prime minister of South Africa. He did have a cultured manner, too, had gone to the same prep school as I had, and knew some of the fellows I did. I'm pretty sure he wasn't a fake, but just a rich boy in search of adventure with a sociological tinge. None the less, he stepped right into the spirit of things one night, when, with several others, he ran across "Chowderhead" Cohen, an underworld czar who was then occupied in rounding up scabs. By the time Chowderhead managed to make good his escape, he realized that his false teeth had been broken and scattered all over the sidewalk.

It must not be thought that the pickets never were injured. One night the captain of our eight to twelve watch was jumped on by three unknown men and stabbed in the stomach. This put him in the hospital for a stretch, but soon he was back on duty. The magnificent Dutch, however, swaggered through it all without a scratch.

Dutch really was the king of them all, and a good fellow to boot. His worst misfortune was that he had been born low in the social scale, and had found it difficult to climb to the place to which his intrinsic worth entitled him. Even though we eventually lost, it was he and others like him who enabled us to keep the struggle going as long as we did and who gave the opposition more of a tussle than they had in the beginning counted on.

The Road Map of Illinois

ANONYMOUS

ONE more tack, down in the lower right-hand corner, and the road map of Illinois would be up on our wall, and rainy Monday nights (such as this) would be a trifle less drab in the future. In fact, I had the hammer poised ready to come down on the rusty, brass thumb-tack, when he stood in the doorway and commanded my attention.

One eye was completely closed, and the other, although gleaming enough to compensate for its departed mate, had a perennial squint which imparted the impression that he was full of a piercing blue light that had only this stinted single aperture as an outlet. Very shabbily clad, he carried over his right arm a large basket, filled with candy bars and aged peanuts, while in his right, suspended by a feeble cord, there were several more boxes of colorfully wrapped commercial sweets of doubtful vintage.

A green cap completed the ensemble; this was the only exterior feature that didn't mark him immediately, for, provided only so small an alteration as a reversal of social status, it might have served as the crowning glory of a Sunday golfing outfit. And there he stood on the threshold of my room, looking extremely moist and something more than shopworn.

"Where's thuh basketball game?" His voice was slow and plaintive almost to the point of being painful. To my knowledge there was to be no such game on the campus tonight, but the vendor assured me "Mr. Carter had called him up," and I soon found myself escorting him to the gym.

His pace was thoroughly compatible with the rest of him—slow and labored. The driveway in front of Barclay was full of puddles into which he stepped with an incredible lack of deftness. Upon reaching the point where the driveway meets the grass, he failed to anticipate the slight rise, and tripped and fell flat on his face, inhaling water and grass, exuding a kind of philosophic chagrin, and scattering his poor wares all over the lawn. Visibly unhurt, he picked himself up, and I apologized profusely, and helped him

THE ROAD MAP OF ILLINOIS

recover the merchandise. With the intent, perhaps, of setting me at my ease, he leered and pointed to his lack of eye, saying, "I only got one of 'em;" thus explaining his fall, but inadvertently embarrassing me further.

Anticipating another accident, I helped him up the steps and into the gym. Sure enough, there was to be a basketball game between two local semi-professional teams. Slowly and carefully my charge disclosed his mission to Doc Leake, his voice sounding now more plaintive than ever, reminding me of the coughing motor of a car trying to start. "The other feller hurt his hand, see? And Mister Carter, he said I c'd c'm'out here'n' sell at this game tuh-night, see?"

Doc saw, but was quietly adamant: no vendors were to sell at any basketball games at the college. In vain the man repeated his pathetic recitative, ever citing the name of "Mr. Carter" and of "the other feller, who hurt his hand"—the latter accompanied by a gesture of the hand toward the face. Meanwhile, I stood behind him, silent but inwardly bewailing my impotence in the whole affair, for it was now obvious that the candy-butcher had come out to Haverford in vain, and would have to go back, plodding along the wet streets, and being bounced about by crowded busses, at considerable detriment to his exchequer—for this would indeed prove a barren evening.

I was glad I was behind him, for I couldn't see his disappointment. There was, I was now noticing, a smell that seemed to pervade him, combining the worst features of fresh berries and perfume. We walked out the door and down toward Lancaster Avenue, where he was to catch his bus for Philadelphia—there to ply his trade on the more frequented side of City Hall Plaza, which because of the inclement weather would not be very busy tonight.

Having little else to do, I walked with him and carried his basket—a foolish gesture, I afterwards thought, for by doing it, I at once destroyed his symmetry and about thirty per cent of his pathos, and made him feel indebted to me.

"Yuh been here long?" I answered his idle query, and at once he began to tell me of his own son, coughing at regular intervals.

"He's one smart boy, but he's awful lazy. He won a scholarship tuh La Salle, but he ain't gonna take it. His mother 'n' I, we hafta get him outa bed every morning, and some days, why he don't even go tuh school at all. He'll never amount to nothin'."

The basket was heavy, and the candy and peanuts were shielded from the drizzling rain only by a few thicknesses of newspaper. I asked whether

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this would protect them. "Naw, it's all right. They ain't gettin' very wet." Once more he began to speak of his son, and this only heightened his already pitiable condition. I muttered a few words about how his son would turn out well, probably. The man wouldn't hear of it, covering himself more closely with his drab coat and a hopelessness that amounted almost to a quiet martyrdom. As we reached the highway, the bus stopped, and I left him. I still had the rusty brass tack in my hand, so I went back and finished putting up the road map of Illinois.

After Flood

By JOE T. RIVERS, JR.

*There in the spring again, I met the river
Convalescent after her mad debauch,
A shameless wench who would not stoop to ask
From any man forgiveness for her sins;
She showed herself to be all women and their moods—
Quiet, coy, virginal, and slim
Then broad and matronly—a dowager
Whose mandates cowed the willows on her sands,
And now a flexile dancer at her waist in the narrows
Dragging her banks to destruction with liquid caress,
One moment a screaming virago, clawing at rocks in the rapids;
Then half a mile lower, a nun in her cloistered garden:*

*Whatever spirit animates this stream
Must be a woman's, for no man would dare
Confound his fellows with such endless change;
Therefore no logic can resolve her rare
Malignant ways; no law can kill
Her lawless passion for the land;
Her virtue? Let it tarnish past repair,
There is a fool in me that loves her still.*

THE ARTS

A burlesque article which really says something

Ban on Burley

By T. L. SIMMONS

WHAT HO, and whither are we drifting? It does seem as though burlesque in New York has reached its complete and absolute denouement as a result of the recent action of License Commissioner Paul Moss. The celebrated Minskys and their lesser brothers-in-business have been wandering around in semi-dazes for the past week or so, wondering if it might have been better to have invested some of their money in government bonds. In spite of all the publicity and press notice given—practically devoted—to the “art” of the strip-tease during recent years, burlesque has been in the process of “going, going,” and now it’s gone. Humor has been getting lower (if such can be considered as possible), skits and scenes have been getting fewer, “comedians” and “actors” have become increasingly both pathetic and apathetic, and concentration on the “glory of the flesh” has prevailed. Not flesh just dragged out and stood up to be looked at, but gliding, sliding flesh which twines around the stage accompanied by the shedding of clothes, a spotlight, and the focus of bulging eyes. Always a good six or eight square inches of rayon, curtain material, or mosquito netting still with the flesh as it whisks off the stage, however, so it’s always been strictly moral and legal. Every one of the three or four or five times that it happens during the production, that is!

So, burlesque was rolling along pretty much unmolested by Legions of Decency and Commissioners and things, and nobody seemed to feel that strip-teasers ought to wear another hat maybe, or at least heavier make-up. Nobody in the business seemed to remember that once in the dear dead days beyond recall, burlesque used to be a rather good variety of lowgrade entertainment, and that the element of nature in the raw used to be a secondary part of a show which concentrated on healthy and vigorous comedy. It was comedy which was coarse and a shade unrefined, perhaps, but it was good for what Brooks Atkinson calls “a night out of bounds.” And at least it was clever, and participated in by comedians who took a wholehearted interest in it. Before burlesque became a concentration on sex and nudity without

THE HAVERFORDIAN

the bother of having to look through a keyhole, it provided a field of endeavor which produced such top ranking and respectable comedians as Joe Penner and Jack Pearl. From the burlesque stage they were able to work their way up to Broadway and the big time, and they didn't have to undergo a complete change of outlook on life to do it.

A certain amount of intelligence used to be imperative for the understanding and enjoyment of the entertainment which burlesque offered, and the completely forgotten man couldn't be enticed in from the gutter, at a special matinee price, because in those days, it wasn't entertainment which catered to man's chief instinct. Thighs and legs were exposed with what might have been considered shocking frankness, and burlesque was surrounded with an atmosphere of "naughty-but-nice," but in general the aim of producers, writers and comedians was to put on a clever show. With this aim in mind, the body and sex—or, more simply, the sexy body—was not the primary consideration.

The degeneration of burlesque was caused by this very state of affairs. Although the burlesque stage could never be considered on a parallel with musical comedy and vaudeville, it was not very much farther down on the scale of entertainment. It was simply a similar type of entertainment for a lower class of people. It was not a very great step, therefore, from that level to the Broadway stage, and burlesque acted as a sort of feeder for the more dignified theater. As Broadway discovered burlesque comedians who could be clean, clever, and funny, they were quickly risen from the ranks, and the supply of number one comedians in the burlesque field was rapidly diminished. With the comedy element being thus weakened, burlesque had to fall back on its legs—the legs of its female performers, that is—and the result was a growing concentration on the power and attraction of the flesh. After all, the managers didn't care *where* their money came from as long as it kept coming, and they realized that there was always a lower intellectual level whose tastes could be satisfied. And since it was a lower intellectual level, there seemed to be no reason to worry about a very artistic display of flesh. Flesh it was, and flesh it would be, in great quantities. Quality, if it could be found, could be used in special spots in the show, to be revealed by the artful method of the "strip," otherwise known as "Drop the handkerchief." But the decree was for quantity in capital letters.

Thus it became rather foolish for a comedian to waste any talents he possessed by trying to become the hit of a show which was playing to an audience which probably couldn't understand him even if it tried. By the

THE ARTS—BAN ON BURLEY

time the paying customers had recovered from one strip act, they were already looking forward in eager anticipation of the next one, and comedians were nothing but gaps and space fillers. The script writers didn't have to worry about being particularly funny or clever either, and the result was that they resorted to handing out large doses of smut and dirt, and much very odorous "humour," all of which was handled appropriately by all concerned.

Skits and scenes were thus relegated to oblivion as far as their importance in the show was concerned. But the flesh—ah! the flesh. *There* was something to be glorified in a most colossal and stupendous manner. New houses, neon signs, the invention of zipper-fastened clothing, and the rise of the Minskys were all combined to change the spelling of burlesque to the more phonetic and easily understood "s-t-r-i-p." "One good strip-tease deserves another," became the motto of burley houses throughout the country, and the customers began to demand rain checks if there were less than three on a program. For a while there was competition between the original burlesque and the innovation of the tease, but after a short struggle, instinct conquered, and the tease prevailed. It was easy. Producers now needed only three things: first, enough intelligence for wide publicity work and the counting of gate receipts; second, a number of bodies-beautiful-without-brain (the more the merrier); and third, a large number of people in the vicinity with time on their hands or little intelligence, or both.

And that's why the purging of burlesque as it exists today, and its extinction in the present form, may be a pretty good thing, no matter what your moral standards and sentiments are about the matter. A good healthy upset may mean the rebuilding of burlesque as a fairly decent form of entertainment, enabling the competent comedians which do exist in that field now to prove their mettle, and producing shows in which they will have an opportunity to exert themselves and become headliners. Clean burlesques may be able to fill the growing demand for vaudeville which is now being felt, especially in small towns, throughout the country. Several years would be necessary before this could be accomplished, but it is a strong possibility. There is room in that field of art known as the stage for such burlesque—burlesque as it existed before the "fact-of-flesh" was seized upon and exploited. But first, the present connotation of the name must be eradicated, and that can result only from the wiping out of all the big city burlesques in existence—and that includes even those most "glorified" in our own city of Philadelphia . . .

Paging Mayor S. Davis Wilson and his Right Honorable Committee of One!

Broadway Hopefuls

By WILLIAM H. REAVES

DESPITE many protests from doting parents, interested friends, and the already sadly overtaxed population of New York, every year many would-be artists surge to this entrepot with highly ambitious ideas and extremely low cash supplies—they want to sing, dance, act, paint, or write. All of them have made a success of some sort at their prep school, high school, or college. All have been advised to “go on with their work” by dear, dear friends who, most unfortunately, have very vague ideas concerning what “going on with” an artistic career implies. They are certain it must be “tremendous fun” and that one meets “such interesting people.” If it were their own son to whom they were giving such advice, they would first hesitate a long while, but, in all probability, if they have a son, he is a dolt and so they are spared such a crisis. Thus encouraged by these friends and by the magic of applause, these poor deluded children collect as much money as possible and set out for New York and a brilliant career. Of the many—oh! so many long-haired, besmocked, sex-talking pseudo-artists, I shall say only that their Greenwich Village, left-bank antics will *never* make *them* artists. Many intelligent people consider artists queer because they allow their opinions to be colored by seeing these mistakes of God. It is more interesting, by far, to follow the tortuous path of the less flagrant, more gifted soul who goes to New York, let us say, to get into the theatre.

He is imbued with the most Elizabethan ideas about the theatre being an art and an ardent belief in his own ability; needless to say, he will soon be divested of both these naive ideas. Before leaving his native home, he has been deluged with letters to producers, producers’ friends, secretaries or valets, or to anyone connected in the least possible way with a producer. Having these letters, the applicant is under the quaint delusion that a producer will see him and will “take an interest in him.” The producer may see him—I have been given to understand that it *has* happened, just as Haley’s Comet once appeared in the sky, but I have never even heard of a producer really taking an interest in such a letter-bearer. There are many producers and people connected with the stage in other ways in New York who prate

THE ARTS—BROADWAY HOPEFULS

on for hours on end about the great fire of interest which consumes them every time they even think of young talent. They devote entire mornings of their precious time lecturing to various women's clubs about their unquenchable, unflagging thirst for the young people. They hope to see them, want to see them, practically beseech the Y. T. to show itself so they can display their great interest. More, they profess the same interest in young playwrights, too, and give away *Big Cash Prizes* for the best play. Unfortunately, they so word the attendant contract that it is very difficult for them to find anyone who will accept their prize. After hearing these violent outbursts, it is quite amazing to see how rapidly their consuming fire is quenched when they are confronted with the would-be actor. They send word that they are much too busy, and will he return in two, three, five, or six weeks, or even six months. The return trips, it is unnecessary to add, are as unproductive as the first; the answer is always the same. Ultimately the actor begins to disbelieve the producers' fervently expressed desires to see him. This is too bad because, of course, the producer really means everything he says, but he is so busy airing his wonderful ideas about what he intends to do to aid the young people that he never quite has the time to see them. It would be impossible for any producer to see everyone, or to devote attention to all people who came to him via letter, but they see no one, even if the letter be from their own sweet little mother.

Nepotism having failed, the artist now endeavors to find a position through the more ordinary channels. This merely means that he joins a young army of actors and would-bes, who go from office to office every day of the week in the hope that they will be noticed by a producer. They will do anything in the world to have attention directed to them. Obviously, the glamour of the theatre now begins to wear a bit thin. In the offices, the actor is confronted by a gum-chewing, red-nailed, nasal-voiced, henna-haired office girl with a face as hard as granite and a brain of the same consistency. It is this creature who determines whether or not he sees the producer, and thus a great deal seems to depend on the judgment of a person whose chief characteristic, like that of so many bankers, is an utter disregard for any feelings.

Except when casting is in progress, the hope of seeing the producer is obviously very limited. For most producers, the larger scale ones, it is almost impossible to hope for any part unless you have been sent around by a good agent, and no good agent will handle any actor whose work he has not seen, a policy which limits his clients to those who have already appeared

THE HAVERFORDIAN

professionally. The only fallacy in this perfect little scheme of things, then, is, when does one get a start? This point quite escapes the brilliant intelligence of the theatre world, save for the very few who have been blessed with some brains. A few producers take unknowns. Invariably, however, they cast to type; that is, if the young man who comes in while he is casting fulfills all the requirements that one of the characters in the play demands, he is given a chance in the reading, and if he displays ability, even if he doesn't sometimes, he is given the role. This is the only hope for the inexperienced. If he succeeds in his essential type, then he may branch out and prove any dramatic talent that he may possess by doing entirely different type parts with equal or greater success. How long a period of time will elapse before one of the few producers will demand his exact type is, of course, an impossible question. It may be two days after he reaches New York, and it may be five years.

It is probably quite as amazing to learn that all of the arts are managed in just such a disgustingly slipshod way as the theatre. The fault may be largely attributed to the empty heads of the producers and the players. Although it is perfectly true that the Broadway audience is a peculiar animal, it also is perfectly true that they have shown themselves capable of appreciating a good play (they have little opportunity to display this intelligence, heaven knows). The theatre, for the greater number of actors and producers, holds no interest other than the momentary one. If a play is produced well and acted well, rest assured that it is motivated only by an ardent desire of getting the public to part with its money, certainly not by any passion to further the art of the theatre. This being the case, there is, of course, no experimentation—that is left to the schools and colleges. Broadway offers only those plays which the producers think the public will attend, which confines their activity largely to dirt, sex, and history. It would be heresy not to mention the W. P. A. theatre project at this time. We merely say that narrow-minded political connections prevent us from giving credit where credit is doubtless due! Broadway may, some day, pull itself out of the slough into which it has sunk and may allow new life to be instilled in the drama, but first it will have to have a few people of intelligence projected into its midst, and any person with the slightest bit of a brain has enough sense to stay far away from it!

The one salvation for the American stage is, and has been, obvious for a number of years; strangely enough, even the critics seem to have grasped

(Continued on page 195)

A New Menace Strikes at Haverford

The Pixie Parade

By THOMAS MORGAN

I am sure there are pixies in the college. They may be elves or fairies but I think they are pixies. No other species of elfin fauna save pixies would do what these creatures do. Now I do not mind pixies in the abstract, but pixies in the concrete, or in my room, are another thing entirely. I have, I fear, an un-pixie-like mind and so do not appreciate them in their full beauty.

I admit I have never seen a pixie, either in the college or anywhere else, and a good thing it is too, for my mind I am sure is not capable of bearing such a strain. Never having seen a pixie, you say, if you have followed this so far, how am I so convinced of their presence in the college? It's very simple. Who else takes at least one or two cigarettes out of my case, usually the last one or two? What is worse, who else, if it be not pixies, takes one or even two packs out of every carton of cigarettes I buy from the Co-op, on credit? This happens, no matter how carefully I hide the carton. Which brings out my main objection to pixies in Haverford College and that is their infernal malevolence. Pinching my last cigarette of a rainy Sunday evening is not the thing I mind the most, though I admit it doesn't exactly make me chuckle with glee, but there are other tricks of theirs which leave me quivering in helpless rage. Perhaps I had better explain at this point my belief that each and every student has a personal pixie to bother him. Mine is named Oddle, an old pixie name, by the way. Oddle has a trick which is a doozy if I ever saw a pixie trick, and I have seen all too many. His favorite is this: I go to bed late at night after winding up, setting, and otherwise arranging my alarm clock with the pious expectation of awakening in time to make breakfast. Of course, I not only miss breakfast, but I also miss collection, for which

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I have no more cuts, and I barely make class in addition. And why? Oddle has crept out of the woodwork and shut off the alarm. You have doubtless experienced the same trick from your pixie.

That is still only minor. Oddle's strong point is the phone. He waits until I want to phone and then crawls into the phone box. First he whispers the wrong number to the operator, then he makes a busy signal in my ear, *after* I have lost the first nickel. If by some mistake, he lets me get the right number, he informs me of this fact by reaching out of the receiver and dropping a lighted firecracker in my ear. What I really do mind is his nasty habit of catching the nickel when, and if, it is returned to me. He keeps the nickel. I figure he must be quite a rich pixie by now.

Oddle also steals mail, a Federal offense though he may not be aware of it, and probably wouldn't care if he were. It is my only explanation for the appalling amount of mail I do not receive. My roommate has the same trouble with his pixie. Which brings out another point I want to make about pixies, their complete lack of imagination. All their tricks were thought up by some grandfather or Ur-Pixie, and they have only been imitating him ever since. I am sure anyone around the college who manages to keep his eyes open will have noticed by now that the tricks I have mentioned are ones which his own pixie has pulled on him at least once. Don't think I am in favor of teaching a pixie any new tricks; I am just pointing out that they *don't* have any imagination.

I have, of course, painted only the highlights of the pixie situation; there are other aspects and jolly doings on their part which I cannot even mention in print. These are the main ones though. The question is what is to be done about them. I think you will admit it is useless to ask the college to do anything. Before they could really get organized, we would all be completely crazy, so we must help ourselves. But how? I myself know of no good pixie traps or exterminators. You can get exterminators for termites, roaches, and rats, but not pixies. I know; I have asked several exterminating companies and none of them have had any helpful suggestions to make. To be exact, none of them have had any suggestions at all, at least suggestions about pixies. They all said nasty things about me, though, for which I will get back at them after I have solved the present problem.

The only solution I can think of is propaganda. Put up signs all over the campus hinting that Temple and Bryn Mawr, not to mention Villanova and Swarthmore, are all woefully underpixied. And as for Pennsylvania; something in the way of a slogan: "Pennsylvania is peachy to pixies," for

LOVE ETERNAL

example, might do the trick. Something should be done though, and done quickly before I, and probably most of the rest of you, are driven away from our Alma Mater. Does anyone have any good suggestions; something guaranteed to rid us of the pixie menace, and thus permit me to sleep once more of nights? If anyone does, won't he please, please come to my aid, and quickly?

Love Eternal

*As I loved the blossom upon the bough—
So I loved thee then, so I love thee now,
And then as now, and evermore,
As the world goes round, I'll love thee more.
And if thou be not true to me,
I will be true, but not to thee.*

We are pleased to announce several new additions to the board. The cooperation between the CROW'S NESTOR and the HAVERFORDIAN is again renewed by the election of Trumbull L. Simmons. Two freshmen, H. M. Henderson, Jr., and W. D. Halsey, Jr., take their places, while Anthony C. Poole officially becomes review editor.

REVIEWS

THREE COMRADES, by ERICH MARIA REMARQUE

Reviewed by DWIGHT D. CURRIE, JR.

Erich Remarque here again gives us a picture of that lost generation in Germany who learned too much too soon. In *All Quiet on the Western Front*, they were shown in the midst of the horror of the war. In *The Road Back*, they returned to a fatherland shaken by defeat, revolution, and general disillusionment. And now, in 1929, they are men of thirty, living in a torn and unsettled country, themselves bitter, cynical and fatalistic, trusting and believing in nothing except perhaps a comrade or two. They drink, fight, carouse with an abandon born of complete despair and are quite indifferent to any new misfortune that may come to them.

The story is that of three men of this generation who support themselves in a hand-to-mouth sort of way by running a small shop. Their principal joy in life is an old automobile that they have fixed up and remodelled into a racing car, and aside from this their lives are drab and slender enough. But then they meet Patricia Hollman, and she and the narrator of the story, Robert Lohkamp, fall desperately in love. She too, however, is a victim of the war in that she was undernourished, and is now slowly dying of tuberculosis. But she keeps her secret well for a time, and in her love Robert finds perhaps a glimmer of meaning in life—something that he had lost aeons ago in the trenches. The whole point is beautifully expressed in the following lines:

Now I suddenly saw that I could be something to someone, simply because I was there, and that that person was happy because I was with her. Said like that, it sounds very simple; but when you think about it, it is a tremendous thing, a thing that knows no end. It is love and yet something more—something for which one can live. A man cannot live for love. But for a human being perhaps. . . .

Robert finally learns of Patricia's disease and accepts the blow not without some tortured speculations on the misguidance of the world, but for the most part with the fatalism of a man who was an old soldier at the age of eighteen. The book ends, of course, with Pat's death in a sanatorium in the Alps, but not before one of the three comrades is shot down in the street by a patriotic youth in "a bright new uniform and shiny puttees."

REVIEWS

There can be no doubt that in this third book Remarque delves deeper into the thoughts and feelings of the men of his generation than in either of his other two books. He shows with horrible clarity just what the war and the post-war struggle and poverty have done to men who joined the army as sensitive youths in their teens and came out as old men to return to a Germany that had no place for them—could not even support them. They are bitter, completely reckless, and without ambition or hope for the future.

And it is not only individuals in Germany who suffered from the *mal du siècle*. The whole nation was disillusioned, poverty-stricken, and hopeless, and Mr. Remarque illustrates with great vividness just how this condition led into dictatorship. In describing the feelings of an audience listening to a radical political speaker, he says:

He, up there, knew everything—had an answer for every question, a help for every need. It was good to trust oneself to him. It was good to have someone to think for one. It was good to believe.

The whole book stands as one of the most scorching indictments of war and what it does to people and nations that has been written in many years.

FOR READERS ONLY, by J. PENN

Reviewed by H. M. HENDERSON, JR.

When Mr. Penn titled his opus *For Readers Only*, he was on the right track, but he didn't go far enough. *For Bibliomaniacs Only* would have been more indicative of the nature of the book's appeal. Only one greatly in love with books and their authors could tolerate the innate dryness of it.

For Readers Only is a conglomeration of facts and fancies clustering around the people, lay and literary, who have at some period inhabited the British Museum. "Inhabit" is not, I think, too strong a word. Mr. Penn's subjects seem to have lived only in the B. M. (as he affectionately terms it), or at least the author has treated only of the Museum aspect of their lives. This somewhat limited manner of looking at his characters, plus his years of reading at the B. M., sifting and sorting facts which held even the slightest interest, lapping up the contents of numberless books, results in a rather

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musty and trivial collection of the less extraordinary doings of men both great and small. Gathering his material in such a pedantic and second-hand manner, J. Penn could arrive at nothing else.

Sensing, perhaps, the limitations of his subject matter, the author tried to lighten up his story with a little random philosophy. This, too, is second-hand, often dragged in by the heels, and rather too mellow and sentimental to please today's reader.

An even more valiant effort of Mr. Penn to put across his material constitutes, in our opinion, his most heinous sin. Humor is the proper vehicle of comparatively few writers. A subtle thing, difficult to handle, to be effective it cannot be labored. When J. Penn runs out (which he soon does) of such delightful sidelights as this of Gissing, who practically resided at the B. M.—“Gissing? He's the fellow who used to wash his socks in the lavatory bowl.”—he manufactures would-be charming wit like this isolated bit:

“It was his peculiarly green notepaper that drew my attention. He was taking notes with a bright green fountain pen, from which flowed vivid green ink. I noticed the hand that held the pen. It was pale green, as though it had been bathed in a weak green ink solution. My eyes traveled to his clothes: a bottle-green suit, a dark green tie, tied in an old-fashioned double bow, with malachite studs and cuff-links in a shirt of the same color as his notepaper. And over the back of his chair hung a bottle-green overcoat, showing a pale green lining.

I have never seen anyone like him. He must be the B. M. goblin.”

If the reader can take this, a little trite philosophizing, and some only slightly interesting anecdotes, he's welcome to it. Perhaps Alexander Woolcott, with the muse hot upon him, could have put the material across, but not J. Penn.

BROADWAY HOPEFULS

(Continued from page 188)

it. A number of good repertory companies are vitally necessary. If some one could start one and make a success of it, others would quickly spring up. The establishment of such a theatre or company would not, of course, be enough in itself. The American actor would have to lose his consuming interest in the Great God Gold, and consent to display his talents at popular prices; he would have to pay some small attention to the art of acting, if he be aware that such a thing exists; he would have to work in the Repertory company for the training, not for the money, and this would at least provide him with a new experience. In connection with the company, there would be a students' course, in which young would-bes could learn all aspects of the theatre and take walk-on or fill-in parts with the regular group. In this way, both the established and the amateur actor could get the training so necessary and so lacking at the present time. The benefits of such companies are demonstrated by the great superiority of the English actor, who has such advantages over the American actor, who has not.

With the establishment of a students' course the young actor would not only gain experience, but producers and directors would find themselves supplied with a very definite storehouse for new talent, rather than having to depend on their valet's friend's son from Ohio and the completely worthless "dramatic schools" which dot New York and teach their students to weave baskets, dye costumes, and believe in a talent that they do not possess. Another possibility is some such thing as an equivalent to the Royal Academy of Dramatic Arts, but this seems to be an even vaguer eventuality, and is merely mentioned here.

It is true, I believe, that, just recently, an actor of some note but little ability, as is so often the case, announced that if something of this sort weren't done soon, the American theatre would be non-existent within fifteen years; we regret that we are forced to agree with him. It is also strange to note that Mr. Brooks Atkinson spoke words of uncontradicted truth when he said that if such a company were established in America, it would in all probability be done by an English actor, such as Maurice Evans or John Gielgud. Apparently the American worships the Golden Calf too much and fears that, if he betrays interest and helps an unknown, the said unknown might unseat the said actor from his dizzy (very) heights.

It is not too much to hope that one of our brothers from across the sea will be the means of saving the American stage in spite of itself. Heaven only knows to what new depths Broadway productions will sink if left to the highly incompetent people in whose hands they now rest.



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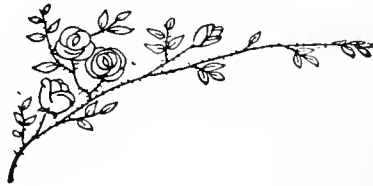
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—S. T. COLERIDGE, *Table Talk*.



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Die Beiden Waren Toren

By THOMAS MORGAN

*In the scented summer evenings
When we walked along the lanes,
When we first did find our pleasure
And forgot all earthly pains;
When we looked at all about us
With the eyes of love and youth,
When in all things we saw beauty
And in most things we saw truth;
We knew little then of trouble
And our world was one of joy;
We knew not our love was folly
And our faith, a shiny toy.
We believed then in each other
And that our new love was truth,
But that was many months ago
When we were in our youth.*

THE WORLD

What an English summer meant to one Haverfordian

Frame of Mind

By WILLIAM B. KRIEBEL

TRYING to travel around on very little money does some interesting things to you. At first the material comforts of existence become unusually important. And why shouldn't they? Here you are on a hard bed, having washed in cold water and having washed your shirt in the same, lying awake thinking.

You think: for a little more money I could get a soft bed. I could have hot water to shave with tomorrow. I could breakfast like a king upon eggs and fat sausages. I could ride along smoothly in a train and see immense amounts of English scenery, and all the important things in this country that there are to see. And I wouldn't waste so much time pushing a bicycle up hills and lying around watching the clouds, nor would I munch a sixpenny luncheon of bread and Stilton cheese and South African oranges. Every time I pass a bake shop, and there are more than you'd realize were possible, I instinctively turn my head and look at the muffins and macaroons, pork pies and Cornish pastries (almost cycled into a bobby, doing that today), and I consider how wonderful it would be to go in and order one—perhaps two or three—of each morsel in the window. That's how it is. It may be a beautiful cathedral we visit, but I find myself hoping that we will have a good supper at the hostel, and not a hard bed—like this one.

Then, after the shock and contrast with home or college-life (where you can get all you want to eat at meals) has worn off, you begin to take notice of things other than merely food and shelter. You get so honestly tired at night from cycling that you forget to note whether the bed is hard or not, and so hungry that the diet of potatoes, stew-meat, cabbage, and bread-and-tea is something that you think of with pleasure. The brain becomes keener,

THE HAVERFORDIAN

and the eye sharper. And you get a certain athletic pleasure out of day-after-day cycling.

But the health game occurs to the side of yourself that is an old softy and quite lazy. This is how the game goes. You say that you've got to take care of your health. Can't deny yourself what is necessary and proper thereto. How can you push on day after day if you sleep uncomfortably, eat sparingly, go through the rain, and don't have a doctor look at you when you hurt yourself or don't feel right? Should you eat cheaply and run the risk of germs? (Remember that store today where the shopkeeper scooped up the chunk of butter she'd dropped on the floor?) And you wish you could remember more definitely what mother told you (you weren't listening at the time) so that you could have some grounds for what you know are only self-excuses.

For the state of your health depends on your wisdom, of course, and not on how much money you spend. Hard beds don't hurt you; the hostel diet is really nourishing; and you can be sensible about what you buy on the road and where you buy it, without its costing you anything extra. There's nobody in this world, you say to your shrinking self, who cannot imagine that something is wrong with him somewhere, and half the world's work is done by people who are not feeling "just right" but who are carrying on because things will be better tomorrow.

Having delivered this Elbert Hubbardish lecture to yourself, you follow through to the astonishingly prosaic conclusion (after all this) that money isn't everything, and the material comforts of life are not what count at all. As a matter of fact, the very things you remember best out of all your travels are in general the things that cost the least, were the most spontaneous, and involved the least of barriers between yourself and other persons.

Of course, if you spend money, you can do a great deal—the conventional check-list—that you have heard all your life that "cultured" persons have to do in Europe. When you talk about these things at home (casually, of course), you become admitted to that esoteric—and often snobbish—clan, my dear, of the travelled people.

But did you ever notice perfectly charming English people ruffle up and retire into their reserve when confronted by an American college girl, loud as Broadway, stridently domineering in voice as she takes possession of and cracks the whip over the American male? Or when faced by that male, cliquish, and carefree in his spending "on account of the old man will send him some more dough if he wires for it?"

THE WORLD—FRAME OF MIND

So what do you learn? This is what you learn: keep to your cycle and your penny buns. How else will you know the world's sweetest aromas—that of a clovered haystack, for example, or that of supper in the cooking when you are hungry and ready for it? How else will you know the hedgerows, the sudden view of the sea from a mist-swept hill, the waters, grasses, houses, clouds, flaming poppies (weeds in a wheatfield)?

How else will you meet the minds of people, many minds from many lands? You must laugh with those people, sweat along with them, talk with them lightly and deeply—and be a good fellow yourself.

When you think of this, it makes life simpler, because the world of mere luxury, mere "culture," and mere sophisticated persiflage (in feeble imitation of the latest Hollywood froth of escapism) just doesn't overlap with the universe of people who are real, though poor; the world of the man who is big enough not to care a hang where he sleeps or just what he eats, if it is going to interfere with something infinitely more important: his appreciative understanding of his world and the people in it.

Over A Suicide Grave

By SAMUEL C. WITHERS, JR.

*Sleep without stirring—
Don't let as much as an
Eyelid betray you—
Lying there motionless.*

*Sealed into Nature.
We watch your reaction;
This, your ambition,
This was the masterstroke.*

*Sleep without stirring—
The most fatal movement
For us, as we watch,
Is the smile you might show.*

*Please—
Sleep without stirring!*

God, Freedom, and Immortality

Or How Death, The Grim Reaper, Reaped

Translated from the original Russian by the original WILLIAM REAVES

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Old Woman—First Peasant
Peasant Girl—Second Peasant
Fyodor Fyodorovitch—Third Peasant
A Petty Prince

PLACE

A House on the Steppes. There is only one room in the house, so the action necessarily takes place in this room.

The curtain rises disclosing a darkened stage. In the centre is an old round table. There are two chairs drawn to the old round table. The chairs are backless, the backs having long since been gnawed away by hungry peasants or used for firewood. There is a single door and a single window. There is, of course, no glass in the window. Outside a barren, snowy landscape is seen. From time to time wolves are seen through the window, their cry of hunger is constantly heard. As they pass the window they look in with a lean and hungry look. As they pass by, looking in, the peasants look out with much the same look. A piece of sugar hangs suspended from the ceiling in the centre of the room. In the old days, when tea was to be had, this sugar was swung from person to person, allowing each to sweeten his mouth. There is a curtained doorway to the left. Most of the curtain is now, however, clothing the central figures of the drama. A ladder leads to a loft. There is a fireplace on the right. There is a very, very small fire, which resembles the flickering of a match. There is a stool sitting by the fireplace. Thereupon sits an old woman. She stirs from time to time. Scuttling rats scurry across the stage. Fyodor Fyodorovitch stands and stares in the middle of the stage. Peasant Girl stands looking out of the window. All three characters shudder violently during the entire play. A single candle burns in the neck of a Vodka Bottle.

GOD, FREEDOM, AND IMMORTALITY

As all the players in the ensuing Drama are subject to constant fits of frothing hysteria, we make no special note of it. We merely ask our readers to remember that practically all the Actors are Hysterical all during the play. It is the Russian temperament.

OLD WOMAN (*Stirs on stool, pokes at fire*). (Sighs): It's very cold in here, Fyodor Fyodorovitch.

PEASANT GIRL, FYODOR AND OLD WOMAN (*All sigh in unison*): (*Together*): It's always cold in Russia.
(*There is a silence.*)

PEASANT GIRL: Is there any black bread, Fyodor Fyodorovitch? I am very hungry.

FYODOR: The rats ate the last bit of bread long ago, girl. There is no black bread left.

PEASANT GIRL, FYODOR AND OLD WOMAN (*All heave a long sigh in unison*): (*Together*): There's never any black bread in Russia.
(*There is a silence.*)

(*Old woman stirs on stool and pokes at what was the fire. All three sigh as one.*)

(*First Peasant enters. He is big and very thin. He looks hungry, etc.*)

FIRST PEASANT: Fyodor Fyodorovitch, is there a barn left empty?

FYODOR (*Fyodor has not moved since the beginning of this, the first and only act in the Drama. He is still standing in the middle of the stage, standing and staring. Without changing his position or expression he answers, having counted slowly on his fingers*): Yes, First Peasant, there is a barn left. The twenty-second barn is empty.

(*There is a silence.*)

(*There is a general sigh.*)

(*First Peasant turns to go out. In his right hand he carries a big rope. As he goes out, flurry of snow enters.*)

OLD WOMAN (*Stirs on stool, pokes at fire*): It is very cold, Fyodor Fyodorovitch.

PEASANT GIRL, FYODOR AND OLD WOMAN (*All sigh in unison. A long, sad sigh.*) (*Together*): It's always cold in Russia.
(*There is a silence.*)

(*Second and Third Peasant enter. They look remarkably like the First Peasant, now hanging in the Twenty-second barn. They speak together.*)

SECOND AND THIRD PEASANTS: Is there any vodka left, Fyodor Fyodorovitch?

FYODOR: No Second and Third Peasants, there is no vodka.

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(Whole company sighs.)

WHOLE COMPANY: There's never any Vodka in Russia.

SECOND AND THIRD PEASANTS: Are there any barns left in Russia, Fyodor?

FYODOR FYODOROVITCH: Yes, Peasants, the twenty-third and twenty-fourth barns are empty.

(Peasants walk to the door. They each carry a rope in their hand. They turn at door, open mouths as if to speak, then snap them shut and go out, allowing a flurry of snow to enter.)

(There is a general sigh.)

OLD WOMAN *(Stirs on stool, pokes at fire)*: It's very cold, Fyodor.

PEASANT GIRL, FYODOR AND OLD WOMAN *(They sigh)*: *(Together)*: It's always cold in Russia.

(There is a sound of sleigh bells from without. Door opens allowing flurry of snow and Petty Prince to enter.)

PETTY PRINCE: Fyodor Fyodorovitch, we require a barn. Are there any?

FYODOR: Yes, Petty Prince, there is one more barn left. There are Peasants hanging in the other twenty-four.

PRINCE: We shall use the twenty-fifth barn, Fyodor. We have a rope.

(From within the rich folds of his heavily sabled coat the Prince draws a long cord of woven gold; it is thickly encrusted with emeralds, sapphires, and lapislazuli, heavily scented with all the perfumes of Araby. He fashions it delicately into a noose and stalks out, allowing flurry of snow to enter. There is a silence, punctuated by a long sigh from the assembled company.)

OLD WOMAN, PEASANT GIRL AND FYODOR *(As one)*: Now there are no barns left for us.

OLD WOMAN *(Stirs on stool, pokes at fire)*: It's very cold, Fyodor Fyodorovitch.

PEASANT GIRL, OLD WOMAN AND FYODOR *(They all sigh)*: *(Together)*: It's always cold in Russia.

(There is a sigh, sighed by the remaining three characters, who will soon die of starvation or hunger or of both. Sigh is prolonged as

THE CURTAIN SLOWLY FALLS

(The audience sits silently. After an appropriate time they dry their eyes, stop screaming hysterically and struggle to their feet and leave the Theatre in complete silence. Not a word is spoken. The silence is broken only by the convulsive sobbing of the heart-broken audience. The audience trudges slowly home and, as one body, shoots itself or hangs itself, whichever is more convenient.

The story of a vagrant singer

Wagon Wheel

By WILLIAM S. KINNEY, JR.

THE parking lot had been dull in the intense heat of that night so I was glad when the German and the Chinese came in to talk. Charlie owned a restaurant next to the lot and Fischer was his American cook. They'd been on opposite sides in the war—the German had had four years of it and had been hit several times—and they never tired of telling about it. In the space of ten years they'd built up a tremendous respect for each other. Once during prohibition a drunk had come in the restaurant at night and disturbed the other customers. The Chinese had found it futile to talk to him. Charlie went out on the sidewalk to see if he could find a policeman, but Fischer was the only person in sight. He'd just arrived in town and was walking around. Charlie was desperate. "Hey, can you help me out?" he said.

"Sure," said Fischer.

"Can you help me get a drunk out of here?"

"Sure."

They went in and up to the drunk. Fischer jerked him up by his armpits and then gripped him around the waist and carried him out. He said "Hey, whah's the idea?" and kicked convulsively with his arms and legs like a child in a fit. He wanted to fight so Fischer carried him up to the corner half a block away and by that time he was sick. Charlie's business was growing rapidly and he needed another cook; he hired Fischer on the spot. After awhile the German moved into Charlie's house back of the restaurant, and he stayed there even after Charlie had married. Both had brains; both had seen much of the world and had built their observations into a deep practical understanding; both had struggled in peasant poverty but had not allowed themselves to become either sentimental or bitter. Charlie's family had died in a famine when he was a boy and he had come to America penniless. He had started out as a hotel busboy, had become cook and saved his money until he had enough to start his own business.

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On that night Fischer was speaking of his boyhood. When he was twelve he had been taken from school and had been put to work. He had worked twelve hours a day, usually in the fields. Once he had spent a year in a large grain elevator, hauling hundred-pound sacks all day. Sometimes on Saturday nights when the lot was crowded the parkers in their hurry would be sloppy and the bumpers of one car would catch those of another. When this happened we called for Fischer and he came out the back door and lifted one car while we backed the other away. He was for some reason sensitive of his strength and rarely used it.

He filled the shack with vibrating sound punctured by the wet sharpness of his labials and dentals. Suddenly he stopped, making silence strange, and I looked up and saw a boy standing on the doorsill. First you noticed his clothing because it was too ragged and dirty to be clothing; then you saw his face and you forgot the rest. It was a lean face, firm and hard and bronzed, strengthened by a long straight nose and small full lips, but yet it was no more than background for his eyes. They were brown and fierce and staring, wildly active yet restlessly subdued, like a flooded river clawing for the top of a levee, hungry to enter and stifle the dryness beyond. Still, it wasn't terror that they brought; it was an awe and an attention verging on the miraculous; they made you wonder if the boy were mad. For a few seconds his eyes roved the shack but they didn't see much except dirt because that was the most prominent thing there.

"Hello," he said. He was looking at Charlie. "Say, I wonder if you could tell me whether that fat Chinese waiter in the Chop Suey place can speak English or whether he's bluffing."

"He can speak it," said Charlie.

"Well, I was wondering. I thought he was putting on an act. When I went in there first he acted all right but after a while I couldn't understand him, so I left."

"What did you want?" asked Charlie.

"I was trying to get a job singing. I had one in Kansas City before I came here. It was a ritzy place, better than that one, and they liked me."

Charlie wasn't interested. He didn't like fresh young boys. "What'd you leave for?" I asked.

It seemed incredulous to him that I didn't know. "I quit. I got sick of the place and decided to go home—I haven't been there in three years—and here I've hitch-hiked to Ohio. I don't like it much. I live in Boston." He couldn't have been more than eighteen.

WAGON WHEEL

"Well, there's the man to ask for a job. He owns the restaurant."

"I never had no entertainment," said Charlie. "Don't need it."

"The other place never had any either until they hired me. They were plenty ritzy, too, and they always had good business. They charged two dollars and fifty cents for Chop Suey."

"They did not," said Fischer, positively.

Charlie flew into a rage; he got up from his chair and went to the doorsill. "They didn't," he said. "There's not a place in the whole goddam country that they charge two-fifty for Chop Suey. They couldn't; nobody'd pay it; they'd go bankrupt."

"Have you ever been in Kansas City?"

"No, but I know goddam well—"

"Have you?" said Fischer.

"I swear it's true," said the boy. "I'll tell you something else, too. There's a fifteen-dollar cover charge at Jack Dempsey's restaurant in New York City."

I work in a parking lot in Ohio but still I read the New York papers now and then and I know that wasn't true.

"You're crazy," I said

"Have you ever been there?"

"I suppose you have."

"Yes, I have. I went there with a friend of Jack's and met him. I sang for him. He liked me."

We argued some more about the fifteen-dollar cover charge but it did no good. Charlie and Fischer were disgusted. Having built themselves into matter of fact hardness they resented the boy and the only reason they stayed was that they felt themselves insulted and wanted to trap him. Charlie asked about every restaurant he knew; the boy had been to none of them. Had he ever been to Europe? No, but he'd lived in Mexico and Panama for six months.

"Do you know Philadelphia?" I asked.

"Vaguely. I was there for a couple of days at a theatre with Benny Buck—I was in his act. I was with him for three months, going all over the East in theatres." Benny Buck is a jazz-band singer who had risen to sudden fame and is now rapidly losing it.

"Tell us about Benny."

"He's a swell guy, he really is. And he can sing, too. He told me I could sing better than he can."

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"Why aren't you a star then?"

"Well, it's like Benny said. The public's a funny thing. All of a sudden they decide they like you and there you are on Easy Street. It's all a matter of luck and publicity. I haven't been lucky yet but you wait and you'll see. I can't fail. Have you ever heard of Rudolph Mazzini?"

"No."

"He's the best voice teacher in America. He's taught lots of people on the concert stage and in opera. He told me that I had the best natural voice he ever heard. I'm one of three tenors in the country who can hit high G without cracking."

The theatres were letting out then and Charlie and Fischer had to go and take care of some customers. All of the cars except some all-night ones went out of the lot. I told the boy to stick around and when I got back in the shack he was thumbing a copy of a detective story magazine I'd bought to kill time because you can't read good stuff on a night as hot as that one was.

"What do you think of magazines like that?" I asked.

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Well?"

"They're all right when you don't have anything else to do. I read them myself once in a while. I tell you though, I like Shakespeare best myself."

"Oh, you read Shakespeare?"

"Yes, I know all his plays."

"Tell me the plot of one of them, I don't care which one."

He was silent for a minute. "You'd better be more definite than that. I get mixed up."

"*Hamlet*, then. You ought to know that one."

He walked around, his face dammed in thought. "It's been a long time since I read it. There're so many of them I forget exactly what it is about."

"Never mind," I said. "What are you going to do now? Have you any place to go?"

"I'm going out to the Wagon Wheel and try and get a job singing," he said. The Wagon Wheel was a cheap night club near the steel mills.

"What do you sing?" I asked.

"I sing everything. I like classical music best though. Light opera's my favorite. I don't know much popular stuff."

"That's what you'll have to sing at the Wagon Wheel."

(Continued on page 21)

THE ARTS

Poor Vincent

A note on Van Gogh

By ROBERT ARTHUR

VAN GOGH has been having a hard time of it. Until the 29th of July in 1890 his troubles were only financial and professional, but since that day, when he shot himself clumsily in the belly and died in a hard, sweltering room in Soles, the biographers have recalled that he once cut off an ear to give to a prostitute, the dealers have persuaded the connoisseurs to buy his pictures, and the critics, hearing of the fun, have rallied 'round. Book after book has been written about him, his paintings have sold fabulously and have had a travelling road show, attended by the relatively astounding number of 145,000 people.

He is well on the way to be the most popular artist in the history of painting. And that is just what he wanted, though not quite the way he wanted it.

To understand what he was working for, what he meant by "popular," you must know something of his background. On March 30, 1853, he was born in Groot-Zundert, Holland, one of several children of a country minister, a poor relation of the great Goupil family of art dealers. The Goupils found work for him and his brother, Theo, in their Dutch galleries; then transferred Vincent to London, alone. To Vincent, as an artist, a painting was either priceless or worthless, and in either case he probably didn't care to sell it, so he failed with the Goupils.

Vincent had commenced to read the Bible with all the fervor Rembrandt had learned in his sorrows. Also he had become very poor, and that goodness, which only the poor feel toward the poor, had become a part of him. For a year he was a missionary in the Borinage, a black, bleak country where men worked in the collieries, or starved, or both. Gradually his fervour for the Word was consumed in the work of the Word, up to the

point where the authorities of the mission desired more dogma and less service, and Vincent failed again.

But after that he did not fail because he had learned to paint. Of course, he earned no money, but Theo supplied that necessity, along with the only kindness that the artist ever knew. And when Vincent reached Soles, "the history of his life had closed, and that of his mind had begun."

I said that he wanted popularity. To Vincent "to be popular" meant being known by the people, not by the critics or those who read the critic. That is, he wanted the *real* people to know themselves as they are, and as he could show them. For he was one of them; he could feel the heaviness in their faces, the meat and bones and water in them, and the color of them.

In Soles there was nothing but sun and earth and men, so he painted them boldly, brazenly as they are; kindly and homely and desperate as he was; in colors without subtlety, but with the harmony of sunlight; and in lines as strange and true as the flight of crows or the slow walk of lovers who are poor. When he was happy he painted the fields of corn ripening yellow in the summer, and the flurrying rose and white of blossoming orchards; or, as his mind failed, he painted purple cypress trees that reach toward heaven like the flailing arms of a madman.

All these things are so simple that he has been thought mad, like other men who told the truth.

Sheltered Fourteen

By RICHARD S. BOWMAN

*Pigtails and low-heeled shoes
Walks she, a gangling thing,
Facing the world with the
Faint awkward plainness of
Youth not yet blooming, of
Youth pale and plain.
Eros has not yet breathed
Blush in her cheeks, and her
Brownness, her reticence*

*Wait on life's spring
To call her soul to vibrancy,
Paint depth and sparkle in her eyes,
Grace in her carriage,
Softness in her voice,
Loveliness in her being:
The magic and the mystery
That is womanhood.*

TIME PAST

The Tragedy of the Last Little Princess

By FREDERIC PROKOSCH

NOTE: Mr. Prokosch, Class of '25, has recently received new acclaim as the author of this year's Harper Prize Novel, "The Seven Who Fled" and as the recipient of a Guggenheim Fellowship. This story, reprinted from the June, 1924, issue, represents an early stage in the development of the semi-mystical style which he now uses.

THE King of Many Years was squatting on his favorite eight-cornered red velvet cushion—a magnificent cockatoo was embroidered on it in purple and salmon beads. This cushion had cost fully three and thirty hides full of beautiful polished pebbles from the Spring of Thousand Colors, and furthermore the cockatoo was the King's own particular bird; so he squatted very carefully and took care not to let his feet touch the velvet, for he was King of the Country of Purple Shadows.

The King of Many Years was squatting very thoughtfully, and his right cheek rested pensively on his left hand. And all the Nubians whispered, "The King thinketh deeply. 'Tis strange. What can ail him?"

To which the live cockatoos that sat perched in a row on an ebony rod precisely over the King's baldachin replied in their own way.

The King of Many Years was indeed confronting a serious problem—a problem that might have puzzled men of an even more analytic mind than he possessed. For his wives had in order presented him with six children—one, then another, then another, and another, till there were six. And they had all been princesses—not one single prince in the whole lot! And now he had received word that a seventh child was crossing the Valleys of the Joyous Agony; was it to be a prince, or a seventh princess?

While their father was squatting on his favorite cushion in the Chamber of Cockatoos, the six little princesses were sitting in the jasmine garden,

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talking of the impending arrival. All six of them were clad in emerald-dyed kimonos, with gilded coronets on their straight black hair, and they were playing with their angora kittens. They were playing, but in reality they all thought of the seventh child, and they all hoped that it would be a prince as much as they feared that it would be a princess. They were really convinced that it would be a princess.

"And she will have straight black hair, like the rest of us," said the first.

"And an emerald-dyed kimono," said the second.

"And a gilded coronet," said the third.

"And curled-up shoes," said the fourth.

"And an angora kitten," said the fifth.

"And a mole on her left shoulder," said the sixth, who was still the youngest. All the little Princesses were very much distressed by these birthmarks on their left shoulders, and it was at least a consolation that all the future offspring of the King of Many Years would be afflicted by a similar disfigurement.

—It was a Princess.

A Seventh Princess.

The King's only answer to the news had been, "I'm through with *that*."

And so they all called her the Last Little Princess. The other six each had a name—the name of a flower; but this one was called the Last Little Princess, and that was all.

But it was strange; for the hair of the Last Little Princess was curly and golden, and stranger yet, she had no birthmark on her left shoulder—the mole was on the right!

The Last Little Princess grew to be more beautiful every day, and the people were astounded, and whispered many strange things; for she was different!

Different . . .

She did not have straight black hair; she had curly, golden hair.

She did not wear an emerald-dyed kimono; she wore a long silken robe with all the colors of the rainbow.

She did not wear a gilded coronet; her unbound locks fell downwards like a crystalline cataract in twilight.

She did not wear curled-up shoes; for her feet were ever bare as she walked in the jasmine garden.

She hated angora kittens; she had a little canary bird that flew about in

THE TRAGEDY OF THE LAST LITTLE PRINCESS

freedom, and a squirrel that had his home far away, and a chipmunk that came forth only at daybreak.

And then, she had a birthmark on her right shoulder.

Her six sisters reproached her and coaxed her and threatened her, but the Last Little Princess did not do as they did, merely for the sake of uniformity. She followed her impulses, and ran after the opal-colored butterflies while the six sat over the pool in the jasmine garden, with their six angora kittens.

The Six Princesses grew older, and before long they arrived at the marriageable age. Princes of the countries beyond the Great Blue Waters came to woo. And one by one the Princesses left the country of Purple Shadows for distant lands. Each one was borne off by a dark-haired prince, who bound his hair in a tight ribbon of deep green samite, and wore an ancestral sword, studded with jewels, at his side, and never smiled. Each one was borne off by a prince like this, on a milk-white elephant, followed by a host of retainers.

And the people of the Country of Purple Shadows cheered and nodded their heads . . .

But the Last Little Princess was still young, and would not be wooed by the dark-haired princes, but whispered to her canary and her squirrel and her chipmunk.

And the people of the Country of Purple Shadows wondered, and their eyes shone, and they whispered,

"The Last Little Princess will be sung of by our seed a thousand years hence!"

The Last Little Princess was ill—very ill. The physicians whispered and the astrologers murmured, while the heavy curtains of her bed moved like parched grasses in the July air. And the night fell on the gardens and on the palace and on the Last Little Princess.

Next to the head of the Last Little Princess, a window was opened, so that her spirit might glide into the blue; through it, a large, black bird flew into the chamber, to the bed of the Princess. And she moved her eyelids, and drew a deep breath, and the bird disappeared.

The Last Little Princess lived!

But months later, the canary complained to the nightingale that she loved him no longer, and played with a white angora cat. And the chipmunk and the squirrel returned no more, for they were afraid. The Little

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Princess now wore an emerald-dyed kimono, and curled-up shoes, and imprisoned her hair in a gilded coronet, and grieved that it was not dark like the ocean bottom; and she smiled at the princes that came to woo her.

Lo, the Last Little Princess is borne off by a dark-haired prince, who has his hair bound in a tight ribbon of deep green samite, and wears an amethyst-studded ancestral sword at his side, and never smiles—borne off on a white elephant.

And the people of the Country of Purple Shadows cheer and nod their heads; only a few look away, and return sadly, very few.

A Dreamer's Epilogue

A thousand years have passed, and the Last Little Princess is not sung of by the seed of the People of the Purple Shadows . . .

To the Rhinies

TO THOSE who are reading their first issue of THE HAVERFORDIAN, we should like to explain briefly what we are attempting to do, and to urge them, if they suspect they have something to say, by all means to say it. The college magazine, as we see it, should reflect student thought in all phases of human experience not confining itself chiefly to more or less immature short stories and poetry, but not, on the other hand, forgetting its function in this connection. We have instituted two departments to serve as broad focal points for student articles, and are seeking to fill them with material both lively and informative. If you have ever had an unusual job or experience, or have seen a part of this country or the world which most of us have not, we should like to have you tell us about it. And if you enjoy writing stories and verse, we're interested in seeing your work.

We are sure that there is enough material at Haverford to make our magazine one of the most interesting and significant college publications in the country—but that material must be brought to light! So let us hear what you have to say, and soon, for in two and a half short years the magazine's administration will be in your hands.

Wagon Wheel

(Continued from page 14)

"I'll give them a couple and then something good, some Gilbert and Sullivan maybe. They'll like me. They always do."

"Suppose you don't get a job."

"I'll be all right."

"Have you any money?"

"No."

"I don't want to insult you or anything, but can't I give you some? I don't like the idea of people sleeping in haystacks."

"No," he said firmly. "I'll get a job. I've never taken money for nothing."

"You've interested me fifty cents worth."

"No."

"O. K.," I said. "Good luck."

"Thanks, I'll need it. So long."

"So long."

He went off whistling. It was a shrill whistle and a full one; it didn't belong to the midnight. He had a long walk. I closed up and went home.

It was hotter the next day and even worse the one after. The stench of exhaust lay over the city as immobile as fog and more persistent. I sat in the shack, stifling and bored. There was no business. About six o'clock he came in expecting me to be surprised, and I was. He wore a new costume; pressed linen pants, clean white shirt and shoes, and a gentle yellow necktie.

"I got the job," he said.

"Yeah, so I see. Congratulations. How'd you do it?"

"I just went up and asked George to let me sing for whatever the customers would give me. George's the boss, good fellow. He said sure, and I did three numbers; I'd only planned to do two but they wouldn't let me go. So George said I could be a singing waiter for a few weeks until they got to know me and then he'd make me master of ceremonies."

"Hey, that's really good," I said.

"Well, I just thought I'd tell you. I've got to go to work now, but I'll see you again."

"Sure," I said. "Anytime."

For the next two weeks it stayed hot. The weather made the headlines

THE HAVERFORDIAN

in all the newspapers. In Minnesota and the Dakotas the wheat was withering; in Illinois and Iowa the corn crop was the worst in years. The Department of Agriculture was moaning for the farmers once again; isolated experts issued statements that the country would be in the grip of a dry spell for five, or ten, or fifty years; people either stayed home or went to the beaches and the parking lot hit a new week's low. Every day the boy came in and talked for a little while. Usually he told what a good job he had; sometimes he tried to get me to quit mine because it was so dull. Going on the bum was better, he said, you at least saw something. I said you didn't see ten dollars every Friday and he shut up.

Then one night Charlie and Fischer came out. They were in the doldrums; they hadn't sold more than fifteen bowls of Chop Suey all day. They wanted to go out for a drink somewhere. There were about a dozen cars in the lot and they were all out by eleven o'clock. We tumbled into my Ford and I took them up to the Wagon Wheel; they didn't care where they went. I'd never been there before but it was the usual thing; a big store-room with a bar extending halfway down one side and checkered red and white tablecloths for the rest with a small square left for dancing and the floor show. The buff colored walls were spattered with the cartoon motif. It was half full and noisy. We sat at a table near the band platform; there were five pieces and they weren't very good. It was one of the boy's tables. He wore the same clothes with a large white apron tied in front. He was smiling as though we were old friends who had caught him unprepared but delighted.

"Hello," he said. "I'm glad that you came."

We all said hello, but casually. The others weren't glad to see him. We ordered beer.

"When are you going to sing?" I asked as he brought the beer. He said the floor show would start in a little while and we talked about the heat. It reminded Fischer of war summers, and they were off again. I never lost my sense of wonder at these discussions. Here I was, a war baby, a twenty-two-year older, a no account, and here were a German who'd rotted in dug-outs for four years for an Iron Cross and a Chinese who'd been with the A. E. F. and now owned a restaurant in Ohio. Perhaps it was the gigantic idea of the brotherhood of man which they embodied; perhaps it was a sense of the strange and fascinating possibilities of existence; or perhaps it was something else. At any rate it didn't put me in the mood for a rotten floor show, and this one stank. It started off with a wall-eyed tap dancer they

WAGON WHEEL

must have plucked off the sidewalk; then a waitress sang off key; then somebody played an accordion. The master of ceremonies was the only enthusiastic person in the place; he danced up and down in terrier-like eagerness.

"Next," he shouted, "we have Al Austen, the latest addition to our permanent staff. Al sings and I mean sings. Let's start him off right with a great big hand!"

The boy came out then. He'd taken off his apron but he looked like a cheap vaudevillian mostly because the spot picked up the gold in his teeth and shot it back brilliantly toward the tables. The band played the introduction to a mawkish love ballad and he started. And Charlie and Fischer were immediately incredulous. The boy could sing. He had a sweet, clear tenor, a tone that even if his work were entirely mechanical, would have given it a depth of feeling and an emotion which it actually lacked. But he put his heart into the task. He caught the hopeless slush, transformed it miraculously into a living crescendo of beauty, and sent it ringing back to his listeners. He made them realize the essential meaning of song; he tumbled their emotions into a pattern of vague but enthralling magic which lifted them to a pitch of clarivoyance. When he stopped, they fell off into nothingness, and they clamored for more. He sang an Irish song and a Victor Herbert piece, and each time the wonder happened, and each time we were newly astounded. Even then the audience didn't want him to leave, but three was enough. In a minute he came over to us, grinning. Another tap dancer was on the floor.

"They just told me they're going to make me M. C. next week," he said.

"Boy," said Fischer seriously. "I hate to admit it, but you sure can sing. I haven't heard anything like it since before the war."

"Yeah," said Charlie. "You ought to get some place with a voice like that."

"I'm happy," I said, "but I still don't believe it."

He grinned again and brought us beer. A drunk and a blonde were sitting a few tables away from us; the girl held up two fingers. Al nodded and went back to the bar.

"Man, he sure could sing," said Fischer. "I tell you, he sounded like John McCormick and I never heard anyone I liked better than him." He shook his head slowly. "Man!"

"I wonder if he will get anywhere," I said, "or will he keep on being too smart for himself?"

"He ought to," said Charlie. "By God, he's good!"

THE HAVERFORDIAN

He came back with two double whiskeys on a tray. When he reached the table he suddenly slipped and spilled the drinks all over the girl's dress.

"What the hell you doing?" she screamed in a cheap high nasal, jumping up and drowning out the taps. Then you could hear them again but everyone was watching Al and the blonde.

"I'm really awfully sorry," said Al.

The drunk got up, his fists clenched. "No one can do that to Arlene and get away with it!" he shouted. Especially no damn pukey little two-bit tenor like you!" Before he could lurch forward Al hit him, hard, flush on the jaw and he went down. The blonde screamed. The band stopped playing and the dancer looked distressed. The crowd had gathered around and a big Greek was pushing his way through.

"Get out of here!" he bellowed. "You've caused about enough trouble and now you're done! And I'll see to it that you never get another job around here, too. Now get out and don't come back!" But he was too mad to stop at shouting and he took a wild swing at Al. Then Fischer did one of those sudden, strange things that he'd never explain. It wasn't a hammer blow, his fist was scarcely clenched, but it set the Greek on his back and kept him there for a minute.

I grabbed Al. "Come on with us," I said. Nobody tried to stop us on our way out; they'd seen what Fischer did to the Greek. The night was silent and the sound of the Ford was good. When we were almost home Fischer spoke for the first time. "What are you going to do now?"

"I don't know," said the boy. "I suppose I'll go back home. There's a place back there where the boss wants me to be M. C." He wasn't hopeless, but he sounded tired and a little afraid.

"You sure can sing," said Fischer.

That was all except for the good-byes and good lucks. He said it again when we were back in front of the restaurant. The neon sign was still burning and the street was empty. "That boy sure could sing."

"You bet he could," said Charlie.

We never saw him again. Before the end of the week a terrific thunderstorm broke the heat wave.

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The Taxi Ride

Or, How I Bravely Faced Death

WILLIAM H. REAVES

NEVER again! I will *not* ride in another taxi. I had rather be trampled underfoot by the mild—in comparison—stampeding of the angry subway herd than to have my hair prematurely whitened by a short taxi ride. Once again I have narrowly avoided an early and oh! so untimely a death, riding in one of these infernal machines, a sport to be indulged in by only the most ardent daredevils, fatalists and would-be suicides. Last year, after kind Providence had seen me through five such rides with merely inch-deep scalp wounds, four teeth missing and a chronic heart ailment, I vowed that I would test Fate no longer. But again, only yesterday, with the devil-may-care spirit of youth, I toyed with Destiny and entrusted myself to the omnipresent mercy and compassion of the Gods. I rode! As I entered the door I abandoned all hope. With the same gallant toss of the head that characterized my Forefathers when they went to fight the wicked Redskins, I got in. I closed my eyes and breathed a short fervent prayer. I determined to keep my eyes closed. I know the trick well, having made use of it, in a milder way, of course, on skyrides, cable cars, airplanes, behind drunken drivers and on the occasion of other such comparatively unsensational and vapid thrills. I decided to affect a callous indifference to the groans and panic-stricken screams of scattered pedestrians who had been unable to avoid our death-dealing machine. I would disregard utterly the sickening jolts as we hit other cars. Fortunately a cleverly hidden radio (you could occupy yourself pleasantly for hours trying to find it, in a vain endeavour to turn it off) completely drowned out the insidious ticking of the meter; a thing which usually fascinates me, like a Boa Constrictor. My gaze is always riveted on this machine when I taxi, I can't tear it away. The full realization of man's frailty and of the horrors of the machine age comes to me only when I see that wretched meter ticking away with the same grim, onward, relentless movement of a field of molten lava. But I must stop. I could spend whole days, as my long-suffering friends will too

THE TAXI RIDE

readily attest, expounding gruesome theories on, "How Taxi Meters, Like Cankers, Can Eat Away Our Minds."

The first sport on the program (the driver had an ability amounting to Genius in devising them), was racing to make stops signs. When we missed these we stopped with a jerk which snapped my neck much too suddenly. This happened again as the car behind hit us. My contortions on the back seat must have presented an amazing spectacle to those fortunate beings clustered in safety on the sidewalks.

To annoy and surprise another cabby who had become, so my driver thought, too obstreperous, we made a pretense of turning right, then swung completely around to the left. It *did* surprise the other. I must confess that, for a moment, the manoeuvre had me baffled, too. Once again the neck-jerking process was applied. My! How those two did enjoy cutting each other off and launching surprise attacks. I may be dull, but I do think that taxi-drivers have an exalted sense of humour, to say nothing of the utter distortion of their values. These two had been having a jolly time playing, but now the amusement seemed to pall upon them. My driver began to swear. Although no authority on the subject myself, I must confess that I believe a connoisseur would have torn his hair with delight over some of the words spoken by my driver. Not that I mean to belittle the efforts of the other man. He proved himself to be very competent. Then our bumpers caught. The drivers got out, unhooked bumpers, exchanged names and blows and away we went. The zest of combat sated, my driver became gay and reckless. He began window-shopping. Window-shopping is, I admit, a delightful occupation in which I often indulge. But, being a thorough reactionary, I do not think that one can propel an automobile and window-shop at the same time. Suddenly I espied a truck turning around in our path. I attempted to shout, but could only force a peculiar clucking noise with my tongue. The driver, hearing this, turned to determine the source of these queer sounds. The look of utter horror and despair written on my face startled him into looking forward. I, in my turn, was busy hurriedly recalling my past life. Surely I wasn't to be taken in this, my early youth. I thought of the evil things I had done and hastily repented of them. I thought of the good things I could do and determined to do them tomorrow, if there were a tomorrow, that is. Scenes of my sweet, innocent childhood drifted before me. All gone now! I sighed. A heavy, sad sigh. But we stopped! My face was neatly mashed against the glass partition. I was in an awfully queer position on the floor, my head being where my legs

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should be, as were my legs! When the driver discovered that the uproar was only caused by my slipping off the seat and not by another cab hitting us from behind, he glared at the slightly dazed truck driver and again we sallied forth. I struggled hastily to a kneeling position and prayed with an heartfelt sincerity that should have placated any Deific Power.

Apparently it did some good. The rest of the journey was almost restful. We neatly clipped a couple of jay-walkers, giving the poor souls lifelong dyspepsia, I've no doubt. We made an extremely fancy and intricate design dodging in and out among the El posts. It was especial fun because we never looked to see whether or not anything was coming from the other lanes. A merry game which, I must say, even in my apathetic state, rather unsettled me. As I got out I looked with awe and respect at this man who had taken that jaded feeling out of life. He not only underwent, but he perpetrated this sort of thing many times a day. I gave him a liberal *Pourboire*. He needed it. So did I!

Current Topic

(Running commentary in *simple Attic verse*)

WILLIAM B. KRIEBEL

*Barclay brawls
Shake the halls
While the burning concern
In entry one
Is to keep the fanatical
Rats in the attic
From having so damned much noisy fun.*

THE WORLD

The glamor and the reality of the tropics

Summer in Honduras

RICHARD S. BOWMAN

THERE is something about the tropics which will get you," they said, "something which will steal into your heart like fog into a towel or sunshine into a rock, invisibly, yet sensually and inevitably, so that without realizing it you will find when you leave that you will always long to go back."

Four years have passed since I spent that summer in Honduras, a day laborer at the Lancetilla Plant Experiment Station of the Tela Railroad Company, subsidiary of the United Fruit Company. I still laugh when people talk about the "tropics getting in your blood," because it is such a trite and sentimental way of expressing something which is so obvious to most of the world. You can get maudlin about the tropics most anytime without startling anybody, as witness Halliburton, Hollywood, and long rows of musty brown books on the shelves of libraries and second-hand book stores all over the country.

And yet I laugh wistfully, for in spite of myself this thing is in my blood, and needs only the sound of a marimba, a few words intoned in lazy soft Central American Spanish, or the smell of raffia in a Mexican hat to flare up, feverish and longing. What is it? Why is it? I don't know.

Unless it is the tempo of life, expressed in things small and unintentional . . . At 11 o'clock we are to eat lunch. I ask a native worker, "What time is it?" His eyes lift instinctively to the sun and he tells me what I should have known myself, if my mind had not been cluttered with thoughts of time in terms of watches, clocks, and meters. This is one picture which flashes again and again into my mind. His bare feet, calloused an inch thick, worn and fissured in places, and crusted with dirt, seem to grow right out of the earth like a Gauguin Tahitian. His shirt and trousers, so

old and tattered that they seem of no origin or color, are so much a part of him that they do not represent a higher stage in civilization than his nakedness. He rests on his hoe, a position somehow much more characteristic than if he were to pull great furrows into the soil. He rests in a state of suspension between labor done and labor to be done, the earth at his feet, his eyes lifted to the sun, a brown Honduran embodiment of David as he sings the 121st psalm, save that for him Lord and hills and sun are one.

If you wonder what he is perhaps thinking as he stands there, he will turn your question with a slow smile, a shrug, and a "Si, como no?" ("Yes, why not?") Everything is either possible or impossible. If it has happened, then it is possible, and if it hasn't happened, it still might—como no? One can only wait, and meanwhile the sun will shine and the rainy season will come, and night will fall quicker than your mind can follow it, and bananas are much better if you wait till they're ripe than if you pick them green. If the monkeys are howling in the hills it will rain late in the afternoon, but the sun will return and dry you off.

To free life of its complexities and cares and sink into such a complacent inevitable Rousseau-like existence for a few months is a wonderful experience. but it either stullifies or dissatisfies the "eternal northern urge to activity." It is probably because this life is so impossible that we yearn so after it.

My memory of that summer is not of one long continuous experience, but rather of a series of flashes, of those moments when the siren of the tropics lowered her fan and I gazed for a brief instant into her eyes. Every night in the tropics is a romantic night. Romance is nascent in the soft, damp air. The moonbeams are too gentle, the ocean is too warm, the palms bend too tenderly their tossing plumes, not like upright warrior pines, the cadence of the marimba is too soporific, the very faces are too brown, to intrude upon the night's dreamy spell.

It was on such a night that I first glimpsed the siren. I stood alone in the middle of a vast banana plantation, like a pygmy in an immense corn-field. In the distance faint shadows of the mountains traced themselves. Near me a windmill leaned against the sky, trembling ever so slightly in the night air. It was loading night, and here and there trains rumbled comfortably down toward the port. And all along the horizon the lightning streaked against this vastness, softness and blackness, and I knew that she was flashing her bright eyes in the night.

Then there was one Saturday, a pay-night, when I stood and looked over at the native town. Money was pouring from their pockets, aguardiente

THE WORLD—SUMMER IN HONDURAS

was flowing down their throats, and the whole town seethed like an ant-hill when you kick off the top. Now and then the clamour was broken by a gun-shot or one yelling voice pitched a little higher than the others. She was on a wild Bacchanalia this night!

On the day when one of the men remarked as we rose from the dinner table, "That monkey wasn't so bad," I felt as if I had been at last accepted by her, to have eaten a whole meal of monkey without the slightest jolt to my existence. And soon to that came bread-fruit, mangoes, toucan, iguana and plaintain. The meat all tasted as a matter of fact quite the same: like second-grade American stew meat highly seasoned and a little musty.

It was still another mood of hers that I learned to know when we rode our mules one time past a section of banana farm where the whole crop had been knocked flat against the ground by a high wind in what is known as a "blow-down." She had turned, like the hot Latin woman that she is, and slapped him she loved best.

I could feel, too, her resentment as I watched the loading one night. Cold northern lovers come, pluck the fruits in her garden, and people eat them, feeling nothing of the romance they represent. Colorlessly the waitress asks, "Would you like an apple or a banana?"

However, when I saw a native funeral, I realized that she was perhaps more amused than resentful at northern intrusions. A dump truck and a shipment of trumpets and saxophones, all imported from the United States, played prominent roles in the service. The dump truck served as a bier, and with the instruments and music which accompanied them they had formed a native band, which ambled on behind, blaring "Where is my wandering boy tonight?"

Life seems somehow more joyously elemental when your day starts with the rising sun and ends when the sun plunges down into darkness at night. Our day began at 5:30 A. M. when Blanco crept down the hall banging savagely on a battered pan. We arose with great difficulty, wiped the mist off the mirror, shaved, showered, and dressed in our damp clothes, for although the temperature had been down to 70° during the night, the humidity was now about 100. By 6:30 we had breakfasted and were in the fields, and a party of Purdue scientists who were living at the Station would be off for the day to shoot, stuff and catalogue birds.

Lancetilla Experiment Station was established by the United Fruit Company about three miles up the valley from the port of Tela on the hot humid northeast coast of Honduras. More varieties of plant life can be

THE HAVERFORDIAN

grown here than anywhere else in the world, according to their survey. Their purpose was to experiment with various species of bananas and the diseases to which they are subject, and to determine the potential commercial values of other crops.

Our staff consisted of a young German, another American, who had completed his third year of study in agriculture at the University of Florida, and myself. Under us we had a crew of Indians from the Punjab province in India. They are good workers and intelligent, and have slowly filtered into Central America, being awarded positions in preference to the lazy natives. They wore red turbans, and constantly jabbered a staccato Indian jargon. One of them was of a lower caste, and even there in Honduras had to squat on the ground to eat while the others sat on a bench at the table. Some nights when I walked past their shack I would hear an old phonograph wheezing a weird piece which some one of them had brought over from India. An oboe-like instrument shrilled on and on at a maddening high pitch with no apparent melody and suddenly ended when I wasn't expecting it. I was told that it was a love song.

The Experiment Station still possessed the remnants of a snake farm, from which venom had formerly been shipped to some Philadelphia concern, which injected it in horses to manufacture antivenim. A young armadillo, mountain lion, sloth, or pisote would often be found caged there, and altogether Lancetilla was a favorite excursion point for Great White Fleet tourists, who had time to kill at Tela while the boat loaded bananas. We would hospitably show them around the station, though for most employees the company motto had been perverted to "Every banana a guest, every passenger a pest." Somebody would usually place a stick on a barba amarilla (fer-de-lance) and with great swagger and bravado seize the deadly snake behind the neck between thumb and forefinger. The tourists would shudder while its red-forked tongue darted in and out past its bared fangs. One time the German was a little too blasé in the performance, and instead of casting it away with a nervous quick flick he let it drop carelessly, and as it fell it looked to some as if one fang had just barely grazed past his hand, ever so faintly. The German guffawed at the idea, and held his hand up to show that there was no mark on it. Fifteen minutes later the curator returned and one of the tourists told him of the narrow escape. Instead of producing the expected smile of relief, the news jolted him like a mallet blow on his skull. He dissolved suddenly into a

(Continued on page 47)

Conversation in Mexico City

W. D. HALSEY, JR.

IN A small cafe near the Paseo Del Correo the two men were seated, watching an Indian woman cooking tortillas across the street.

"Tequila?" asked Lucian.

"Yeah, with water," said Steve.

A small Mexican boy slid off a mule, lifting little geysers of dust with his bare feet. The electric sign on a nearby theatre regularly blinked its message of "Greta Garbo y John Gilbert." Anno Domini, 1928, and Coolidge and Tunney held twin seats in heaven.

"How're the states?" inquired Lucian.

"Liquor's awful. Every lousy souse in New York is making millions."

"We brought in a gusher two weeks ago. Plenty of oil, but nobody in New York seems to know whether we can get it out of the country. So Phil and I just sit out in that desert waiting for the Mexicans to decide if they want the damn country themselves, or if they should give it to Socony-Vacuum."

Two soldiers and a limousine conducted a brightly uniformed mustache down the street at an outrageous speed. The waiter brought the drinks to the table, sloppily spilling them on the tray.

"Lin was in Charleston when I came through," said Steve.

"See her?"

"What the hell, Lou?"

"I thought you two were still pretty good friends. You know—intelligent, civilized people who can't make a go of it and part with the best of feelings."

"We didn't 'part.' I couldn't stand her family and she couldn't stand my cracks so we just fought until she got sick of it and walked out."

"I think you're lucky. Until I saw them I didn't believe God and the law of averages would allow that many louses in a single family."

"Don't talk about it any more. You sound like Dorothy Dix. What the

THE HAVERFORDIAN

hell have happiness and contentment or whatever you're thinking of got to do with being in love?"

"Sure, I know. Seen any good fights?"

"No, there isn't anybody left since Dempsey. Just a bunch of scientists trying to outwait each other."

"You won't get anything down here. They get a lot of punch-drunk left-overs who can't even see each other and try to make people think they're good."

The mustache came back up the street in a tremendous hurry. The woman with the tortillas cursed him for the dust he raised.

"Who's that guy?" asked Steve.

"Just a local general. They all drive like that now. This country's getting ripe for another blow-up."

"What's wrong now?"

"Too many men on top and not enough graft to go around. We're so far from town we have to drive twenty miles to get a beer, but three different generals have us spotted for regular contributions. Somebody'll get hoggish and pull the plug in a little while."

"Who's that blond girl across the street? She's pretty good looking."

"Yeah. She's in the British Consulate. Want to meet her?"

"Not now."

"Anything you say."

"She looks like Lin, doesn't she?" said Steve.

The girl glanced over and smiled at Lucian. It was a British smile—fresh and frigid.

"Lin wouldn't have done that. She'd have come over for a drink and a smoke," Steve remarked.

"She's an American."

"Her father's English."

"Don't quibble."

"I don't want to think about her anyhow. That's all over."

"Sure."

"Let's go somewhere else. I'm going to get plastered to celebrate my happiness at being free. Sure, I'm happy as a bird—like hell."

THE ARTS

Ode to an Oldtimer

WILLIAM S. KINNEY, JR.

I AM completely disgusted with the way Hollywood has been treating the Western movies during the last year or two. The disgust is to a certain extent personal, I'll have to admit, but it has further reverberations. For these celluloid epics are turning the youth of the nation soft; they are making him much too conscious of his appearance and of his little romance with the freckle-faced girl who sits next to him at school; and more than that they are turning him into a crooner, about the most hideous fate imaginable for an old and faithful follower of the Tom Mix-Hoot Gibson-Bob Steele school.

If you have followed developments in the Western field, you have certainly become conscious of the rise of many new stars and the fadeout of many of the old. First a gentleman named Gene Autry appeared on the scene, hailed as a renovator of a classic spirit, hailed as something new and something extremely satisfying. And what did Gene Autry do? He sang! He sang love songs and songs of the melancholy Western night, and between his singing he, in lackadaisical fashion, took time off to capture somebody who was ruining his girl's ranch. There, too, was another difference. In at least 75 per cent of his pictures, there hasn't been one good, solid, smashing fist fight lasting more than thirty seconds—Gene depends almost exclusively on his six-gun, and all there is to a fight is its drawing (about one-fifth as fast as it was done five years ago) and the drawling of three words, "Stick 'em up!" That's the climax. After that he can jump off to marry the girl; he deserves it, though, for he's spent entirely too much time courting her. If Mix or Gibson or Steele should stick his face around the corner of the ranch house, Autry, guitar and all, would be finished in the space of two minutes. They didn't say things in the old days—they did them.

There's another point that's discouraging to the oldtimer, and terrifically dangerous to the lad who's just being introduced to badland villainy—and that is this comrade stuff. Every heroic singing cowboy simply must have one pal, but usually it's two, always with him and hanging

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on to his every word. In the first place, that's a strong indication of the trend of American life, the spirit of regimentation. No longer is there room for initiative or for spur-of-the-minute action, which almost always turns out for the best. Now, inspired by Washington, we've got to have a conference and an airing of individual views and a mathematical deduction about the best course to take. But it's even worse than that. Take a look at some of the pals. Gene's are complete nonentities, they may be discarded; two of the Three Mesquiteros are absolute simpering asses, untutored Mischa Auers; and Tex Ritter's are the sorriest-looking, dumbest-acting, hopelessly inane creatures that this world has ever seen. They can't do anything right. If they drive a nail, they invariably hit their thumb; if they are told to deliver a message to the governor, they hand it over to his door-man, who is in cahoots with the rustler baron; if they are sent to spy on the crook they land up either in his hands or in jail. And what will American youth's reaction to that be? American youth, tutored in regimentation, will be simply delighted at the prospect of being a pal of one of these guitar-strumming Romeos who can't draw a gun in less than three seconds; he will from the very beginning be satisfied to follow the leader; he will not demand as his birthright the inborn power to get ahead in the world. And he will grow to become part of a sadly degenerated populace.

Consider the old style for a minute. Its prime virtue was its absolute insistence upon the best in American manhood, upon rugged individualism, upon the healthy, active brain in the healthy, active body. You simply couldn't escape from it; it was a beautiful formula. And its result was to give you a type of entertainment which was complete relaxation and complete refreshment. From the dusty, crowded, sordid street with its smells of automobile exhaust and human flesh, and from the rush and hurry and psychological ills of the modern world, you could drop in on a Western every now and then for inspiration. For there everything was fine and clean and clear-cut; there was the open air and the beautiful girl and the hero you always wanted to be; there was the standardized plot whose chief interest was in how good a fight you were going to get and what sort of quick-trigger *thinking* was going to turn the tables. Everything else was known in advance. There wasn't a single villain in the space of years who didn't have a large, black, forbidding mustache and massive biceps. There wasn't a single hero who wasn't the ultimate in all of the best traits of mankind; there wasn't a single heroine who wouldn't make the perfect mother. Even the scenery was the same. In every Universal Western

THE ARTS—ODE TO AN OLDTIMER

there was one curious-shaped hillock bordering a swirling river, with one tree halfway up the land side. Whether the locale was Mexico, old California, or Colorado, you had that hill. It was a most remarkable piece of landscape.

Those boys could use their heads, too. I remember Hoot Gibson in a little affair entitled *Points West*. Hoot had a tough time locating the dirty crooks, and when he did he found at least a dozen in a mountain shack, all of them drooling with rifles and other assorted hardware. Hoot was alone. What should he do? First, he used his eagle eyes, and all he saw was rocks and pine trees and a rainbarrel. But wait a minute! In that rainbarrel was a piece of hose, used, I suppose, for watering the lawn. Now Hoot's brain began to function. He gave a silent whoop of joy, picked up the hose, put one end of it in front of the open doorway of the shack and lugged the other with him to the rear window. Then he shouted, "Hands up!" into it; the noise seemed to come from the front and all the robbers turned that way to get the dirty skunk. Whereupon Hoot jumped in the rear window and got them all covered. There was a magnificent fight before the episode was over, too.

I must confess that I was deluded once, though. Our local opera house, aptly named the Mozart, advertised one Saturday that a star of some small proportions whose name was Buffalo Bill or Kit Carson or Bob Custer or something patriotic like that would appear in person at each show. Hundreds of us jammed the place, and eventually the great moment arrived. The manager came out in a frayed tuxedo and gave a lofty introduction to the rising young star and said that he was honored and his theatre was honored and the city was honored to have him there. Then the hero stepped up, all resplendent in a gorgeous cowboy uniform which made us green with envy. For a moment he looked down at the floor, then kicked at a footlight or two, and finally set his face with determination and spoke. "It sure was a great trill bein' brought up in old Wyomin', and I ain't never fergot de trills I uster have on de old ranch. Den in Hollywood—." He went on and on, but I didn't hear a word. I have never been more humiliated in my life. The man was an Italian!

That was the only occasion, however, and it wasn't long before I was back in the fold to stay until these songbirds came along. The most discouraging part of it is that the plots of their pictures are all complex and tangled and the villains don't have mustaches and refuse to leer, just to confound you. You can't get in the spirit of the things. You may try, and

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think you're approaching the point of success, but at the crucial moment the hero starts to sing off-key and through his nose, or he takes three seconds to pull his gun, or he sends the villain to the floor with the most sickly, the softest blow that true cowboy ever threw. And finally you become cynical, and when you emerge into the city street you feel worse than you did when you entered the theatre and you want to throttle the first bearded person you see in an attempt to get back into the swing of things.

The situation reached its absolute nadir this very evening. I picked up the *Public Ledger*, and hurried through its movie programs to see if by some miracle I might catch *39 Steps*, or *The Wedding Night*, and soon I came to the advertisement of the Clearfield Theatre. Brazenly that home of culture announced as its feature attraction, Tex Ritter in *Tex Rides With the Boy Scouts*. Now can't you picture that little scene? Tex, his ghastly companions, and hundreds of boy scouts are trudging slowly along a mountain trail (they're never in a hurry any more) and suddenly they all stop as Tex pulls out the old guitar and whales away at "My Little Buckaroo," gazing with wide-eyed admiration and awe at this spawn of the West, this crassly sophisticated person who dishes mechanical slush to the prairie dogs every evening. Can't you imagine American youth following that sort of an ideal?

What makes me even sadder is that you can't find anything else anymore. Look at the marquee of your favorite cheap theatre. Does it blazon forth the name of Mix, or Maynard, or Gibson, or Steele, or Tyler? No, it does not. Today the hero is Autry, Ritter, Foran, The Three Mesquiteros, Livingston, or somebody of that crew. You can't find peace any more. The world is too hard, too sophisticated. The pioneer virtues have fled. Who wants to go to South America?

BOOKS

At last—good books for a quarter!

The Three Seals

H. M. HENDERSON, JR.

A VERY modern sounding and on-its-toes firm seems to be the Modern Age Books, Inc. They are responsible for that little flurry in the trade this fall, the Blue, Gold, and Red Seal Books, which sell for the amazing prices of twenty-five, thirty-five, and seventy-five cents each. The fact of the books' cheapness naturally raises all sorts of questions, not only about the books themselves, but about their effects on the reading public.

Reactions of men interested in general education seem uniformly favorable. Jerome Davis, President of the American Federation of Teachers, says "By publishing the best books at the best possible price you are making a contribution to education for democracy which is incalculable." Upton Sinclair, long the outstanding spokesman for social reform in this country, approves thus: "If your plan for publishing had been started thirty-six years ago, you would have been the publisher of all my fifty-eight books."

What, then, are the Modern Age Books? We let them speak for themselves. The establishment "was organized in the belief that the time had come to introduce large-scale production and distribution, with their vast economies, into book publishing." The quaint name they affix to their books offers the comic relief of an otherwise serious undertaking. Evidently out to ingratiate themselves with a public that understands humor better than anything else, they have hit upon the idea of taking for their books a colophon composed of those "antic and wise animals, whose only unhappy trait seems to be a fondness for eating penguins." This is probably not a crack at the Penguin Books of England, but it suggests a comparison of the Seal Books with them and the various other inexpensive sets that have been published in the past.

It will be noted that Penguin, Tauchnitz, Albatross, Modern Library, and Boni Books, despite their undeniable cheapness, have never reached a really

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great reading public. Indeed, the paper covered Boni Books, selling for fifty cents and comprising a goodly quantity of both worthwhile and comparatively popular titles, languished, and were soon forced out of print for lack of sales. The Modern Age Books feel they have surmounted the difficulty by appealing to the general public, not exclusively through fiction and belles-lettres but by a liberal dose of current events and an occasional mystery story.

Another factor, and not a small one, is the almost ludicrous inexpensiveness of the books. Many people, even those of means, have felt that from \$2.50 to \$5.00 is a great deal too much to pay for a book, however decorative and well printed. Now these sensible persons, and, in addition, those who cannot afford the usual prices, may obtain for twenty-five cents and a fair amount of discrimination really good reading. This economy is made possible by the fact that Seal Books are issued in batches of one hundred thousand, enabling the publishers to offer them for about a third as much as other cheap editions, issued by the measly thousand.

Clever salesmanship will also go far to popularize the Seal Books. Bethinking themselves of the millions of magazines sold monthly for as much and more than these paper books, the publishers have decided to employ the same outlet, namely, the drug store and the newsstand. Now no one can fail to notice them. A final and most important feature in the publication of Seal Books is the fact that they, unlike all their rivals in the cheap book field, are not exclusively reprints. Indeed, the majority are brand-new books. How the novelty of a book has anything to do with its essential worth, we do not know. But the fact remains, that most "intelligent" adults in the country are never quite so happy as when they can buy and discuss a new book. Modern Age Books offer, among others, *The United States: A Graphic History*, by Hacker, Modly and Taylor, a special cloth-bound edition of which will be published by Random House this fall; and *You Have Seen Their Faces*, by Erskine Caldwell and Margaret Bourke-White, which will be offered soon in a de luxe \$5.00 edition by the Viking Press. Modern Age Books, while not the first to get the idea of selling books cheaply, seem about to be the first to actually sell them. In the first few weeks after their appearance, Seal Books sold out a first edition of 100,000 in New York City.

Will the unprecedented number of sales be maintained after the novelty wears off? Just how much will these books be appreciated? We can only hazard guesses. We cannot determine exactly what kind of market Modern

BOOKS—THE THREE SEALS

Age is after, much less predict the appeal. In one breath they offer us *Men Who Lead Labor* and *Murder Strikes Three* and with another admonish us "pour prendre congé: send your hostess a herd of Seals." Some of the books, such as those of Gide and Bolitho, seem a little too much for the laborer. Yet, it will be retorted that there is enough trash on the market now, without adding to the congestion.

Most of the titles now on the market sound fairly stimulating and certainly cover a wide enough range, including fiction, biography, history, travel, children's books, and the mystery stories. Some of the more important books are: *From Spanish Trenches*, eye witness accounts of goings on there compiled by Marcel Acier; *Men Who Lead Labor*, "ten candid biographies . . . of labor's leaders and misleaders," by Bruce Minton and John Stuart; and *The Labor Spy Racket*, a condensation and analysis, by Leo Hubermann, of the La Follette Civil Liberties hearings.

Also in the field of economics is a title we have on our desk, *The United States: A Graphic History*. The fact, which we noted before, that this is to be brought out soon in a special edition by Random House should indicate its importance. It is an unusual history, presenting a bird's eye, but by no means incomplete, view of the political, social, and economic development of the country. This is accomplished largely by means of some seventy-five pictorial statistical charts which are not at all as dry as they sound. Another timely book, timely, that is, when this went to press, is *La Guardia: An Unauthorized Biography* by Jay Franklin. Such vital stuff is it, and so unauthorized, that, on our receiving it, we noticed that two passages had been in most dramatic fashion.

In the way of reprints, after all this fiery, up-to-the-minute, controversial matter, are *Travels in the Congo* by André Gide, *Twelve Against the Gods* by William Bolitho, Saroyan's *Daring Young Man*, Mr. Weston's *Good Wine* by T. F. Powys, and a novel by Morley Callaghan, *They Shall Inherit the Earth*.

All these books, while naturally not the most durable ones on the market, are not flimsy, are printed on satisfactory paper, and have attractive wrappers designed by Robert Josephy. Many of them include indices, charts, line drawings, and half-tones, and a few have four-color illustrations. Definitely, they are worth the price.

But now that these books are placed within the means of practically every one, will every one buy them? The material is surely not "difficult," it makes every effort to be concise, modern, and readable. Theoretically

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there is no reason why every adult in the country should not benefit by them. Actually, however, we doubt whether the Three Seals will ever approach magazine popularity. Inertia, of course, is the reason. We do not enjoy being modishly cynical, but experience gives us no room for any hopes of country-wide intellectual burgeoning as yet. *The New Republic* does not entirely agree with us. "Certainly the spread of high school and college education in America has produced a big new audience. Certainly that audience has not yet acquired the habit of buying books. If Modern Age Books can give them the habit, through their amazingly low price, then they will have done something that the regular publishers have scarcely attempted." *The New Republic* admits the possibility that the masses may be given the habit. We hope they may be.

THE DEVIL AND DANIEL WEBSTER, by STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT

Reviewed by WILLIAM N. FRALEIGH

People have frequently sold their souls to the devil in the good old Faustus style. A surprising number of these infernal transactions have occurred in New England—witness any history of American colonial days. And there has always come a time of reckoning, when the poor lost soul of the sinner has struggled in vain against its master. There has probably never appeared a champion to defend any of these unfortunates as Daniel Webster came to defend Jabez Stone. Jabez, wearied by misfortune, had signed with blood pricked from his finger-tip a contract with *Mr. Scratch*. His hard luck ceased. But then as the time of the contract's maturity grew near, Jabez hated to think of fulfilling his part of the bargain—giving up his soul. He sought the help of Daniel Webster, the proud son of New England, who would stop all his other business to help a fellow New England man in distress. Daniel's chief asset was his voice, which he could ring like a bell or boom like a cannon. Indeed, like Hendrick Hudson and his men's bowling in the Catskills, "every time there's a thunderstorm around Marshfield, they say you can hear his rolling voice in the hollows of the sky." Jabez Stone's was Daniel's hardest case. The jury was made up of the devil's men, and the judge was a scoundrel, too. Other times when Daniel had spoken,

REVIEWS

"stars and stripes came right out in the sky." In Jabez Stone's trial he thundered against an atmosphere of mysterious blue smoke and the burning eyes of his adversaries. It all looked pretty discouraging for Jabez Stone, but Daniel had taken another swig of Jabez's whiskey and proclaimed: "I never left a jug or a case half finished in my life!" He finished the case all right, and the jug, too, and a mighty fine job he made of both. "They say that whenever the devil comes near Marshfield, even now, he gives it a wide berth. And he hasn't been seen in the state of New Hampshire from that day to this. I'm not talking about Massachusetts or Vermont."

With ease and New England raciness of style, Mr. Benét tells this story. It first appeared in the *Saturday Evening Post*, and now Farrar and Rinehart present it in book form as an American classic. The present edition is cleverly illustrated in black and white by Harold Denison. Like *Rip Van Winkle* and *The Headless Horseman*, *The Devil and Daniel Webster* combines a good yarn with true folklore. Also Benét has done a clever thing in being both amusing and serious at the same time, for, despite the lightness of his theme, he has captured much of the spirit of New England and the personality of Daniel Webster. He expresses a love of country which appeals to the patriotism of the reader. The story is best read aloud. Phrases from it will stick in your mind like lines of great poetry.

THE RUNNING OF THE DEER, by DAN WICKENDEN

Reviewed by DAVID R. WILSON

The sensitivity of an adolescent is the theme, along with several minor themes, of another novel, Dan Wickenden's *The Running of the Deer*. I may say at the very outset that I do not think Mr. Wickenden has quite brought it off, although the opinion of the critical gentry has been almost uniform: that it is a "praiseworthy first novel." The book is consistently and surely written, but slight—"thin" I hesitate to call it. The *Times* man says of it

"To read it is to delight in the book's inner joy and wonder before the shimmer and the tang of everyday life."

Maybe so, but fresh from a reading of *Europa in Limbo* I find it difficult to have much sympathy with the "shimmer and the tang of everyday life."

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To be sure, the author handles his people with much understanding and more warmth, but all of the characters are so nearly banal and dull that I am not sure it is worth the trouble. The story, just to prove that I have read the book as well as the blurb on its jacket, concerns a typical middle-class family who live in one of the crackerbox suburbs of Long Island. In that they reflect the insecurity, the bewilderment, and the living from day to day of a white-collar family, this book is rather superior *Sombre Spirit of the Thirties* stuff. Mel Thrace, the adolescent and the problem boy of the Thrace family, is *Not Ordinary*, and it is to the delineation of Mel and his artistic soul (he wants to paint) that Mr. Wickenden gives his best effort. The other characters, his father Arnold, his mother, his mysterious Uncle Christopher who turns up from California just in time to save the family fortunes after Arnold has lost his editorial job, his occasionally amusing aunt, his depressingly normal brother Fred, are all quite conventional and unalarming.

But it is with the sadly inept dialogue, of which fortunately there is little, most of the writing being subjective and quite successful, that I have the greatest quarrel. I don't quote at random, but I quote:

"No, sir," said Mr. Winkler, "no, sir, Arnold, haven't seen you around in a long time. Guess you don't get out much at night, huh? Well, there aren't many nights I sit home, and that's a fact. Take last night, now—I was playing bridge until the wee small hours, as they say. We had a few drinks—Mrs. Winkler, she likes to drink, too—and around one o'clock, there, I was feeling pretty good. Mrs. Winkler tells me I'm a riot when I've had a few."

That is a very feeble imitation of what Sinclair Lewis did so well for all time; since his work it has become a cliché, and thus very dangerous ground to attempt.

It is, then, the sum of my impression that the person who goes to this book with any sort of critical attitude will find it rot, but one who has modest expectations will be mildly rewarded.

Summer in Honduras

(Continued from page 34)

mass of energy. He rushed for the German, seized his hand, held it up to the light and scrutinized it carefully: the most imperceptible of slight scratches seemed suggested on the back of his hand. His face flashed dismay, and now everybody was generating energy. The hospital at Tela was called. The doctor was dubious whether he could be saved, for a real bite can be fatal in 20 minutes but we rushed him in on the only vehicle we possessed, a flat-car with a motor-cycle engine which we used on the spur-track running out to Lancetilla. It was almost an hour after the bite before he received injections and adequate medical treatment. He recovered miraculously after several days in the hospital.

Such a day was, however, very much a highlight of existence at Lancetilla, and to compensate for it there were many long routinish days of cutting suckers and vines off the coffee, cacao and citrus trees, trimming hedges of hibiscus and bougainvillea, budding countless species of imported roses onto native stocks, and fertilizing and gathering data on the collection of banana plants, one of the most complete in the world. One day we spent tramping through the jungle digging up royal palm seedlings, which had to be planted in pots and later set out. Planting in pots meant work in a large grove of bamboo—which grew terrifyingly thick and fast, as much as $1\frac{1}{2}$ feet a day—cutting down the huge bending tubes, and sawing them up into pots of suitable size. One day a large crate arrived from the Department of Agriculture in Washington containing cinchona, from the bark of which quinine is manufactured. We spent days erecting thatched palm shelters for it, and more days setting it out. I felt as if I would have preferred a case (just a mild one) of malaria, but swallowed this feeling when I learned of the horrors of the disease.

The Bawa Singh—horse-butcherer episode arrived in time to break up any possible tediousness. He was driving the flat-car in town to get the mail and supplies, when suddenly a mare and her colt arose from the tracks where they had been lying and galloped along in front of him. Everything always lay on the tracks: I imagine we were the only inhabitants of the jungle who didn't. Cows lumbered off in whole droves, rabbits scampered into the bush, vultures rose flapping and bleakly annoyed, and drunken natives had to be removed bodily at midnight. Bawa Singh slowed down, the mare and colt slowed down. Bawa Singh stopped, the mare and colt stopped. Finally, in this erratic manner the whole party came to a bridge, the colt leaped

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aside, but the mare started galloping across, and of course fell and broke her leg halfway across. There was nobody around to be seen, but about half a mile up the track was a shack, where, it later appeared, dwelt the owner of the horses. The next day when we drove past we saw hundreds of vultures circling about in the sky and perching gauntly along the limbs of a tree. Beneath it lay the carcass of the horse, and sitting disgruntledly beside it a native with a gun and his slinking dirty Honduran dog. A few days later the carcass had disappeared, but the matter was not yet closed, for soon Bawa received a summons to the court at Tela. He was accused of tearing along at breakneck pace and deliberately slaughtering the horse! Not only had the owner witnessed the dastardly deed, but scores of natives up and down the valley, and even many who lived on the other side of the hill were ready to swear—"Sangre de Cristo!"—that they had seen it with their own eyes. Bawa was dismayed at the prospect of trying to defend his case in a Spanish court. "Me no hit horse," he told us over and over, utterly streaming with sincerity. "Him run track . . . Him fall!" And that night the Punjabs jabbered more excitedly than ever in their quarters, their voices rising at times to a pitch when Bawa Singh's voice could be heard above all the others in wailing anxiety. The Company finally found a lawyer for him, and the Station gradually simmered back to normality.

Economically my summer was not a notable success. I earned \$30 a month, of which \$20 went for board and \$5 for laundry. I paid an employee's rate of \$5 per day for my passage, which took eight days from Boston to Tela and five days from Tela to New York, the return trip being much more expeditious because of the cargo of ripening bananas.

But such material things were pushed farthest from my mind as I stood at the stern of the *S.S. Platano* one September day and waved vain farewells to the soft siren of the tropics, who was suddenly quite cold and oblivious to my leavetaking, for I was deserting her for the bleak distant north. And yet I swore I could hear her whispering warm "Hasta luego's" (Good-bye for a while) behind her fan, and comforted by this thought I gazed one last time at the mad scattering of huts called Tela, the mist creeping down Lancetilla valley, and the jungle piled green against the sea's edge,

"Where the long-backed breakers croon,
Their endless ocean legend
To the lazy locked lagoon."

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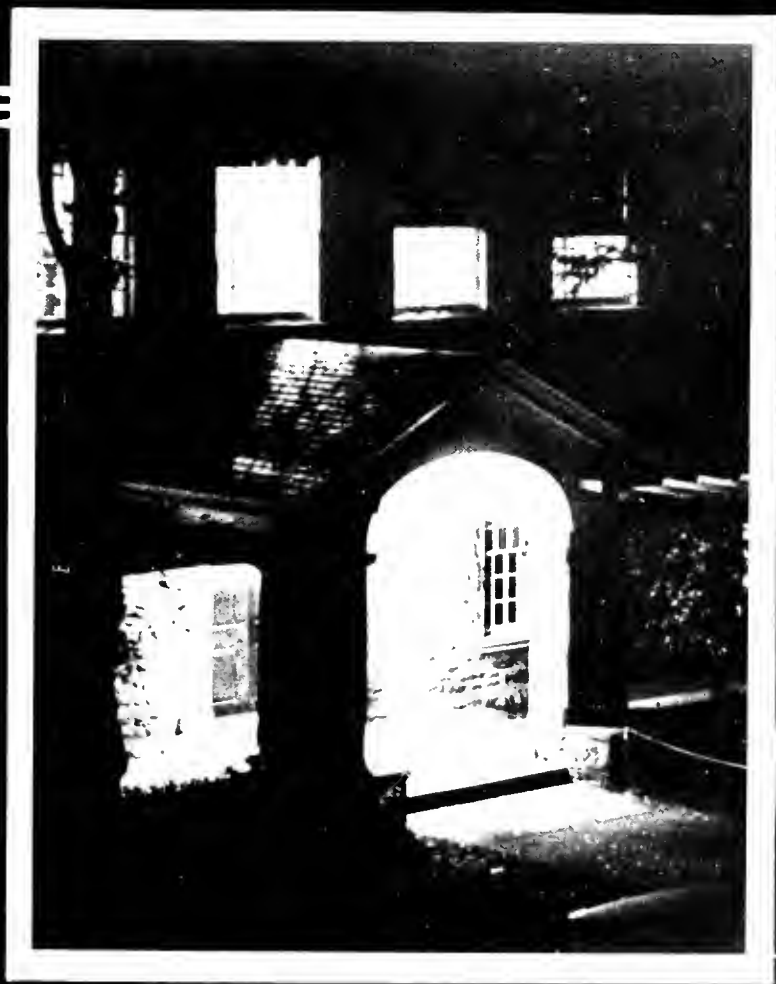
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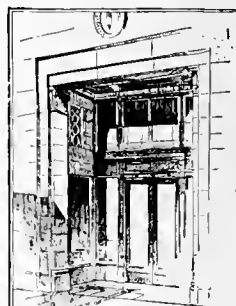
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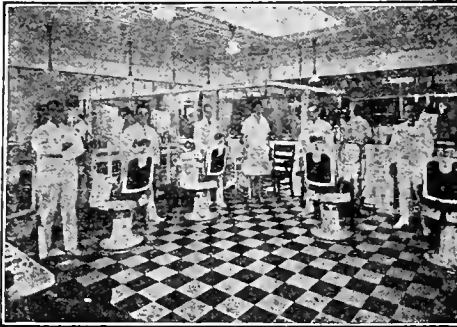
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Department of Comparative Literature

I. SPANISH

UNA MUJER PRACTICA, by JUAN VALERA

NOTE: While this is technically a review of Kasten and Neale-Silva's "Lecturas Escogidas," a textbook including the work of "Spanish and South American Authors and Journalists of Recognized Standing" we have decided to allow this tidbit to speak for itself. Keep in mind also that "often these selections constitute the best of their work."

A young student returns to his home after a long absence. During breakfast, he wishes to prove to his parents that he knows a great deal. On a plate there are two soft boiled eggs. He takes one and hides it. Then he asks his father:

"How many eggs are there on the plate?"

The father answers:

"One."

The student places on the plate the other egg which he has in his hand, saying:

"And now how many are there?"

The father replies:

"Two."

"Well then," answers the student, "two which there are now and the other egg of before, are three. Then there are three eggs on the plate."

The father admires the intelligence of his son, but does not understand the difficult problem.* His eyes tell him that there are only two eggs, but the profound knowledge of his son makes him affirm that there are three.

Finally the mother decides the question practically:

"I do not understand your explanations, my son," she says to him, "but there is a very easy solution." The mother then puts an egg on her husband's plate, takes another for herself and says to her wise son:

"You can take the third."

—Translated by Congdon Wood.

* Do you?—ED.

THE WORLD

The West Indies—with a glorious crew

Black Gang

WILLIAM WORCESTER DORMON

EVERY hour it got hotter in the engine room. The head felt funny. legs shaky, it was hard to breathe, sweat ran in never-ending rivers, noises reached the ear as if through a thick fog. There was the regular, multiple, clacking thump of the Diesels; whirl of generators; whine and growl of turbine gears; hum and rumble from the propeller shaft. Pumps squdged, check valves pounded, steam hissed, there were queer groans and lunatic whistles. Oil fires kept up their subdued roar. A red-white glare flickered on the floor plates.

"Hey, Ike, its getting hot as the devil down here."

"Hot? Hell, this isn't hot! Just wait till you get down around Trinidad."

The S. S. "Nordpenn" plowed through the Gulf Stream with an unhurried, easy rhythm. "Greyhound of the Caribbean" we called her—a joke. Slapped together in ninety days at Hog Island during the War, she started out as a freighter. Somebody thought she might as well carry passengers, too, so they plunked down some big boxes amidships and called them a super-structure.

In the daytime patches of light-green seaweed could be seen floating past in the deep-blue ocean; the wake of the ship was a milky streak of baby-blue. At night the stars were big and hung low. A tremendous moon, soft and luminous, threw a lovely sheen on the water. Stars and moon seemed to heave slowly up and down the heavens with the motion of the ship. It was good to lie flat on number four hatch and let the cool breeze caress away the heat of four hours in the fire room.

It was good, too, to go back aft to the bunk and drop off to a dreamless sleep. Don't think that the wild, hollow roar and rumble of the steering engine keeps a man awake after his watch is over. He gets so used to the noise

he can't sleep without it; he gets to like the heavy machinery for its character, which is brutish, bull-headed, but effective.

One day we steam into the harbor of St. Thomas. The hot sun and the fluffy clouds are blinding after the dimness of the engine room. The sky is a bright blue; so is the sea, and it washes up on a shining white beach. Along the shore grow light-green palm trees and back of them rise soft-brown hills. Negroes swarm over the decks, calling, shouting. We can't wait to get ashore. Frank, Dick, Phil, Looie and the rest look like different men with the sweat and grime scrubbed off. We pile down the gangplank and get up to town.

It is plain to be seen that the Spaniards and the Danes have been here. An ancient, dull-red fort carries the date 1671. A little colored boy has yellow hair and blue eyes.

The swarms of colored people make way for the white man as he ambles along. Donkies with little carts manage to keep clear of Ford cars speeding recklessly along the left sides of streets, horns blowing incessantly. The negroes speak a musical lingo of English mixed up with Danish and other languages. Some carry baskets of bananas on their heads.

Most of the crew of the "Nordpenn" collect at the bar on the main drag. Long Tom Collinses cost fifteen cents and it is necessary to drink a lot of them to neutralize the absorption of hot sunshine. After that it is possible to amaze the negroes by such antics as shinnying up coconut trees. Sliding down the trunk rips the britches.

Back to the ship again, and then comes one island after the other. At Frederiksted, St. Croix, fleets of rowboats and bumboats come alongside. Bumboats are great, wide, unpainted hulks for transferring cargo from ship to shore in those harbors where we cannot dock. Most bumboats are rowed with long sweeps by oarsmen who walk back and forth along the heavy gun-wales as they row.

At St. Kitts crowds of negroes come aboard as usual. They sing, play guitars, shuffle on the afterdeck, and sell us limes, a hatful for a nickel. They also trade rum, cocoanuts, and beads in exchange for American cigarettes, old white shirts, and broken shoes.

We arrive at ports all hours of day and night. At four in the morning I am awakened by a sharp hiss: "s..s..s..t!" Framed in the half-light of the port hole is a black face, the whites of the eyes glistening—a shocking sight for one half-wakening from a frowsy sleep.

"What the hell do you want?" I ask.

"Gimme a tsigarette, thank you?" answers the apparition, with a wide African smile.

"All right, dammit, here's a cigarette. Now get the bloody hell out of here, I want to sleep."

But there is no sleep. We are at Antigua and the fo'castle is overrun with blacks. Looie, the fat Jew fireman, lets half a dozen of them into our glory-hole (bunk room). He sits on the floor haggling, trading off old clothes and cheap neckties for a wild assortment of beaded articles.

So it goes through the rest of the islands—Guadeloupe, Dominica, Martinique, St. Lucia, St. Vincent, Barbados, Grenada, Trinidad. Bright moonlight and stars; hot sunlight; breath-taking sunsets; lovely mountains; blue water, blue sky and white clouds; rum, champagne, wine, and no sleep; crowds of negroes of all shades, with French or English accents, selling green cocoanuts, bananas, oranges, limes; narrow, colorful streets; sailors after women ashore, and women after sailors; heat in the fire room, sweat and fuel oil; bumboats, sailboats, motorboats, rowboats, and yellow lights on the black water; all these things are strange, exhilarating, satisfying.

We carry deck passengers, mostly negroes, from one island to another. They sleep up on the poop deck or if it rains sprawl in the alleyways in the fo'castle. I pick my way carefully over sleeping forms as I go to my bunk room, but manage to stumble over half a dozen legs before I get there. On the floor just outside my two-by-four sleeping quarters is a Hindu with finely-chiseled features. He is covered with a white silk cloth, exquisitely embroidered in bright colors; he is apparently unconcerned that his covering will be soiled by the filthy floor.

These deck passengers are continually underfoot. It is no unusual thing for me to burst into the firemen's wash room with nothing on but a towel and find a couple of women in there. Even our bunks are invaded. Frank found a girl in his one evening.

My friend "Monkey Joe" Rollins, one of the engine room gang, was discovered one afternoon taking a shower in company with a dusky maiden who had apparently taken his fancy. Rollins said it was a great help to have some one to scrub his back. The girl enjoyed having her back scrubbed, too.

The crew on the old "Nordpenn" was a rowdy bunch. The captain had to sign on any one he could get because of the strike in progress on the Eastern seaboard. Take the second assistant engineer, for instance. He was at least half insane. The story goes that he was picked up off a park bench just before the ship sailed. I saw him when he first got aboard. Skinny as a

rail, he hadn't had a shave or a haircut for God knows how long, wore a ragged shirt and sweater, torn pants, and broken shoes. All during his watch he'd hang under one of the ventilators in the engine room smiling and talking to himself. He never did any work. Every twenty minutes or so he'd run up to his cabin for a drink. What a temper that man had, and how he could curse!

Ben Black the Bos'n was one of the best drunks on the ship. He never bothered to go ashore, just had the boys bring him bottles. One day the captain, irritated at his inebriety, went back aft, searched his quarters, and confiscated eight bottles of rum. "But I foxed the captain," Ben told us. "I had three bottles hid where *nobody* couldn't find 'em."

The Bos'n was a jovial cuss. He took nothing seriously, certainly not his job. Here is an illustration. One day a toilet back aft got clogged up. Ben got out the fire hose, stuffed the nozzle down the drain, went and turned on the water, and walked off. A little later someone chancing to go aft found the fo-castle flooded with a foot-and-a-half of water. A few suitcases were floating aimlessly around.

Our mess boy was always liquored up, too. It was most amazing to see him stagger through the port alleyway from the galley, mumbling and stumbling and trying to balance a huge tray full of macaroni on one upraised hand. He got all the way to the mess room, then tripped, and heaps of macaroni were all over the place. Oh I tell you, our dining service was fine! Nothing but the best!

Casey the quartermaster was finally detailed to keep the mess boy reasonably sober. I heard Casey tell him that the next time he was drunk he was going to get one hell of a beating. But within a few hours Casey himself was in a worse state than the mess boy. He'd been ashore for a few hours in Trinidad and when he came aboard was roaring drunk and wanted to fight. None of the sailors took him seriously, so Casey went up to the galley to pick a quarrel with the three German cooks. They stood it for awhile but finally got mad and ganged up on Casey with rolling pins. He ran out on deck and picked up an iron stanchion with which to commit mayhem, but some of the sailors took it away from him. Just then along came the captain to see what all the fuss was about and took the quartermaster in tow. Casey still wanted to fight and took a swing at the captain. But Captain Maho, a retired Navy officer, was well able to take care of himself, and was soon sitting on Casey, waiting until some one brought the irons. Next day He was a sadder and a much blacker and bluer man.

(Continued on page 69)

The Windigo

W. D. HALSEY, JR.

THAT spirits of malevolent power exist all about us is known intuitively by the Celt—but the Englishman has to be taught. The lesson is one he dislikes intensely and which he will avoid wherever possible, but when he sees the truth he usually admits it. The breed is stubborn—but seldom stupid.

In the same spirit in which their ancestors built a world empire the English in America have built a financial one. In this undertaking, Bernard Phillips, and his father before him, enthusiastically aided and abetted. As one of the keenest corporation lawyers of his day Phillips, Sr., smashed every attack by liberal legislation on Consolidated Steel, and Phillips, Jr., carried on the tradition.

Now, though I may disagree with him about sundry little matters of business ethics it is impossible for me not to like the man. Phillips is a good host, an excellent shot—and I'm not a member of the proletariat.

Thus when he invited me to accompany him to Canada for a few weeks hunting I gladly accepted. Much to my surprise, the third man on the trip was Peter Jones. Everyone knows who he is—the Scotch-Welsh playwright who was sued by an average of three corporations every time he produced a play and who gave the tremendous profits he made on every one of his semi-libelous pieces for the relief of the Welsh coal miners.

Our destination was a point somewhere north of Edmonton and somewhere south of Fort McMurray on a branch of the Athabaska. It is not a dangerous country, but there aren't too many people around, and the ones that are, give the impression of being cases of arrested development.

But this is false. They aren't stupid—just prudent. You see, they know about a number of things that the man from the city would call black magic—if he believed them. They know, for instance, about the Windigo.

I had heard of the Windigo before, as there isn't a Canuck guide in Canada who doesn't believe in him, or it, implicitly, and I would hear little remarks here and there about this mysterious spirit. But this was all I'd ever discovered. When I questioned a man further he would merely grunt and walk away.

Oh, I knew the belief well enough, in a vague sort of way. It had been written up for the *Journal of North American Ethnology* by some German who'd dug it out, God knows how.

It seemed that the Windigo was a spirit of the trees. It could be anywhere—but there had to be trees for it to function. Even the German was unable to get the Canadians to talk about it very much, because it seems they believe it is conversation about it which causes it to center its attention on you. Furthermore, it is not a blind spirit, but a remarkably sensitive one. Just anyone at all won't satisfy it—the best, the most intelligent, the most courageous in the group is necessary. And this attention has results which *may not be known*—that's what the German said. I didn't know what it meant either, but I found out.

When we arrived at the cabin which was to serve as our base I had discovered a number of things. One of them was that, aside from a few mannerisms of speech and dress, Phillips and Jones were similar enough to be brothers. Coincidence it may have been, but it was a fortunate one for me as either made an excellent companion. And one was a Filthy Capitalist and the other a Stinking Red. Thus may the truth be warped by the public prints.

Our camp was on the shores of a lake which was, I should judge, about a mile in diameter. It was beautiful—and yet I had a feeling as of something strange. Whatever it was it began only after dark, or rather during that half-light just after sunset. It was nothing tangible, just a feeling of eeriness.

Specifically, it was as if a gale were blowing—but a gale without wind. I *knew*, and don't ask me how, that the tops of the trees were bending, and bending in that steady arc which occurs only in a heavy wind. Jones felt it, too . . . He never spoke of it, but I caught him several times scrutinizing the blackness around the tops of the pines, and the half-fear on his face was not put there by any sense of beauty.

Phillips had no idea of what was happening, that I know. To him it was merely another camp, on another hunt. The guide may have—but he was not fooling with the supernatural. I thought I did, but as a rational being and a reader of the *Times* I refused to allow it.

Still, what happened a few nights before we were to break camp is undeniable. On this particular evening, at the exact moment when the sun disappeared over the lake, a small gust fluttered through the camp. It was something like what farmers call a "whirlie"—a little revolving breeze. But this seemed almost to have a purpose. It went straight to where Jones

THE WINDIGO

was sitting, and then set off at an angle into the forest. Jones sat there for a moment, with the stunned look of someone who has been suddenly slapped in the face. Then, with a slight whimper, he was on his feet and running into the darkness in the direction taken by the breeze.

"Holy Mother of God!" screamed the guide, his face turning pale. "The Windigo!"

My opinion was more rational, and yet less believable. I could not believe in the Windigo, or I was unwilling to admit that I could, and yet I could think of no other explanation for what had happened.

Within a few seconds we were all on our feet and following Jones' tracks in the forest. It was an easy thing to do, even in the dark. At first it was as if he had been running very fast, and as if the underbrush meant nothing to him. We saw places where he had gone right through heavy bushes, smashing them down as if they had been meadow grass. A little later it seemed as if we were following a broad-jumper, but one who broad-jumped when he ran. The marks were fifteen feet and more apart, and they had become nothing but large blobs in the forest moss.

Finally it became almost impossible to follow the trail. The prints might be as much as a hundred feet apart, and they had become merely large cavities in the ground. We came at last to one deeper and wider than the others—and beyond it we found nothing. It was enormous, as if a charge of dynamite had been set off about twenty feet beneath the earth. All around us the trees were without leaves or branches, and the bark was brutally scarred, as if some terrific heat had been applied in a great gust which lasted only a fraction of a second. There was nothing more.

We went back to camp, with the guide mumbling brokenly of the Windigo all the way. Phillips was bewildered, and filled with Anglo-Saxon anger at that which he was unable to understand. He told us that we must go to Edmonton and find help of some kind, but the guide argued with frightened passion against the idea.

"He will come back! The Windigo always sends them back—at least once! And there are things which must be done . . ."

Beyond this he would say nothing except to plead with us to keep our mouths closed about the whole matter, especially after dark.

"But that's silly," snapped Phillips. "This whatever-it-is of yours has has my friend, and I'll get him back or know the reason why not."

"Yes, yes. You'll get him back, but the Windigo will not be hurried. And he doesn't like to be talked about!" replied the guide.

Without the guide Phillips could do little, so he ended by sitting in camp and fuming.

Three days later, at the exact hour when it had passed through, we heard a rustling and a groaning in the woods. We stumbled into the brush, and there, under a tremendous pine, was Jones, his hair completely white, and with *his feet burned entirely off* . . .

He was moaning something to himself, and gradually the words became distinguishable.

"My burning feet of fire . . . Ohhhhhh, my burning feet of fire."

He died a few hours later, and this was all he ever said. We tried questioning him, but apparently our words meant nothing to him. Immediately after his death the guide started wrapping the body in a blanket, as if some great need pressed him on.

"What are you doing, you fool?" asked Phillips.

"Sir, this body must be sunk to the bottom of the lake, and we must make sure that it will remain there. We must! If we don't the Windigo will be back to claim it and this place will be forever fatal to those who sleep here. But if the body is under water, and never rises, the Windigo will forget. He has, they say, a very poor memory. But the body must be sunk!"

Neither Phillips nor I are very religious, and Jones would probably have preferred burial in the quiet Canadian lake to almost anywhere else, so we allowed the guide to carry out his plan. But Phillips had the hurt expression of one whose most sacred beliefs have been abruptly violated. It was almost possible to see Faith in the Machine crumble from his visage.

I can't remember now how I felt. My point had been proved. The Englishman had been shown that all is not as it seems, and the Celt had been justified. But sometimes I wonder if the price was not too high.

And yet I wonder now and then if that crazy Welshman at the bottom of the lake didn't wish to go out that way. In flames of incredible heat, by a creature of his own elfin belief, in the face of Anglo-Saxon reasoning.

Dextrose and Devils

T. L. SIMMONS

SIT-DOWN strikes and recalcitrant congresses have kept the nation pretty well stirred up during the past few years, but on the whole things have been quiet compared to the turmoil and strife which rocked the country in an embryonic civil war nine years ago—the great struggle of Cigarette versus Candy over the innocent body of John Q. Public. It all began with the World War, and what it probably resulted in was the gloomy October of 1929 and its throttled bankrolls. But the net result was that ninety million people became so sick of hearing about cigarettes that they broke under the strain and have been smoking ever since.

The intense strain of the war, here and at the front, caused a great increase in cigarette consumption (and the way many people smoked it *was* consumption) and somebody decided that something ought to be done about it. In fact, the tobacco companies suddenly realized that the rainbow was dropping pots of gold all around their heads, and they would have to do something about picking them up and storing them away. It took them a few years to get the idea, but when they did there was no holding back. The Lucky Strike Company immediately appropriated thousands of dollars and several brains, with which they hit upon the slogan "It's Toasted," and a tremendous advertising campaign was begun which boosted their sales considerably. The other companies weren't asleep either, for they soon began to make the public realize that all smoking tobacco didn't go into Luckies, and they even stressed the idea that probably the best tobacco didn't, since they were using it themselves. The Lucky Strike slogan slowly lost appeal and sales began to slow up under the stress of competition. Nothing daunted, they organized more thousands of dollars with a few more brains, and renewed their attack upon the people of the United States with "No throat irritation—no cough." This worked for a while, but some clever Old Gold agent soon made a sucker out of them by taking their idea and turning it into "Not a cough in a carload," a slogan which was about 100 per cent more emphatic and effective. Lucky Strike advertising managers really began to rack their brains after that, and George Washington Hill

finally came across with something miraculous: "Reach for a Lucky instead of a sweet." And then the war broke out.

They liked the slogan so much that they started to give it emphasis with a capital E. The country became overwhelmed with pictures of Rosalie Adele Nelson, the original Lucky Poster Girl, who began to influence the women of the nation in the following coy manner: "When a sweet tempts me, I light a Lucky Strike. I'm a 'Lucky Girl' because I've found a new way to keep my figure trim. (Editor's note: Her figure had a bit of influence on the men as well.) Whenever desire for a sweet tempts me, I light up a Lucky Strike. It's remarkable how nicely the toasted flavor of Luckies satisfies me. Toasting has taken out all the impurities—all that is left is the thrilling Lucky aroma. I'm certainly lucky to be 'The Lucky Girl.' "

Here the Lucky Strike Company itself broke in with a bit of sound advice, and the ad continued: "The modern common sense way—reach for a Lucky instead of a fattening sweet. Thousands are doing it . . . women retain a trim figure. Lucky Strike . . . a delightful alternative for the craving for heavy, rich desserts . . . Athletes testify that Luckies do not harm their wind or physical condition . . . That's why folks say 'It's good for everyone to smoke Luckies.'

"Fattening sweets? No! Heavy, rich desserts? No! Eating between meals? No! Say 'no' and light a Lucky instead."

Hot on the heels of Rosalie came hundreds of the nation's leading citizens and athletes who testified that if they were to die tomorrow they would probably die happily and in perfect physical condition if they could only expel their dying breath in a cloud of delicious Lucky smoke. Luckies kept you strong, protected your throat, guarded your figure, and satisfied your appetite. Other cigarette companies helped spread these ideas until the public had the general vague understanding of the situation expressed in the following quotation from a contemporary publication: "In fact, according to the advertisements, the cigarette is in process of becoming the substitute for almost everything from a new suit of clothes to a night's lodging."

But it was the candy companies who rose in horror and righteous indignation after they recovered from the first onslaught. Here was their life's blood being drained away by a group of conniving menaces who were pulling wool over the public's eye and depriving them of one of life's most delicious and harmless luxuries. They protested; they wrote letters; they hurried to the government; they dashed madly to the Better Business

Bureau, and they tore their hair. The Lucky Strike Company had been subtle. The Candy Companies bared their teeth and started a definite and straight-forward attack. A chain of papers carried the following typical ad to all corners of the nation. "Do not let anyone tell you that a cigarette can take the place of a piece of candy. The cigarettes will inflame your tonsils, poison with nicotine every organ of your body, and dry up your blood—nails in your coffin!"

The battle raged furiously. After all, the worst that Lucky Strike had said was that candy would make you fat, but they weren't bothered much by the opposition's attack. Their sales had jumped up by the thousands. But there was such a buzzing around their ears that they did begin a campaign of concession and moderation. "A reasonable proportion of sugar," they said, "is recommended, but the authorities are overwhelming that too many fattening sweets are harmful, and that too many such are eaten by the American people. So, for moderation's sake, we say: Reach for a Lucky instead of a sweet."

The compromise was continued along similar lines, aided by Old Gold's brilliant thought, "Eat a Chocolate, light an Old Gold, and enjoy both." The candy manufacturers were appeased, the nation's annual cigarette production jumped to 100,000,000,000, and the nation was saved from another Civil War and conflict among the masses. But the public took an awful beating while the firing lasted. For a long time nobody knew whether to offer cigarettes or chocolates to guests, and the more timid souls took to smoking up in the attic and eating sweets in the closet. Some of them also felt that the quality of tobacco, *per se*, had suffered. "Let them try, for a change, to make a good cigarette. All the imagination in the industry has gone into advertising . . . Somehow the Europeans do not find it necessary to claim for a cigarette the most astounding of riches. They guarantee nothing except that it contains tobacco. French cigarettes are made of tobacco, however poor, and as such, immeasurably superior to hay. And if the Spaniards had no better low-priced cigarette than we, there would soon be a revolution in Madrid."

Yes, it was a pretty sad time. What a relief, now that things are settled, to realize that we are smoking the mildest, sweetest, best toasted, most beneficial tobacco there is. Nothing claimed for it but absolute superiority and perfection. Beneficial in all walks of life, and a boon to mankind. The American people deserve the best obtainable, and at great sacrifice the tobacco companies are giving it to them—gently shoving it down their throats and stuffing it in their ears.

TIME PAST

Another red-hot melodrama, vintage 1901

An Unfinished Tragedy

NOTE: Even in 1901 the author of this little masterpiece wisely preferred to remain anonymous. We think the ending is a slimy sort of thing, but still, life was not all joy—even during those halcyon days.

PHILIP went forward and shook hands with Jessie. He could hardly believe it was the same person to whom he had lost his heart so many years ago. And there had been great changes in the maiden from eight to eighteen. Then she had been a child of no unusual sort, tho' sweet-tempered and unspoiled; now she was a young girl of wide experience and high intellectual attainments. She was also possessed of remarkable beauty, of the delicate and *spirituelle* type. Philip was overwhelmed. He could hardly converse rationally. For ten years he had thought of her as a little girl in short skirts, with no particular attributes of any sort. Now to find her a young lady, charmingly gowned, radiantly lovely—it took his breath away.

"I suppose you have splendid times at college, Mr. Tyler, do you not?" she asked, as the family was seated at the dinner table.

"Oh, I say!" Philip answered, "you never called me 'Mr. Tyler,' at Hensonville. Can't we keep the old names?"

"Well, 'Philip,' then." She blushed prettily. Mrs. Tyler looked at Joyce and smiled.

"Yes, indeed, we do," said Philip. "The years at college are the best one is likely to get in this life. But it's good to come home, all the same, especially when one finds such pleasant surprises waiting. How long ago did your holidays begin?"

"We left school Thursday," Joyce replied. "Girls' schools are not so strenuous as men's colleges."

"No, I hardly suppose they are," answered her brother, somewhat condescendingly. "Girls care more for showy accomplishments than for solid learning, anyhow."

"Philip, that is rather ungracious," interrupted his father.

Jessie had been watching Philip very keenly, and had been trying to form some general idea as to his usefulness in the world. She had come to

rather definite conclusions respecting the rest of the family, of Joyce at school, and of her father and mother during her three days' stay in the house. Philip impressed her as being somewhat conceited. She did not feel drawn to him at all. He was rather good-looking, it is true, but that advantage was more than balanced by a certain indefinable disagreeableness of manner.

After dinner Jessie and Joyce went upstairs to get ready to go out. Alice Sinclair had asked them to come and spend the evening with her. Philip sat down by his mother's side.

"Well, Philip, what do you think of her?" she asked.

"She is quite the prettiest girl I ever saw," he answered. "She carries herself well, too. How did she happen to be at Joyce's school?"

His mother explained how it had come about. Philip was very much interested, especially at the news of her extensive travelling. It had always been his dearest wish to see those famous places which this slip of a girl had spent so much of her life in visiting. He decided that her acquaintance would be well worth cultivating.

The girls came down stairs dressed to go out.

"May I come with you?" Philip asked.

"Don't you think you had better devote the first evening of your return to your family, my son?" asked Mr. Tyler.

A shade of disappointment passed over Philip's face. But he answered quite respectfully, "Certainly, sir, I shall stay if you wish it."

"Oh, let the poor boy go," said his mother, who always sided with her son. "He is probably anxious to see Alice again."

It did not please Philip very much that his fondness for Alice should be mentioned at this time, but his face did not again betray his feeling.

"I think I had better stay at home," he said, heroically.

"No, no, go with the girls, go, no remonstrance." And his father settled himself more comfortably in his armchair. "I must confess, Mary," he said to his wife, as the door closed behind the three young people, "I am not altogether satisfied with Philip."

* * * *

Three days later, Philip was sitting on the window-seat near Jessie, rather nearer, indeed, than was really necessary.

"But, Jessie," he said, "I am quite sure I know my own mind. Nothing in the world could ever make up to me for losing you."

"Philip, it is utterly ridiculous to say that a person you have known only three days is necessary to your happiness."

"Only three days!" echoed Philip. "I have known you and loved you for ten long years." (This was not true, but he was too much excited to think very accurately).

"No one ought to decide such an important thing in so short a time. There is another objection, too," she faltered.

"Don't you love me?" wailed Philip. "Is there some one else?"

"Even if there were no one else in the world I would not want to marry you. I am sorry to have to hurt you so, but it is much better to get such foolish notions out of your head," she added, more gently.

Philip got up, pressed his hand to his forehead, and staggered out of the room.

* * * * *

The next morning the family was seated around the breakfast table.

"Where is Philip?" asked Mr. Tyler, as he noticed that his son's chair was empty.

Jessie blushed violently. Everybody looked at her. She felt it her duty to say something. But nothing she could think of seemed just what was required. How could she tell Philip's parents and sister that he had proposed to her, and that she had rejected him? The thing was preposterous. Mrs. Tyler noticed her confusion and quickly changed the subject.

The meal ended without further incident. The morning wore on, and still no Philip appeared. When luncheon was served, Mrs. Tyler sent Joyce upstairs to call Philip. She came down looking somewhat frightened.

"Mother," she said, "the door is locked, and I could not hear a sound." Mr. Tyler sprang from his chair.

"Did you knock?" he asked.

"Yes, indeed, but there was no answer," replied Joyce in tremulous tones.

Mr. Tyler, followed by the others, walked quickly upstairs. A blow from his foot sent the door flying open. There, on the bed, completely dressed, lay Philip, his eyes closed, as if in peaceful slumber. On a nearby table stood a bottle of laudanum, half empty. Jessie caught sight of a bit of paper, lying on the floor by the bed. A breath of air had blown it from the table. She picked it up, and in a high, tense voice began to read:

———*I feel that I have no longer any reason for living. She without whom my life would be barren as desert sands, has told me she can never love me*———

Her voice broke, and she sank sobbing to the floor. Joyce rushed to where Philip lay and tried to waken him out of his eternal sleep. In vain! Mrs. Tyler fell fainting into her husband's arms.

THE ARTS

A compendium for bibliomaniacs

Where to Browse

W. H. HAY, II

An annual award of \$50 in books will be made to that member of the Senior Class who, in the opinion of the Committee on Prizes, has the best personal library. Consideration of the books collected will be entirely independent of the cost.

YOU have probably read this in the Catalogue at some time. It is the one prize which can be announced and awarded without debasing the motives of the contestants. It is solely for those who are greedy for books. No one not a bibliomaniac will ever compete. First, he would have to go to the trouble and expense of collecting the books, and then the prize is fifty dollars—in books, which some one not devoured by longing for books can only despise. Other prizes pay you for reading special books or writing papers or making speeches; this tries to comfort the bibliomaniac.

I was exposed from infancy to this passion for books, this disease, by my father. One can never be sure whether it will be caught or not. I caught it though. It passed from the dormant stage when my father took me to Leary's and gave me some money to spend. I had had books given me before, but from then on I have been buying them. All dates from that little, red book called *The Search for Atlantis*. As the fever burned more fiercely in me, it seemed to leave my father, though there is still a glint in his eye when he passes a bookstore. At Haverford it has grown, and if the size of my library had not made it increasingly harder to find books I want, at a bargain, I would have been smothered by them. But now the average cost of my books is rising.

The most important place to watch for books is, of course, Leary's. I squeeze my way to it out of the subway through Gimbel's. Sometimes there is something cheap on their book counters. Then out of the door and into Leary's. I go from table to table and from floor to floor, hands and eyes moving rapidly. "Too expensive," "bad paper," "wrong edition," "ugly type," or "a real bargain!" Leary's prices are in general very reasonable,

THE HAVERFORDIAN

but they have so many customers that if you see a bargain, you had better buy it at once. Next week will be too late.

Leary's is not the only bookstore on Ninth Street. North of Market on the east side of the street is the Archway Bookstore. I go there now and then to look, but I have never bought anything. There is always something not quite right. On South Ninth Street below Chestnut is a little store with some good fiction. The owner watches me as I look over the shelves. I see him growing tense, as I go from Plumbing to Theology and Philosophy to Poetry to Printing to History to Drama to Fiction to Pottery. At Pottery he can not control himself at my omnivorous tastes and bursts out, "Can I find something for you?" There was a time when that would have meant that I would say, "Nnno" and bolt, but I am hardened now and go on looking until I have seen everything. Around the corner at 1018 Walnut Street is a store which has its front half filled with mirrors and tables and candlesticks and brass things and vases. The two stands of books outside will probably entice you in and it's worth it. The books are reasonable and sometimes very interesting. By this time my eyes are so tired and my wallet so flat that I am usually ready to go home. But up on North Thirteenth Street is James Reilly's. I must go for taste of the Irish atmosphere and see if he has imported any more English books. Then, of course, after a movie some night, I will stop in that store on Market above Fifteenth Street that stays open all night hoping that someone will look at their tables of remainders.

Though you get the excitement of the chase from these second-hand shops, there is nothing like the inflation of the ego that comes from going into McCawley's and signing your name with a flourish to an order slip. You can indulge in all sorts of anticipatory ecstasies. Then when the book comes all clean and square its perfection is overcoming. A bibliomaniac is never at a lost for a way to cheer up, he buys a book. Even when he has no money, you will see him pouring over catalogues and making notes of things he would buy if he could. The bibliomaniac may bristle as you ruffle the pages of some of his books, but he is really quite kind and deserves the consolation of a prize.

The World—Black Gang

(Continued from page 56)

At Barbados we play "changee-for-change" with the natives. They row their boats back aft under the stern. Their boats are filled to the gun-wales with bottles of rum and champagne. A sailor flings a rope over the side and a black woman in one of the boats below catches it and attaches a basket. In the basket she puts a couple of bottles of liquor. The sailor pulls the basket up, takes out the liquor, puts in a carton of cigarettes, and lowers the basket. This is "changee-for-change." Cigarettes cost us only sixty-five cents a carton from the ship's store, but each man can get only one carton a week. Art Kelly, who bunks in the same glory-hole as I do, is out of cigarettes and accordingly trades off the ship's blankets from his bunk for champagne. Tony, the A.B., who used to be with the Marines, trades off not only his own blankets, but also those from the bunks of all the boys who have gone ashore. The result is that when we get back to New York and winter (it is December) we all shiver and shake during our sleeping hours.

Art and I are firemen. We have to go below now for a particularly arduous and nasty job. One of the three furnaces has been shut down for twelve hours to let it cool some. I don't mean it's cool in the furnace; I just mean that the fire-brick lining isn't white-hot now, and it won't actually cremate you when you squeeze through one of the furnace doors and crawl inside the fire-box. You pull in after you a flexible metal hose, yell to Art to turn on the valve. The hose kicks back, and live steam at high pressure thunders out of the end. Now direct the steam blast at the ceiling of the fire-box. Oil soot, hunks of carbon, pieces of loose brick rain down like the wrath of God upon your head. The air is viciously hot, heavy, and dusty. The head feels numb and dizzy; ears are ringing. I can't breathe, I am almost fainting. But I mustn't. Big Dick the water-tender (in charge of the fire room) would never stop riding me.

At last the roof looks somewhat clean, I've swept up the dirt from the fire-box floor, and crawl out of the furnace limp as an old floor mop. I am dark as a negro; no doubt but that I am a genuine member of the Black Gang, that lusty, crusty bunch of men who keep the engines and the fires going.

The job isn't done yet. We go down again to steam blast the superheater tubes and the smoke-box. Art takes the superheater tubes which are

forward and above the boiler. When he's done I begin on the smoke-box, the toughest job of all. Since we have to clean three boilers on three successive days, we'll even up the jobs, and Art will get the smoke-box and the fire-box on number two boiler tomorrow. It's a fine time the engineer picked for these jobs—right when we're in the hottest part of the tropics!

The smoke-box is in the top of the boiler below the stack. It is a long, narrow tunnel through a mass of tubes, a space through which the smoke from the fires passes up to the stack. The smoke-box is reached through a small door which we have unbolted. Though the boiler has been shut down for some hours, much of the heat remains in the tubes. I crawl inside, dragging the steam hose, a portable light, and some burlap to protect myself from the tubes. I crawl farther and farther into the blackness and hot oppressiveness of the tunnel. Art is watching at the tunnel door to find out when I'm ready to have the steam blast turned on.

"O. K., let her go!"

The fire-box was nothing to this! The steam roars out into the three-foot-square tunnel at high pressure. A maniacal cyclone of soot flies under the goggles into the eyes, up the nose, into the mouth. Ear-drums throb and ache with the reverberations. The steam blast is switched round and round on the roof, walls, and floor of the tunnel, blowing the soot up the stack. As I creep slowly backwards toward the tunnel door, I burn myself against the tubes from time to time. I must not lose my grip on the steam hose; it will thrash around like an enraged serpent if it gets loose and undoubtedly put me in the hospital. I have the misfortune to shoot the steam against the bulb of the portable light and immediately there is no more light bulb.

I'm starting to get groggy from some of the gases; the whirlwind of soot is blinding, there is a roaring in my ears. Suddenly whipped back to full consciousness, I scream out a volley of oaths and blasphemy. In my twistings and squirmings I have gotten the end of the steam gun against my bare leg.

The job's done for today. Art and I go up to the ice machine room again. We've put in a good four hours and don't have to go back on watch until midnight.

After a time we go up on deck to speak with the boys who are not ashore. When evening comes Frank the oiler and Davenport Jones, a cadet, get out their harmonicas. This boy Davenport can really make his harmonica talk.

Here is a little story about Davenport. He's a southern lad, over six

THE WORLD--BLACK GANG

feet tall and built like a bean pole. One of the boys dubbed him "Sounding Rod Sam." Have you ever seen a sounding rod? It's a long, thin steel rod that is let down on the end of a rope into tanks of water or fuel oil to find out how full the tanks are. One evening before Davenport had heard his new nickname he was standing down at the end of the gangplank near the water. We were in port, and Davenport, dressed in his snappy white cadet's uniform, was performing the duty of assisting passengers from the gangplank into the little boats that took them ashore. Some of us Black Gang boys were leaning over the rail farther aft talking to some blacks in rowboats. They were trying to sell us rum, but we had enough. One of us called out, "Nope, we don't need no rum, but I'll tell you who does. You see that man in the white uniform on the gangplank? He sure wants some rum. You just row up there to the gangplank and yell, 'Hey, Sounding Rod, you want some rum?' "

The natives rowed slowly forward and when they got near called out loudly, "Oh, Mistah Soundin' Rod!" That's as far as they got. All the passengers on their way down the gangplank roared with laughter, and as for poor, elongated Davenport, he nearly fell backwards into the water, white suit and all, such was his shock and embarrassment.

I want to tell about Phil Blunder and the monkey, too. Phil was a fireman, and primitive. It was when we were lying in the harbor of Fort de France, Martinique, I think, that a native came aboard carrying a monkey. Phil, who was drunk at the time, asked to hold the little animal for a minute, and as soon as he got it into his clutches raced over the afterdeck into the fo'castle. The poor native appealed to the harbor constabulary who were alongside the ship in small boats. Those dusky gentlemen, important in their white uniforms, came aboard to apprehend the criminal; but though they searched high and they searched low, no trace was found of the fireman or of the monkey. The quest was finally abandoned and the ship sailed off, whereupon Phil proudly emerged from hiding with his new acquisition. We had a lot of fun with that monkey. Phil sold him to Rollins, whom we later called "Monkey Joe." Rollins kept the monk in his bunk room, and the animal took pleasure in screaming at passersby during the rest of the trip. Its favorite food became bananas soaked in rum. It hated baths, and cursed and swore every time it was soaped and rinsed off under the shower. When we got back to New York Rollins sold the monkey to a representative of the seamen's union; but the animal got away, and the last that was ever seen of it was up in the rafters of Pier 28, East River.

Christmas eve at midnight I was just beginning my twelve-to-four

THE HAVERFORDIAN

watch. After I'd spent about an hour cleaning the burners and mopping the fuel oil from the floor plates, Big Dick the water-tender said, "Bill, to hell with blowing out the boiler tubes tonight. Let them go. This is supposed to be Christmas." Dick was an Irishman with kind blue eyes and competent hands, as fine a fellow as you'd want to meet. I was glad not to have to blow the tubes, which means being up between the ends of the boilers, where no air circulates, for an hour, blasting soot from the tubes with the steam gun. So Dick and I sat around and talked. Up on deck all the passengers were having a good time. We could hear them through the ventilators. The orchestra was playing "Don't Give Up the Ship." Well, this was sort of a funny Christmas eve, and maybe I was a little homesick. I had a pair of socks drying in the torrid breeze of the engine room, but Santa Claus didn't fill them. If he tried to come down the smokestack, we blew him right up again.

We reached Paramaribo Christmas night after plowing some hours up the muddy Surinam River. Soon after we docked the tide went out and the ship rested on the bottom, its decks tipped at an angle. I waited on board until a torrential tropical shower was over, then went ashore and made my way through crowds of men of many nationalities and races: Japanese, Chinese, Javanese, Hindu, Negro, and mixtures of these. Hotel and store signs had long, impossible combinations of letters, for we were in Dutch Guiana, South America.

The night was perfectly clear now, and full of that beauty which brings an ache to the throat. Christmas carols floated out from the houses into the soft tropic air. The moon made silver of the glistening tops of towering palm trees. For a long time I sat on a doorstep alone, looking at the moon and the palms and the stars. Surely the Prince of Peace was abroad that night.

Some day I hope to return to Paramaribo. It is for me a symbol of things far off and strange and lovely; a place mystical and moonlit. It stands in my memory for all those glimpses of color and beauty that the sea brings; color and beauty perhaps enhanced by contrast with the sweat and grime of the Black Gang.

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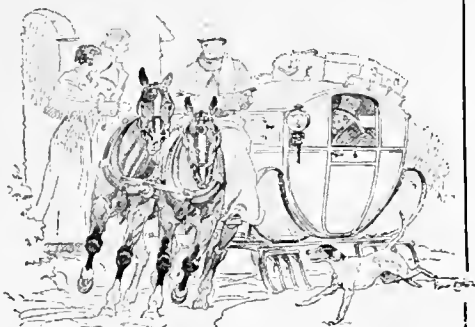
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HAVERFORD HARMONY

A summation of the worth of Haverford, and of college in general, by a representative number of those in the present graduating class. A subjective study of that which is ordinarily treated with the colored haze of years, using a group, rather than an individual, approach.

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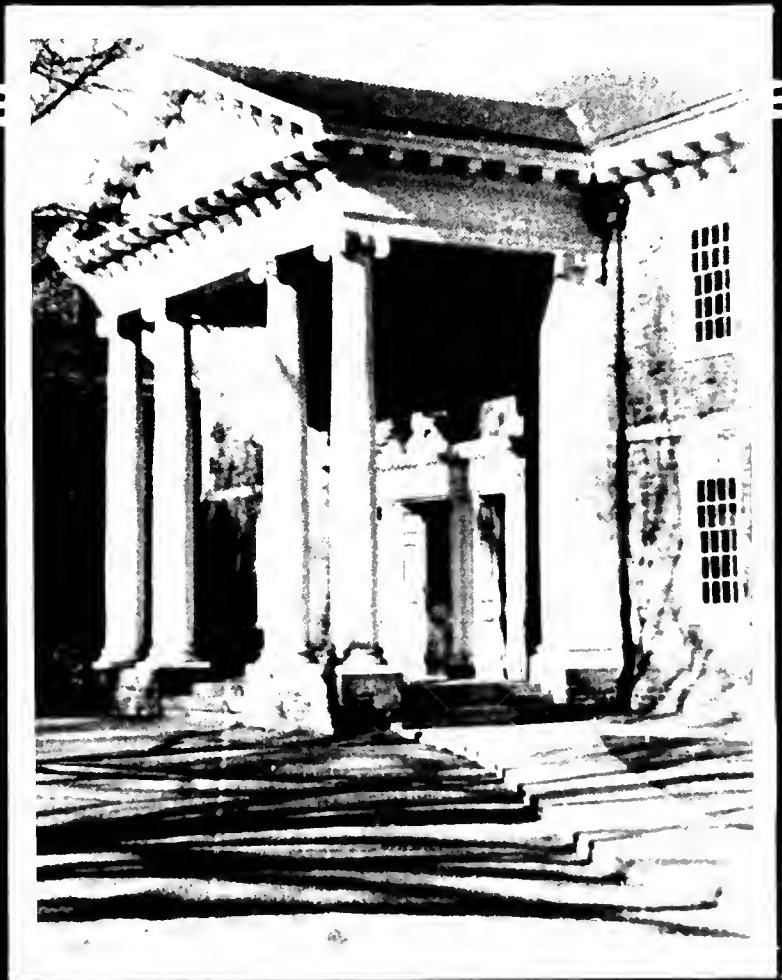
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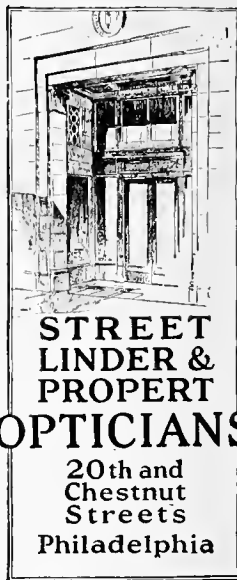
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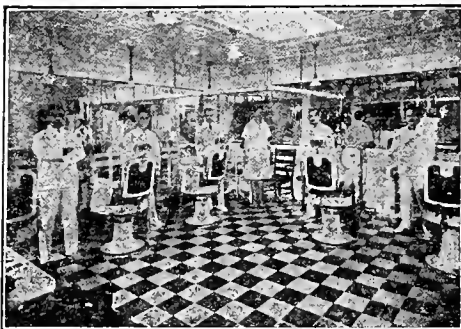
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No. 4

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HAVERFORD

Introduction

THE HAVERFORDIAN" has for many years been edited with a more or less clearly defined policy of divorcing itself from the life of the college. This has been done in accordance with the theory that literary expression is far less fettered if it is burdened with no specific rulings; it was also believed that the *News* is far more prepared to deal with college problems and that the magazine should concern itself chiefly with student views upon more general subjects.

This issue, however, the last under the present regime, breaks away violently, if only for one month, from that attitude, featuring, as it does, something of which the *News* is incapable. It is, as stated in the preceding number, a summation of the worth of Haverford, and of college in general, by a representative number of those in the present graduating class. It is a subjective study of that which is ordinarily treated with the colored haze of years, using a group, rather than an individual, approach.

When the idea was conceived, we thought that we would be fortunate to receive eight pages of printable material, and we rather questioned both the worth and the general applicability of the scheme. It was indeed a gratifying experience to receive the whole-hearted support of all who were approached about the matter; it was a tremendous surprise to discover the amount of thought, the amount of ability, and the amount of constructive criticism that was shown. After some deliberation, we decided that it would be criminal not to devote almost the entire issue to the material; we therefore offer our apologies to those whose work was tentatively accepted. The two articles announced last month will, it might be added, be published at a later date.

We do not believe that any absolute conclusion may be reached from the material herein presented, save that the majority of those who have spent three and one half years here have a healthy sense of appreciation of the college, tinged with valid and unembittered criticism. We also think that the fact that there are few whole-hearted condemnations indicates that the

HARMONY

violent malcontents leave college, and that the symposium truly is a body of *representative* senior thought.

1.

There is a strong temptation for one who has been sheltered from the disappointments of worldly fortune by a time-honored and worthy institution, to feel for that place an overstrong sentiment of friendship. The roots of old-grad sentimentalism are already sprouting. And then the first two years are always the harshest—if not the hardest. One feels in the last two years rather at home around the place, and is as purposely oblivious to many of its faults as a man is of those of his home. Even the meals that the Clements whip together are accepted without much murmur. One learns at Haverford to adapt oneself to circumstances, and to be tolerant.

One learns at the same time to apply oneself, and to search out true values. There are things at Haverford which make men want to and strive to rise above their former selves.

Coming to Haverford is like coming to the home of a friend for the first visit. As you come to the house, the first thing that attracts your notice is the outside plan of the place, the paint-job, the landscaping. Then as you enter the door and meet the people with whom you are to be for a time, you see many small and isolated things about them and their house: you notice the smells of cooking, the dog, the number of windows in the parlor, the fireplace, the style of the furniture. Those things which are different from your own home you cannot help but observe. Later, in your own room, you examine details—the softness of the bed, the view from the window. If you don't like the place, you may decide to shorten your stay. But if you do like it, you soon come to feel as if you had lived there always. You no longer notice that the big chair in the parlor is modern or mid-Victorian, but merely that it is comfortable and deep. When it is time to leave, you are sorry to go and hope to be asked again. You carry away memories of the place and the people that time will scarcely dim.

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2.

Outsiders are supposed to have strange conceptions of Haverford students. Perhaps this will help to explain why.

It was about five o'clock in the afternoon. As I came down the steps in third entry, the phone rang. Knowing that if I didn't answer it, nobody else would, I picked up the receiver.

"Hello."

A female voice on the other end of the wire inquired, "Could you tell me if there will be skating on the Haverford pond tonight?"

"I really don't know."

"Thank you."

I left third entry and walked to fifth. As I entered the door, the phone rang. Apparently I was hitting all the lights red.

"Hello."

The same female voice, "Could you tell me if there will be skating on the Haverford pond tonight?"

"I really don't know."

"Thank you."

3.

Why doesn't Haverford grow up? We are, indeed, a small college. But need that "littleness" be carried over into the administration of the sundry problems which are bound to arise during one's four years in college? Occasions will occur in which disciplinary measures are necessary, but in Heaven's name why not treat us with the understanding that we have attained at least some degree of maturity instead of as little schoolboys in prep school? It is primarily of this fawning, quibbling, hypocritical attitude that I complain. It is certainly too bad that anyone should leave this place which served our fathers so well, and which is now so much better equipped, with splendid courses excellently taught, an unparalleled library, and a beautiful campus to give us a send-off to our respective careers, with a decidedly bad taste in our mouths! (Parenthetically, may I go on record as being heart and soul against the Charity Chest?)

4.

Haverford is supposed to be, someone told me, the most adolescent college in the country. I don't know why it is, but it seems to a certain

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extent at any rate to be true. There's nothing particularly to be ashamed of in it, and I sometimes think it's a great compliment to the school. Of course it isn't especially pleasant to hear people singing about that Williams man whenever a girl comes into the dining room, and, all told, the dining room isn't much to brag about looked at from any angle.

But here is an advantage to that sort of thing which I think far outweighs any possible inconveniences which it might entail. When most freshmen come to Haverford, their viewpoints are not at all fixed; they are open to suggestion on a great number of lines. Most people in the great majority of colleges, on the other hand, have indicated the sort of persons they are going to turn out to be before they come to college, and it's hard to change them.

Here, however, Haverford offers you an ideal, completely isolated environment in which to live for four years; it offers you a group of boys far above the average with whom to live; and it gives you a set of men and a set of ideals which would be hard to beat anywhere. The result is that these adolescents necessarily must reach rather high for their idealism and for the models upon which they are to cut their lives. Before they leave, too, they have got these things deeply into their being, and they're going to be hard to lose. I contend, then, that in the long run you'll find better citizens and better people coming out of Haverford than you will out of almost any college you can think of.

5.

It seems to me that a college is, primarily, an institution for the development of the power of individual discrimination; discrimination in choosing the forms of activity into which the living of a given life shall fit. That is to say, its aim is the acquisition not of cultural all-aroundness by all, but of intelligent self-determination by the individual.

A "college career" is like a four-year-long scientific experiment in which you are both the observer and the observed. And when the experiment is over, you should have got enough data on yourself to know how to choose the things you do with an eye to your personal development and responsibilities.

All this is very unoriginal, but is the kind of thinking produced in a very ordinary mind by the impact of life at Haverford. I certainly don't lay claim to any clairvoyance as to my Mission in Life or complete knowledge of what to do under any given circumstances; but I hope to leave here with a fairly clear idea of what I consider good for me.

6.

I don't like Haverford. The time spent here seems to me to have been a waste of time, money, and energy. My three and a half years have not been the happy carefree years that college is supposed to provide, rather they have been consumed in unhappy revolt. What have I gotten out of these years?

1. A few friends whom I probably will see three or four times after graduation, when we get together at alumni meetings and cough up a little money in memory of our carefree youth at the good old college. Most of the others in my class will disappear from view. They will neither miss me nor will they be missed by me. These college contacts will have no bearing on my future life. In their place I might have made many useful business connections.

2. A bit of culture that is mostly of an impractical nature. I have dutifully taken and passed courses in French, yet my accent is terrible and my composition still worse. History has given me a lot of facts that can be useful only in dinner conversation or in puzzle contests. Hours of agony in the chem lab have left me with the ability to misquote innumerable formulæ. I know what Plato considered the ideal state, but I don't know what the government of this country is going to become. I have studied for hours for examinations and forgotten the work five minutes after the exam was over. I receive average grades, yet I have learned little that will be of use to me in future life.

3. A degree of self-confidence that vanishes when I come in contact with outsiders. Work and business experience would have given me a much more stable confidence in my knowledge and in myself. The process of maturing has been retarded in the almost cloistered life of college. There has been every incentive to remain the schoolboy, to be guided by rules, to rely on the judgment of others rather than developing my own. Restrictions that have been too binding, have been easy to avoid, and too unreasonable to obey. There has been a sense of adventure in avoiding them. Surely that is no way to teach respect of law and order.

4. A lot of fun, mostly off the campus. There has been no social life on the campus to hold me here, and few chances to find entertainment on the campus. Life on it has been too one-sided with the emphasis on study. True, I have not been active in the regular extra-curricular activities, but I have always felt that I could better satisfy my needs off campus than in the limited opportunities offered on campus.

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I freely admit that I have not been a "good Haverford man." I blame this more on the college, however, than I do on myself. It has not provided the opportunities that I expected for cultural or social development, the opportunities that every college should provide if it is to be worth while. In every respect, I would have done better to have gone directly into business from prep school. I sincerely hope that I never spend another four years as unproductive as these have been.

7.

This brief comment is planned as a defense and argument against what I feel will be several anti-Haverford statements from members of the "dissatisfied element" among the contributors, those who cry out against "provincialism," "treatment of the undergraduates like children," and the general "stuffiness" of a small college.

It seems to me that this protest arises from the least active members of the class, those seniors who have played a very small part in extra-curricular activities, and who have contributed comparatively little to the College life as a whole. The most casual observation will show that those seniors who have co-operated to the utmost of their abilities in different phases of Haverford activities have enjoyed their four years here, and feel that their College careers have been a vital and enjoyable part of their preparation for life. These are the men who will continue to take an active interest in Haverford activities and the growth of the College during their later years.

And I do not believe that this interest will be marred by the absurdities of insincere "Alma Mater sentimentalism." I have thoroughly enjoyed my own Haverford life, and I hope that my interest in the worthwhile enterprises undertaken by undergraduates and authorities can be proved by moral and even financial support during the years after graduation. I have not viewed Haverford during the past three years through unreasoning rose-colored glasses, for there are several elements and attitudes which I hope will some day be changed. But no organization which affects three hundred and fifty people can run smoothly and efficiently enough to agree perfectly with the many and widely different desires and theories peculiar to each individual. Harmony for the majority must be the guiding thought, and I believe that Haverford has been planned and carried out upon this basis to a laudable degree of success.

Seniors who have taken a sincere and co-operative attitude toward student-faculty functions have enjoyed them, and have furthered the cause of making them an integral part of the College life. Those who have been able to take part in organized athletics, even if only by honest support, have worked for the betterment of this element, and their work has brought each one satisfaction and pleasure. Those who have lent their support to the various literary activities, to the musical and dramatic undergraduate work, and to the different phases of student government, have all made an important contribution to the life and growth of the College. These are the seniors who have given a great deal to Haverford, and who have therefore been able to take from it much that will be valuable to them in the different aspects of their lives during the passage of years. In spite of minor disagreements and dissatisfactions which they may feel, they enjoy Haverford *now*, and with maturer years they will continue to enjoy the memory of Haverford with better understanding. I like to feel that I belong to this "majority" group.

8.

In my time here at Haverford I have noticed one thing, Fifth Day Meeting. I am not unique in this; others have noticed it. The difference lies in what I have noticed about it. When a graduate says in Collection that he remembers with deep appreciation the Meetings he attended when he was here I do not think he was telling the whole story, although he may think he is. I differ from his general statement in that I think he remembers with deep appreciation only the Meetings of his Junior and Senior year; before this time he was not intellectually mature enough to appreciate or to respond to the thoughts which were expressed in Meeting. As far as I can see Meeting is of no value to the ordinary Freshman or Sophomore; if he is extraordinarily mature and thoughtful he may get something from the Meeting, otherwise he does not. It is unfortunate, but the majority of the two lower classes are not mature and thoughtful in an extraordinary degree. All too often a student gets in the habit of not paying attention in Meeting because when he first arrives here he is not capable of appreciating the thoughts there presented, and when he does reach such a degree of capability he is so bound by habit that he makes no use of his opportunity. If he were not required to attend during his first two years he might get more out of his last two years.

9.

The administration of the college has proposed a three-point plan upon which it is seeking to base its education. These three propositions are physical, intellectual, and spiritual. The first two are well taken care of. The third is sometimes spoken of as most important. Outside of individual contacts, concentration on the spiritual and religious life of the students by the faculty is confined usually to a maximum of forty-five minutes a week—one Collection and one Meeting. In one case support by a faculty member is being given to a religious discussion group. That is appreciated, but might not more weight be carried by others of the faculty in helping the students with the religious side of life? This is part of the policy of the college—is it being given its share in the education of the undergraduates? I do not think Haverford is sufficiently well-rounded because of this.

10.

To the Senior just rolling up his sleeves in the final drive to snare his diploma, what does the word *Haverford* connote?

At first he thinks of everything that has happened to him during the last four years, because Haverford has been so intimately tied in with his every move and thought. Further reflection breaks this mass into many parts—the well-selected group of students and professors about which the Administration is always crowing, the rare opportunities for scholastic and athletic participation open to all; Quaker contacts and influences, and the actual campus that is Haverford.

Sooner or later, after enlarging on the ideas of what Haverford has to offer and how well he has fitted in, he starts to heckle and to gloat over inconsistencies of the College—his pet peeves. He sees and admires the grandeur and freedom of Quaker thought, but he is vexed by the continual presentation of Christianity (in Meeting and Collection) from the standpoint “. . . do it, because it will benefit you.” This is difficult to reconcile with unselfishness—a major tenet of Christian religion. The logic and moral soundness of the social sciences as presented here at Haverford appeal to his progressive mind, and he values the interests in current life that they have aroused. But they increase his wondering at the low wages that are paid to the College help. Then, too, the reasonableness of the current appeals for turning off lights and not throwing lighted cigarettes on the floor is obvious to him along with the avuncular threats. But he still cannot

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understand why the hall lights in Barclay, Founders, and Lloyd burn continually, even with the sun eclipsing them.

The sheer pettiness of these inconsistencies is a good indication of the high calibre of Haverford, and, as an acid test, the Senior has attempted to see how Haverford measures up in its primary function of educating. Adopting the classic definition: "Education is what is left after we have forgotten everything we were taught," he looks beyond the intellectual content of his twenty courses to see what else this liberal arts college has had in store for him. In addition to a step-up in his mental and physical capacities, there has been modification and growth of his moral values. Keen appraisal of the inherent worth of others' ideas and other people, a respect for others, and a respect for himself, these are values strengthened by his stay at Haverford—a tangible evidence that the college is doing its job.

11.

I will feel far better qualified to judge "what Haverford has done for me" on June 13. Seriously, my disappointment with this institution has grown steadily from year to year. Haverford, when it is known at all, is known for its high scholastic standing. This is fair enough, for I have enjoyed many courses—derived much of general cultural value as well as practical and interesting knowledge from them. Contacts with members of the faculty have often proved inspiring, and, I hope, of lasting benefit. I have made a number of friends and had opportunity for endless discussion on every manner of subject. These two things to me are all-important adjuncts of a college education, inasmuch as they heighten intellectual powers and help to adjust ideals. This, however, has been on my own initiative, outside of the classroom. All of which leads up to the fact that as an integral whole I have little respect and no sentimental attachment for Haverford. "Dear old Alma Mater" is out. And it seems to me to be due to the stultifying influence of the administration, which ever seeks to make the student body conform. Innovations are frowned upon. Extra-curricular activities in the realms of art, music, and drama are impeded at every turn, and would die a tragic death were it not for the efforts of a handful of noble souls among both students and faculty. As for the fostering of closer and more friendly relations between the professors and their pupils, it is quite noticeable that in general the more intelligent members of the faculty have little or nothing to do with social functions at college.

12.

There's one bad thing about your senior year at Haverford, or, I suppose, at any other college. Up to then you've been working along with all sorts of ambition. Maybe you want to get good grades, maybe you want to be on a team or manage a team, or maybe you're trying to become Editor of the *News*. If you are trying for much, here at any rate, you're working so hard that you don't have much time to think, and your ambition keeps you from thinking very objectively anyway.

But it's different when you come back for senior year. Then you realize that the junior year is really the climax of your college experience; and here you are, with all of the things that you will ever work for either won or lost, with the exception of Phi Beta Kappa or something like that. Then you begin to feel a letdown from your previous ambition and rush; somehow or other you feel a bit burned out and you wonder about your studies too, if they are worth anything or not. What you are going to do after you get out of Haverford seems a great deal more important than what you are doing now. You perhaps become a bit bitter; four years of Haverford food is just a little too much; the specialized courses of the year seem to have no practical reality. What you want to do is get off and start working for more realistic goals.

It's this senior year that's a bugaboo. Your sophomore and junior years are really much more important, not only for what has been mentioned above, but for the formation of viewpoints and attitudes and philosophies. It's a somewhat morbid departure from your college life.

13.

A present liberal policy of the college which should be furthered is that of permitting students to spend their junior year abroad, and that of maintaining exchange students, particularly from countries such as Japan and Germany, which are not easily understood by Americans today. This is a positive move toward the peace and understanding which are Quaker ideals, and helps to broaden out a college which tends otherwise to be too smugly provincial, besides enabling a limited number of students to get in an unusually fine way the liberal education which Haverford wishes to present to all.

14.

I have gotten out of Haverford approximately what I hoped to get out of college in general and Haverford in particular. Though Haverford is relatively unknown to the rank and file in my section of the country, I inquired carefully about it before I came here, and took its advantages and disadvantages into account in making my decision, so that I do not today feel called upon to gripe or feel that I was hoodwinked into coming.

My reasons for coming to Haverford were:

1. It is a small college, where one is not driven bats by red tape and fast impersonal rules, where there is close contact between students and professors, and where, o odious cliché, one can be a big fish in a small pond, instead of . . .

2. It is in a different section of the country from that where I live. It is equally provincial in its attitude, but it is a different provincialism, rather than a continuation of the same one, and, therefore, should tend to be broadening.

3. It has a beautiful campus, and is surrounded by enough nature to fill your soul, and yet is not remote from civilization. It is only 20 minutes by train to Philadelphia, one of the country's large centers of culture. It is just a stone's throw from Bryn Mawr, so that you don't have to take a vacation to find out what a woman looks like.

4. It has a high scholastic standard. I wanted to go on to graduate work when I came here, and no college stands better in educational circles than Haverford. I figured that I would do only a minimum of the work required, and, therefore, I would tend to get the most work done at the college with the highest minimum.

I also knew that the atmosphere is not rah-rah, and figured that would be a good thing, because I had all the rah-rah I wanted in high school. I did not know that the atmosphere would be prep-schoolish, but I have simply had to ignore that, which is not too hard, since I fear I became prep-schoolish for a while myself.

I did not realize that the fact that the administration is Quaker means that it is opposed to the arts. I had thought of Quakers as deeply-cultured, sympathetic people. I expected them to be genial supporters of rather than hard-headed boulders in the path of drama, music and art. I do not know where I got this idea; perhaps it is because I thought that to be deeply-cultured and a lover of his fellow-men is synonymous with supporting the arts.

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I was surprised at other inconsistencies in the Quakers. A pettiness, which complains about daffodils being picked on a beautiful spring day. A smallness and selfishness, which cultivates Christianity to make itself strong even though the others may sink, and looks with intolerance on honest disbelief. But I wasn't going to gripe, and I like them in spite of all this.

I was surprised at the lack of college spirit. I still can't conceive of fellows sitting in their rooms playing bridge while their own team, which is of them, and not paid by them, is struggling on the football field.

I was surprised at the lack of feeling of social responsibility. Not only does a good portion of the college not feel called upon to support college activities, so that the main burden of activities is born by the few active souls, but they think nothing of destroying property by burning lights all day, running water all night, and breaking windows for pleasure. I think that those who sink to this level are training themselves to become poor citizens.

Recalling now the reasons I gave for coming here, I think that one has wasted much at Haverford if one does not utilize its advantages. Drop around to see a professor once in a while, merely in order to get to know him. Get into extra-curricular activities so that you do become a big fish, and not just a pollywog. I made the mistake of going out for too many at first, and would be more careful about that another time. Visit concerts, plays, and art exhibitions in Philadelphia occasionally: otherwise it is no advantage to be near it.

I was surprised at the miraculous way in which the honor system works at Haverford, and I cannot praise it highly enough. It pervades the campus, giving a sense of common honor and the ideals of being a gentleman. It is in my mind the most unique and the finest single influence in the college.

15.

Did you see the issue of *Life* that came out about the end of last May, dealing only with colleges in this country? It was a pretty gay picture, and there was, as far as I could see, little in it which could be given a parallel here. They seemed to be having a lot better time than we have here. I was mad about the whole business of Haverford for several weeks after I saw that.

16.

It was in the Red Room of the Union Club downtown, said Red Room being used in this case as a dining room. The dinner had been excellent, good food well served, and the company was lighting up its after-dinner smokes, shifting its chairs and settling itself for the usual round of after-dinner speeches and fun. The group consisted of some sixty Haverfordians, twenty of them undergraduates, the rest alumni. Besides being Haverfordians all, these men had at least one thing else in common; they all loved football. For some their football days were long since gone, yet they continued to show their interest in and love for it by giving this dinner for the rest of those present, some of whom had even now played their last game, others of whom could still look forward to a year or two more of this game that had brought these men together.

Our toastmaster that night, as at many another such meeting of Haverfordians, was Johnny Williams, whose wit and stories had put the gathering into a pleasantly receptive mood. There were other more or less serious talks of varied length; Doctor Taylor told of football at Haverford as he knew it just before the war; Marty Crosman told of how Quarterback Mac-Intosh had knocked out a big Hopkins tackle who had been especially troublesome that fall afternoon back in 1920; Mac himself announced the award of letters and sweaters to that team of Sugar's that deserved them so well; Pop Haddleton told some of the history and trials of coaching at Haverford. The evening wore on pleasantly enough, the water glasses becoming dry, the ash trays full.

The toastmaster then introduced as the next speaker a man who more than anyone or anything else stands as Haverford for me; a man who, though not a Haverfordian by birth, as it were, has become in the last five years one of the best of Haverfordians. Characteristically enough, he started his talk with a joke; not the cleanest joke of the evening, but one showing a fine sense of humor. Then he began to talk of his relations with the fellows on his ball team, of the joy and pleasure he had had in working with them, of his love for football, of his respect and admiration for Haverford and what it stood for. I was taken back in my mind to the long hot sweaty September mornings and afternoons spent with him on '22 field, to those god-awful belly flops, to those quiet little talks of a Friday afternoon after signal practice, to the tense, electrically charged atmosphere of the pre-game locker room, when by his quiet confidence and sound advice he spurred his team,

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perhaps not to victory, but at least to a good game well fought. I was taken back to cold November afternoons when he patiently reviewed plays we should have learned long since, to his courage and smile after defeat, to his happiness with us in victory, to his eternal insistence on good hard play win, lose, or draw. As Roy Randall sat down, leaving an awfully large lump in the throat of every man present, there was a moment or two of silence. A quarter-hour which symbolized for me a wonderful part of Haverford, and which for me will be immortal, was over.

17.

I decided to write an article on how Haverford has developed my will power. I borrowed a typewriter and set myself to the task. But time slipped by and I regret that I was unable to complete it.

18.

What does Haverford mean to me? I can scarcely answer that question; it has meant a very great deal, and a very great deal that is unwordable. I am certain, though, that the most important experiences of my life, ineffable though I am about them, have occurred at this college. Friendships, classes, Meeting, the green campus, study, and the men teaching us—these are but suggestions for the impossible definition of the effect of Haverford on me.

I have often accused my feelings on Haverford of excess, of perhaps sentimentality. Perhaps this is true, perhaps I am including the experiences of living itself under the heading of Haverford. Then, too, I attended a poor school before entering Haverford and the transfer meant very hard work. I strongly appreciated the new and felt its contrast with the old.

Seniors must consciously appreciate, must treasure each one of their remaining days here. We must hearken to the voices of countless alumni on that thought.

19.

When I was a rhinie and had to carry furniture, I did not resent the idea; I accepted it. It is a working rule at Haverford that rhinies will accept almost anything as a matter of course. But naturally no one is enthusiastic about carrying furniture. The first fellow for whom I had to do it was a lordly senior, one of those distant, serene, and Olympian-looking chaps, who scared up three of us to carry a desk and a lamp. I expected him to

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stand by and direct slave operations. But a rhinie carried the lamp, two of us took an end of the desk—and he himself, in a matter-of-fact sort of way, took up the other end and lugged it until we were tired.

That slight gesture confirmed a hope of mine of what ideal Haverford spirit must be, and only at a few other moments since then have I sensed that the vision was real. Now if, as I have said, rhinies will accept almost anything as a matter of course, why can't it be a spirit of friendship and sportsmanship from the very start, instead of only the immature horseplay with which all three classes welcome freshmen to a college of which they would like to be proud? Of course they say that rhinies are in great danger of getting swelled heads; wouldn't this encourage that? Not at all. Nobody with the real Haverford spirit can have a swelled head.

I think that if students begin to emphasize this side of Haverford—this spirit of friendliness, sportsmanship, and willingness to tackle a tough job, which represents something of the ideal Haverford spirit, they'll do a great deal for this college—a very great deal.

20.

No doubt about it, Sophomore year would have been the time to sail into a discussion of Haverford, for that was the time indignation was boiling, enthusiasm burning, and ideas were fresh. For a Senior, however, these thoughts have become submerged in benevolent resignation and general weariness of the whole topic. In a few weeks, the least touch of sentiment will creep in, and we will feel the first symptoms of grad-hood. I hasten to add, however, that I shall not be amongst that senile group of waste-products who, ten years from now, will stand on the steps of Founder's Hall with tear-dimmed eyes and chant "We're slinging the ink to push the pen along."

Well, to begin with, we'll work on the well-worn statement that Haverford is the most immature college in the East. Why should this be? Why is it that when one brings an outsider into the dining room, one hastens to shove him into a seat facing the wall, so that he'll be spared the sight of 300 peculiar-looking badly-dressed youths throwing butter and doing their best to drown out with shouts the announcements of their student head?

Apparently this weird state of affairs finds its roots in the backgrounds of the inmates themselves. The college is handicapped from the outset by the extraordinary fact that at least two thirds of its incoming raw material

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is by nature or by family upbringing incredibly naive. I doubt that in any other college will be found a group like ours. Haverford students are a species in themselves. They stand alone. Understand, though, they are a fine group of boys. The typical specimen (if there is such a thing) is sterling, upright, wholesome, and intelligent. The composite brain power, or mental machinery as distinct from other aspects, is undoubtedly above the average. Well then, what have we? How come all this brain, hand in hand with so much high-schoolishness? Here's a problem for the anthropologist. What is more saddening yet is the fact that each distinct division of this student body raises the eyebrows at every other division. There are the football boys who go to bed at eleven and do well in physics and chemistry, and the lads who play Tommy Dorsey all day, and those who like to think themselves the literati and the cynics, and the wholesome boys who will settle down in a successful groove for the rest of their lives and couldn't be cynical if they tried, and the escapists who prowl at night, and lastly a generous sprinkling of those who are just plain queer. The college is thus divided into cliques, each one of which frowns upon all the rest. Unfortunately in a small college this condition is inescapable. You will find the same thing in a large university, but the groups are larger, and differences in type do not stand out as starkly as they do here. Here, however, the animal spirits and immaturity which Haverford freshmen possess to a startling degree are not absorbed by college life, but on the contrary find fertile field for growth. The maturing influence which the general tone of the college should provide doesn't exist. Haverford has no "tone," no standard of behavior and respect which should serve as a unifying force. Again, though, we run up against a stone wall. Perhaps, after all, the term "standard of behavior" is ephemeral and inapplicable. Take Princeton, for example. There the golden ideal is to become as sophisticated and *Esquire*-ish as possible—a condition which is absurd on the other extreme, but which does provide at least an artificial degree of civilization.

Haverford's incoming freshmen discover that the thing to do is to wreck a few sophomore rooms, abetted by the Senior head of the Customs Committee. They are amazed at the feeble college spirit and lack of pride in the college name. They form delegations and complain to the administration, clamoring for game rooms and what-not. Just what this will achieve is highly questionable, but it does show that there is an impatient awareness of the state of things on the part of the lower classes. As soon as certain branches of the administration put away childish things and stop being

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picayune and do something drastic about Meeting to prevent it from becoming a conspiracy for the purpose of stifling religion, the freshmen will be happier. Incidentally, cigarettes after supper in the dining room, bringing a few minutes of restful conversation, would do more in the line of mellowing cannibalism than half a dozen game rooms.

However, as I said, these are the pet hates of my sophomore year—complaints which, as a senior, I do not feel entirely happy in resurrecting, because, after all, I like the place. The informality of contacts, professors included, have been thoroughly enjoyable. Friendship has brought memorable things in its wake. The goods are here, and anyone with imagination can mold something entirely worthwhile from the cultural assets offered. Besides, the college is blissfully unaware of the delightful by-products which lurk in and around it, and finally, thank God, one does not emerge a unit of a mass production line, for Haverford challenges you to be an individual.

21.

The Haverford Jayvee wrestling team had wrestled the F. and M. Jayvees at Lancaster, and had been soundly defeated. Then the F. and M. Varsity wrestled the University of Miami. There was a thin and almost bald wrestler who was the representative of Miami in the 118-pound class. He was good, and was beating his opponent. But the audience was hooting at him and the referee seemed to be favoring the home team. After two extra-periods, the match was called a draw, and the Miami boy was hopping mad.

After that F. and M. started to win. The other Miami wrestlers were not as good as the 118-pounder, but the refereeing, judging from the reactions on the Miami bench, became worse and worse and the stands howled whenever one of the visiting wrestlers showed signs of annoyance. At the end F. and M. had won easily, and the two teams were coming off the floor. The Miami boys were more than peeved.

The 118-pounder stopped to talk to one of our wrestlers who congratulated him. He was cursing a blue streak at everything about the meet, and swore he'd never seen such a goddam lot of rummy people in all his life. He ended by saying, "Well, I wrestled about a lot and went over with the United States in the Olympics long before I even thought of coming to

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college, and I tell you I've never in all my life seen such a goddam gyp as this."

At that point I felt pretty glad that I came to Haverford, even though we had been so badly beaten.

22.

After four years at Haverford, my most heartfelt complaint is that the college is intellectually sterile. There is a numbness and a dryness in our carefully guided pursuit of knowledge that effectively stifles any embryonic desire to learn. (By learning I do not mean the wisdom to be gained from text books—that can be disregarded as next to worthless since it is at best a fleeting possession—but rather the acquisition of an ability to discover for myself a way to live.) Emotionally and mentally we can be left stagnating without a thought of stimulus. The change from the parrot-learning of our fathers has been a change only in form; actually there is slight distinction to be drawn between absorbing by rote and absorbing the meaning.

I have approached many courses with the thought that at last I was going to get what I wanted, here at least would be something to arouse my intellectual curiosity, only to find that within a few weeks commonplace treatment and almost disinterested approach dampened the first enthusiasm and reduced it to the usual bored acceptance of whatever was offered. In short, books have smothered learning.

23.

My general impression of Haverford after four years is that it is in a stage of very definite transition. It is in the process of emerging from the period when the only class held on Mondays was Bible because it was felt that the students should not be forced to study secular subjects on Sunday. But it has not yet taken its place alongside the great liberal institutions of the country. There are still vestiges of the old attitude but they are becoming fewer every year. The trend is one that the administration is powerless to curb; I hope it doesn't want to. The general attitude toward music and art is a case in point; they are both becoming more and more important every year but neither of them has as yet quite reached its deserved position of respect. I have no doubt that some day both will. As graduation approaches I become more convinced of what was at first only a sneaking suspicion—I came to Haverford about ten years too soon.

24.

It was Sunday and the Saturday night dance had hours since gone to join its ancestors. The rain started to fall at about ten in the morning and continued steadily all afternoon; I began to wonder idly about what to do with the next seven or eight hours.

I had been wondering idly for exactly three hours and seven minutes and was still going strong, when, by one of those strange coincidences that make life interesting, I discovered I didn't have a match. I sprang interestedly to my feet and across the room to the little table by the door. And there I had a strange and mystic experience; I saw upon the table the whole meaning of Haverford.

There were three things lying side by side with a beautiful simplicity; a rumpled dress shirt, a little notice from the library stating that I owed them thirty cents, and an electric light bulb. The dress shirt reminded me that we are not remote from the world; it seemed a symbol of our honorable submission to the conventions of society. And the library card symbolized not only the great wealth of philosophy and poetry and history that we are heirs to, but also, ironically, the fact that, in some way or other, we must pay for wisdom. And the light bulb was a symbol of friendship. Quiet and unobtrusive, it needed only to be used to fill the whole room with light. Here, then, on this table, were social necessity and privilege, wisdom and friendship.

But, damn it, there were no matches.

“True Confession”

WILLIAM S. KINNEY, JR.

Just at the time when everyone who cherishes the dream that the movies are a worthwhile artistic medium had thrown up his hands in despair at the flood of wild comedies showing Bohemian people being boringly asinine, along came a work of that type so skillfully done, so fresh and interesting and genuinely funny, that it brought a new flood of optimism. That picture is “True Confession.”

Directed by Wesley Ruggles, who was also responsible for last year’s “I Met Him in Paris,” the film presents Carole Lombard, the wife of a young lawyer of principle and no money, as a lady to whom the truth is so boring, and, usually, so unproductive that she has become an inveterate liar. Rebellious from her husband’s no work dictum, she accepts a job as secretary to a wealthy gentleman whose insane mind works about like that of Harpo Marx, and, on her first day at her new position, she is forced to flee in terror. When she returns to get her hat and coat she, in her mad rush to get out of the place, had forgotten, she finds her employer murdered and the police there to arrest her. And, upon realizing that if her husband is able to free her, their financial worries will be a thing of the past, she tells him that she did it, but only from the necessity of defending her honor. The ensuing courtroom scene is the most hilarious burlesque upon that stuffy institution that has yet been seen, and the trial is, of course, successful. But at this point the real murderer, John Barrymore, enters the scene and attempts to black-mail Miss Lombard, who has capitalized upon her sudden notoriety. This forces her hand, and her husband, having learned all, is about to leave her when she recaptures him with another final and monstrous fabrication.

What, then, are the special virtues of this comedy? The obvious ones are the fast-paced and excellently timed direction of Mr. Ruggles, the exceptional screen play by Claude Binyon, and some notable acting. Miss Lombard rushes through her part with her accustomed vigor and her broad sense of comedy values, but her performance is overshadowed by that of Mr. Barrymore as the eccentric bar-fly and criminologist who really did the deed. His work is no less than a triumph of complete absurdity. Then, too, the minor roles are well handled by Una Merkel, Edgar Kennedy, Lynne Overmann, and others.

It requires more than that, however, to make such an exceptional film.

THE HAVERFORDIAN

The answer, I think, lies in a combination of three broad points. First, the characters are absolutely unbelievable. The movies, paradoxically enough, create upon celluloid a greater illusion of reality than does the stage, for all its living actors. The reason for this is primarily the fact that they enable you to combine the subjective and the objective views of a given situation in a way in which other mediums are unable to do. For instance, you may have a shot of a girl screaming, and then immediately cut to the subjective scene of what she is witnessing, what it is that is terrifying her. On the stage you are always seeing an objective thing, you are always conscious of the fact that the actors are not living the scene, but *acting* it. Now most of the works of this cycle deal with characters who are not strong enough to fight off this great power of cinematic reality; there is something recognizable in them, their motives are, partially at any rate, readily understandable, and when you see them unreasonably going through ridiculous actions, you cannot reconcile yourself to their validity. Not so "True Confession." These people are so wildly distorted that even the screen recognizes them as impossible, and is ready to have them do whatever their hare-brained minds will without its setting up any conflict in the spectator's mind. And this is reinforced by the fact that the one logical character, the lawyer, is sensible and understandable in everything he does. Furthermore, the contrast is made even more effective by the use of visual symbols, always more compelling than dialogue. When you see John Barrymore impossibly bailing out his impossible rowboat, you are ready for absolutely anything.

Secondly, the film is based upon a structure of serious drama. The tale of the erring wife who is defended on a murder charge by her husband is practically "Madame X" material, and has been used more or less effectively countless times. This device aids doubly by injecting a solid piece of suspenseful plot into the wild proceedings and by affording a further comparison between the understandable and the ridiculous.

A final important point is the almost total lack of a love story. Love is something upon which Hollywood is a bit afraid to trample. In all of its wild activities in the screwball line, it has left a place for at least a few idyllic moments which will fire the shopgirl with a great longing for the noble passion. But here you have no tender clinches; the hero and the heroine are already married. That should become a screwball rule.

In a combination of these elements, then, lies the superiority of "True Confession." If you miss it, you are indeed losing a merry hour and a half, and if Hollywood misses the lesson it teaches, you are in for some distressing moments during the coming year.

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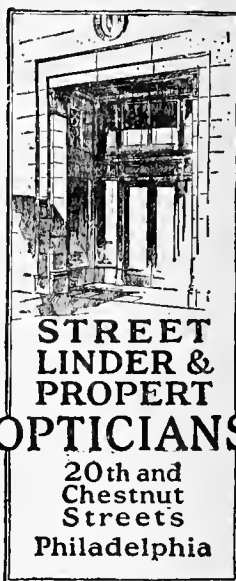
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THE HAVERFORDIAN is published monthly during the college year. Its purpose is to foster a literary spirit among the undergraduates. To that end contributions are invited. Material should be submitted to the Editor before the fifth of the month preceding publication.

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Editorial

"The World Is Too Much With Us"

TO a supposedly civilized world whose every thought is concerned both with the existing local carnage and with an impending general slaughter, and to a nation wearily facing and fearing financial ruin because of excessive Governmental expenditure, the burdens which seem to weigh so heavily on the minds of college boys seem unworthy even of contempt. The older generation recalling its own glorious youth (quite forgetting that they themselves once bore similar burdens) is too apt to discredit the fact that we, too, can appreciate the present plight and that we can fear the future. We have every reason to fear for our future, for our future may be even more involved than that of the older generation. It is our right and our duty (if only for selfish motives) to think well about this future, too, for if the seemingly inevitable happens, it is our lives which will be flung carelessly away, on a wholesale scale, by a nation which has decided that a wonderful cure for recessions is a war boom. Or if we are fortunate enough to avoid this, we will be faced with the unpleasant task of trying to find a job in a more highly mechanized and a more complex world than has ever before confronted ambitious youth. Merely because we are of college age does not deny us the right to reason for ourselves and to see clearly, with no extraordinary perception required, the dreadful morass into which the world has finally imbedded itself. It seems to us that the one small ray of hope is the fact that we have not already sunk into a hopelessly apathetic state. We do recognize the ills of the world and we are still capable of being mildly, but increasingly passively, distressed over them. It is to us and not to the older generation, that the world will have to look for any possible salvation, and if we remain conscious of the state of affairs we may be able to act. If we can adjust ourselves to the apparently inevitable change in social standards we might extricate ourselves. Whether or not we will rise to the occasion is a purely speculative question.

Although college may not "prepare us for life in a brutal, Capitalistic Society" it does teach us, in an indirect way, to escape, if only for a short while, the besetting troubles of the day. For college, by teaching us to

EDITORIAL

appreciate the arts and to criticize intelligently what we do appreciate, provides us with the invaluable ability to lose ourselves completely in subjects far removed from ordinary workaday questions. This art of complete relaxation is of incomparable aid to us now and will mean even more later, when life moves at a more meaningful and hectic pace. College may not develop in us a great earning power, but probably the amounts to be earned in the future, will be substantially less than they have in the past.

Literature, more than the other arts for it is often more readily accessible provides one of these avenues of escape. Minds perplexed by worldly woes have constant recourse to the stimulating relaxation of books. The enjoyment of literature is not an esoteric art designed for the fortunate few, but rather an ability which can and should be cultivated by everyone. There is enough diversity in the various fields of literature to appeal to any and every taste.

As we have said, we consider literature, like music and painting, essentially an escape mechanism. Many reviewers today violently attack some authors because their books betray them as escapists, then finish their reviews with senseless but space filling babblings about the purpose of literature. If these reviewers are capable of thinking about it, and if they can take time from writing ecstatic criticisms of the twenty best sellers of the week, they might explain why we read the classics, books which generally have no bearing on the burning questions of our day and, very often, had none on their own. We read these books for the treatment, for the prose or for the characterizations, not to find out that the food in the Nineteenth century English Orphanages was excruciatingly bad. (We would like to make it clear that we are not using the word "escape" in a very broad sense. We do not mean that literature should delve back into a beautiful past or should slip entirely away into a realm of fantasy, but it should be more than a pictorial representation of existing conditions.)

Perhaps one of the reasons for the sad plight of modern literature is the fact that it has busied itself with the sordidness of the surrounding world. Like modern music with its discord and distortion, like art with its newly-found Dadaism (an understandable creation, for its forms require neither brains nor ability) literature is providing us with a deluge of authors who concern themselves with characters like Studs Lonigan and his ilk. It is not our contention that literature, and the arts, should be only depictions of the beautiful. They should not be entirely divorced from the world around them.

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We do deplore the modern idea of selecting the most sordid scenes and the most disgusting type of people for treatment. The depiction of the ugly can reach artistic heights only at the hands of a genius, and not a self-appointed genius either.

Such a marked trend is naturally reflected in the literary efforts of college boys. We can see no reason for the undue stress which has recently been placed on these problems sociological. For when young writers direct their talents into these perilous channels they are allowing themselves to be classed with the plethora of "little Hemingways" who, every month, fill many of the cheaper magazines with depressing stories of sex and drunkenness. With a mind too immature, with a hand too heavy to deal adequately with this difficult phase of literature, the writer produces an article which is startling for nothing save its cheap sensationalism. There are very few acknowledged authors of the day who can handle the subject well, and they usually fail to do so consistently. All beer "joints" are so alike, as are all the Joes who are found knifed or stabbed, or knifed *and* stabbed, over their nickel beers. The only quality which makes such subject matter palatable is artistic treatment, and very few college boys possess this ability. We do not believe that such marked emphasis should be placed on stories in which heavy-handed naturalism plays such a dominant role.

Nor do we believe that we should swing to the other extreme and write hysterical stories of the much over-worked chaotic post-war generation. Fortunately, this literary *genre* is rapidly dying out. It painted vivid pictures of the wild upper classes madly dashing from one case of champagne to the other, screaming hysterically about their *too* utter confusion about it all, and setting a pace too hectic for any single person to endure for any extended period of time. The only reason we can ascribe to the waning popularity of this type of story is that the authors suddenly realized that instead of being a post-war generation we may very well be a pre-war generation. And such a generation would of course, act quite differently.

We have dealt above with only two of the more popular types of stories appearing today. With specific reference to the HAVERFORDIAN we would like to say that we will welcome heartily any stories which deal with people who do not devote the major portion of their life either swilling beer at Tonie's Place or who refrain from absolutely deluging themselves in champagne at the Ritz every night.

EDITORIAL

We also hope that there will be an increase in the number of articles like "Black Gang" and "Devils and Dextrose" which have appeared in recent issues. In these articles, and articles like these, the student body seems to find its greatest interest and we sincerely hope that more students will write either of their own experiences or on topics of the day.

We hope that more students will hand in either articles or stories and that more students will read the HAVERFORDIAN and will show enough interest either to commend or condemn the work of other college students.

W. H. R.

Lament

SAMUEL C. WITHERS, JR.

*. . . To me the earth
Is just a very earthy earth;
And in a land of plenty, too.*

*. . . I am a mess,
A very, very sorry mess;
And at the age of twenty, too.*

Ski-Jumping

KENNETH A. PRESCOTT

THE fast-moving world of today appears to be constantly seeking new thrills. Solution—ski-jumping. To those who have never experienced the sensation of being in the air with nothing but a sense of balance and two all-too-small pieces of wood to rely upon, there is a feeling of awe concerning the sport. It is a feeling that anyone participating in ski-jumping is doing nothing but practicing legalized suicide. On the contrary, the sport is quite safe and sane compared with its outward aspects. In almost any other sport several casualties occur each season, but I am reasonably sure that statistics would place ski-jumping quite near the bottom of the list in recording deaths and serious accidents.

There is a thrill obtained in ski-jumping which, I believe, is not capable of being equalled unless by a long descent via parachute. I would not advise anyone to commence a skiing career by jumping, but rather to allow it to develop parallel to the increasing competence on skis which are connected with mother earth. A beginner at jumping should start on a very small jump which, perhaps, would have an attainable capacity of fifteen to twenty-five feet. This will enable the learner to acquire a sense of balance while in the air. As this becomes mastered one can advance slowly to larger jumps until the belief grows that what this country needs is bigger and better ski-jumping facilities.

A jumper's equipment should be as nearly perfect as can be made. The boots must fit tightly in the bindings with a heel buckle which will release itself when there is too much pressure applied to it during a fall. This prevents many broken legs and similar mishaps. The skis should be heavier than racing, downhill, or slalom skis with most of the weight in the front. There should also be three grooves running along the bottoms of the skis to help them hold a straight path. The heavier the skis are the easier they can be controlled in the air against winds, and they will also withstand a greater landing shock.

SKI-JUMPING

Most jumps consist of a tower built on the side of a hill so that the jumper lands on the incline. However, some are merely runs down the slope of a long hill to a take-off attached to the hill itself. The height of these take-offs varies from four to fourteen feet and there usually is a stretch of flat ground before the start of the landing hill. The width of the starting chutes ranges from six to fifteen feet approximately. The snow has been packed solidly and the tracks of the skis hardly make an indentation.

After climbing to the top of the tower a view is afforded of nearly the entire countryside. I have stood at the start of a jump and looked at the ocean off to one side and the white mountains off to the other. If the jump is at the outskirts of a town or small city a complete sight-seeing tour is yours for the looking. This aspect is quite agreeable on a clear, sunshiny day; however, when the wind is exercising its powers, the thought of beauty in the landscape is completely forgotten. The tower is tall and narrow and seems to sway like a young tree. Now you're wishing that you had chosen slaloming for this day instead of jumping.

When you have donned your skis and are facing the chute, supposedly ready to go, there are only two things left to do. One, reach down at the lower part of the abdomen and lift the stomach into its normal position and two; close the mouth tightly to avoid losing the heart. This is especially true if the jump is larger than you have previously attempted. This done you are ready for the flight. With one last, long breath you shove off. Halfway down the chute you would gladly exchange your life insurance for the privilege of being back at the top, but you don't have much time to ponder the thought. Another second or two brings you practically to the take-off; and at the last split second, when everything seems so hopeless, you muster the courage to snap. It's all over now for you're in the air and at the mercy of the elements. The judge's stand flashes by and you seem miles in the air. You suddenly realize that you are about to land and *very* shortly after this you do land. Then you glide gracefully (more or less) down the remainder of the hill. You are quite startled by the fact that you didn't fall and all at once the whole occurrence is something wonderful. Now you clamber back to the tower hardly able to wait until you can repeat the performance.

There are several differing techniques used in jumping by various experts and professionals. Many of them change their style to suit the prevailing conditions. The differences occur mainly in the jumper's few seconds

THE HAVERFORDIAN

while in the air, from the take-off to the landing. The slide from the start to the take-off is generally done in a universal manner. One ski is kept slightly ahead of the other, and you flex both knees in preparation for the snap. Just before reaching the take-off the hind ski is brought up even with the other, and the body is held in a low crouch. The arms are extended straight out in front with the palms of the hands facing downward. The thumbs are very near together. This previously mentioned snap is a violent thrusting of the body upward and forward, at the same time locking the knees so that the body, from the hips down, is perfectly straight. The arms are swung upward and outward and kept revolving in a circle until the time of landing. This both aids in balance and helps to propel the body forward. Your skis should be kept in a direct line with the forward motion and tilted to a position parallel with the hill before landing.

As previously stated there are several ways of conducting one's body while in the air. In all instances the heels of the boots should be kept on the skis. The first method is to keep the body in a straight line and to pitch it to a position which is perpendicular to the hill. This is an effort to lessen the wind resistance and to cover the distance as rapidly as possible. In employing this technique the jumper does not stay in the air as long as a jumper using other methods. The second manner of jumping is to bend the body sharply at the waist to form a pocket which will catch the wind and hold him in the air for a longer period of time. The more successful a jumper is in this the more distance he can obtain. The third and last of the widely used techniques is a combination of the other two, a slight pitch of the legs with a slighter pitch at the waist. A jumper of this type hopes both to move very swiftly and to stay in the air longer than a straight pitch would allow him to do. In any of these cases, if the jumper senses that he has pitched too far forward, he simply reverses the revolving of his arms in an effort to keep himself from falling forward.

At the instant of landing, one ski is shoved forward and one backward simultaneously to keep the jumper from falling in either direction, and the arms are employed to prevent a disaster to either side. A vigorous stem or snow plow may be used to stop at the bottom of the run; or, if sufficiently proficient, a series of christiannas are quite picturesque as a finishing touch. (Forget the beauty of the thing and save your neck.)

Perhaps this art of ski-jumping is not quite as simple as portrayed above. There are several things that may and often do enter in which in-

SKI-JUMPING

crease the difficulty of successful flights. Cross winds and a slightly crusty or icy snow are typical examples. If the conditions are too bad it is advisable to postpone the activity to a later date. If a fall is unavoidable, the best way, I think, is to fall to one side and slightly backward. Keep the legs stiff and the skis as near together as possible. At the time of falling try to put your arms above your head in order to lessen the snap on the neck. I realize that, when a spill occurs, a skier is generally so much off balance and out of control that it is very hard to put the actions mentioned above into practice. Occasionally it is well nigh impossible, but they will help considerably if they can be used.

There is a certain satisfaction attained in mastering, to a reasonable degree, the waterloos of this sport. Of course there is such in any other sport; but in this case, a slightly different feeling is realized, a feeling which I have attributed to the fact that it is something in which comparatively few are at all proficient. After a reasonable amount of jumping has been done, the feeling that the time spent in the air is altogether too short grows stronger after every landing. After this, the winter season (*if in a favorable climate*) is the most enjoyable time of the year; and the moments spent flying through space are, each and every one of them, the climaxes to a joyful existence. Without a doubt, it is as healthful a sport as there is. It keeps a person in the fresh air and a goodly majority of the muscles are exercised.

Thus my own personal advice is to try to live in an environment which harbors the power to produce snow and to treat yourself to the sport of sports. I do hope that you will at least give skiing a try, preferably the jumping phase of it. If you decide to do so, may I wish you many "happy landings."

Waiting at the Airport

WILLIAM H. REAVES

I SUPPOSE they will be hours late. They always are. They said at their airport that they had left at 9:30. Their plane has a cruising speed of 120, therefore they ought to be here at 12 o'clock. The sky is much clearer now than it was this morning. I have only a few minutes to wait. Anyway John is a splendid pilot and he has that wonderful little Waco. Nothing could possibly happen. It's hot. I don't know why I came early. I knew perfectly well they couldn't arrive before noon. All I can do is sit here in the boiling sun. It will be such fun having them for the week-end. Of course young pilots are being killed all the time. But how *silly* of me. It is not time for them yet. I might just as well stop turning the lights on and off, it merely uses up the battery. Tra, la, la, dum di dum. Oh dear. Another cigarette. I really am going to cut down. It's awful the amount I smoke. I smoke a pack and a half a day, that's about 22 cents a day, that's about \$1.54 a week; \$1.54 a week. Good Heavens! I must stop. That's entirely too much. Really, if only the radio could produce something better than these cowboy singers and these sweet homey little advertisements. It is driving me mad. I wonder if the dance will be any good this evening. What on earth will we do afterwards? I suppose I'll have to bring them to our place. It always happens that way. That damned left nail of mine is broken. I don't see how other people get through life without reams of broken finger nails, but they do. I *will* look at my watch now. It's 12 o'clock. It's 12 right now, and there isn't the slightest sign of them. I knew it. They left at 9:30 and were due here at noon. I had a premonition. Something has happened to them. They have crashed. Oh, why wouldn't they take the train? I should have called them. I knew they were fated, both of them. But they *might* have gone off the course. That's it. This is a hard field to find. They've lost about fifteen minutes. That's all it is. I am about to pass out. Of course, I should have thought they would have straightened all that out before they left. After all, I am their hostess and deserve a little consideration. Heaven knows, I get as little as possible. Who do they think they are anyway? I suppose they couldn't have helped it. Peggy does

WAITING AT THE AIRPORT

get things so mixed up though. And John, although he is a good pilot, is so eccentric about directions. I wouldn't mind really, only it's so hot and there's no excuse for being late. At least when I'm late there is some reason for it. However it is just one of those things that every hostess has to put up with. Peggy does have some of the silliest ideas and tries to act so coy. Really it infuriates me at times. Especially when Don is around, she acts like a silly little school girl. It's time to look again. It's 12:20. And not the least sign of them. They couldn't have flown off that much. There is only one answer and I might just as well face it now. Oh, how ghastly. They've crashed, I just know it. They've gone down. They are probably lying at the bottom of some bay at this very moment. I will be prostrated. It will be so dreadful if the bodies can't be found. They just flew away and were never heard of again. Years later the tip of a green wing was found in some bog or other in Eastern Pennsylvania. Of course, they might have gone down just after the take-off. What on earth shall I do? I could scream. What shall I say to Mrs. Williams? I wonder whether I should call or wire. Oh, I'll wire. I simply couldn't call her. It would be too terrible. What shall I say? "Regret to say that children . . ." That's awful. "Dear Mrs. Williams, I'm so sorry to have to tell you . . ." That's worse. No, perhaps I had better call her. I don't know what to do.

"Why yes, I am, but I'm afraid something has happened."

The mechanic says he thinks they may have stopped off for lunch at Richmond. It's nice of him to try to comfort me, but too absurd. Of course they wouldn't stop at Richmond for lunch. He's merely trying to divert my attention from grim realities. It's too terrible. Peggy was such a dear, and John too. They've always been so sweet to me. I feel so sorry for Mrs. Williams. I suppose she will get the news just as she sits down to lunch. She'll probably have some dear friends in. How horrible it will be. They will bring in the telegram just as they are finishing their consommé. She'll probably faint. Oh! I simply can't send that telegram. I'll call mother. She'll do it. She does anything like that well. She'll send a properly worded telegram and that will be all. Only I shall have lost two of the dearest friends I have ever had. I suppose I shall go into the deepest mourning. Veils are in now, too. Dear Peggy. We had such fun at school together, too. She used to bring me cakes whenever she got some from home. We were always together. And we had such a circus the year we came out. She gave me a lovely party. And John was so sweet, so thoughtful and meant so much to me.

THE HAVERFORDIAN

"Really, I'm frantic. Oh no! They would never have stopped off at Richmond, I'm sure."

I wish they'd stop trying to be nice about it. I suppose I am dreadfully pale. We might just as well face it. They've gone. This is Saturday. I suppose they will be buried early in the week, if the bodies are found, that is. I suppose I'll go up on the night train tonight. I can be on hand to comfort Mrs. Williams and help her with the flowers. I suppose I can find time off Monday to buy my mourning clothes. I'll get severely plain dresses, with white collar and cuffs and a flared skirt. I hope I don't break down at the funeral. But I probably shall, having lost two people so near and dear to me. I'll have to be supported when I look at them for the last time, that is, if they are found. I wonder what will be done with Peggy's dresses. I'm about her size, but of course Mrs. Williams would have to suggest that. Besides I would always feel so tragic when I wore them. It will all be so trying. I'll probably have a breakdown and have to go out West. Tucson, I imagine. I hear it's fun out there. I guess there will be pictures in all the papers.

"Yes. Oh, you think there would be a report if they had crashed? Perhaps you're right, perhaps they did stop at Richmond."

I wonder if that mechanic really thinks that or whether he is merely trying to ease the shock. I suppose someone would have seen them if they had crashed, bits of the plane would have been found, at least. I wonder if they did stop at Richmond for lunch. I suppose they did. *Really!* Of all the inconsiderate things I have ever heard of. It makes absolutely no difference to them whether or not I am burned to a small crisp in this sun. Sure, what the hell! She's only our hostess. Let her sit in the sun and simmer till done, we'll just stop off and have a nice lunch at the Richmond airport. She won't mind a little ten hour wait. That is really just like them. They know perfectly well I might get sunstroke and die. It has happened. Sitting in this heat is really very dangerous and might easily prove fatal. Not that that would make one iota of difference to them. They are two of the most self-centered people I know. Self-satisfied, egotistical creatures. They don't give one merry damn for anybody in the world but themselves. Two of the most inconsiderate people I know. They decide they are hungry and they'll eat, even if the King himself were waiting for them. They know perfectly well I'll have to endanger my health by waiting here. Well, I'll certainly give them a piece of my mind. Peggy always was like that, even

WAITING AT THE AIRPORT

at school. She always had her own way. Little cat. She never put herself out to do anything for anyone else. And the year we came out she was simply insupportable. She was hours late at every party, just waiting to make an impressive entrance. She made an indescribable impression when she fell down the stairs at the Donaldson's. I have never enjoyed anything quite so much. And John. Whatever put it into his head that he could mean anything to me is beyond me. I never could stand him, always so impressed with his own humour. The way that old battle-ax Mrs. Williams used to push them was insufferable. All I can do is sit here while they drink gallons of iced tea and eat chicken sandwiches. I don't know why I ever asked them for this week-end, I suppose I felt it was my duty. I knew it wouldn't be any fun with two such thoughtless people. The whole thing was a great mistake and right bitterly am I paying for it. It will be awful.

"A telephone call? I knew it. Their bodies have been found. I'm going to faint, I know it. My very best and dearest friends. The only people who really meant anything to me. How'll I ever tell dear Mrs. Williams. Oh dear! Oh dear!

Hullo. Peggy? At the Longbeach port for two hours? Well, of course, darling, I'm at the Hillside port and have been for hours, simply hours. I really don't see how you ever got it in your head that . . .

Paul Gauguin—An Interpretation

By ROBERT ARTHUR

PERHAPS you have heard of Paul Gauguin. Perhaps you have read Maugham's *Moon and Sixpence*, or perhaps you have read the painter's own *Journals*. He led the sort of life that can still make the pages of *The American Weekly*, thirty years afterwards. Everyone knows that he was a Frenchman, a stockbroker in a modest way; that he had been a sailor in his youth; that he married a good woman of the bourgeoisie; that he deserted that good woman, went to Paris and began to paint; that he left Paris for Tahiti where he lived in sin and quiet, and painted more and weirder pictures. And it is generally admitted that he had genius.

There remains from all this fine press copy only one item worth following—Gauguin's reason for going to the South Seas. There all his best work was done; there his character was completed; there he found a symbolism which is his most striking artistic departure. Because of this symbolism his painting is called primitive, and because it is called primitive it is also called artificial. Artificial painting would not be great painting; if it is great the fault must be with Paris, the advanced, not with Tahiti, the primitive; but if it is bad only the painter is to blame. To decide, the art itself must be consulted.

Instead of leaning on Gauguin's *Journal* or on critical or biographical books about him, it seems better to consider some work of his, his best painting if one can be called best, for he must be judged in his own medium. That would be an analysis of a canvas cryptically entitled, "Where Do We Come From? What Are We? Where Are We Going?"; it is owned by the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston.

It is more than twice as long as it is high; it is, broadly, the color of golden flesh against varying cobalt colors—deep purple-red, violet, vermillion, and lake. Many figures stand or sit in a strange dark clearing in a tropical forest; their bodies, if they are young, glow with warm yellow light; overhead wind blue shadowy vines and trunks without foliage; far away the sea breaks in white combers, a long line, under a blue sky; and farther

PAUL GAUGUIN—AN INTERPRETATION

still are the high silent mountains of volcanic islands. A goddess carved in mottled stone stands placid and blank-faced, her arms upraised between the gestures of surprise and benediction. None of the humans notice her, they are busy with their own lives; birds with bright plumage play at her feet. Near her sits a beautiful golden-skinned girl. A crone whose skin is coarse and dark crouches next to the girl, afraid to look at youth, ashamed of age, and desolate in thoughts of death. A white bird sits at her feet. A child sucks some red fruit, and kittens play with his white dress. A strong golden figure, a matured man, reaches for some of this fruit; the sun shines full on his body. Beside him sit two women. They look at the child at their feet and are lost in thought. Behind them two robed figures pass murmuring together into the depths of the forest.

Here are people living lone lives, each in a world of his own, according to his age and his body. They live together as beings against the world, but as minds each rapt face shows a brain turned inward to itself; its thoughts, memories, and desires, its own. The trees, the earth, the sky, the sea are mysterious and not friendly; but the people do not turn to the image. They feed upon the gods within them and the life their bodies enjoy. This is not the life men lived in any golden age, nor the life they are living now,—it is the life men must come to live. It recognizes both the animal and the god; it lives with the past and the future in the present. It is Paul Gauguin's philosophy.

This is not primitive or savage; it is the basic and the rational. Paul Gauguin left Paris to find this.

REVIEWS

THE TROJAN HORSE, by CHRISTOPHER MORLEY. J. B. Lippincott, 248 pp. \$2.50

Reviewed by S. C. WITHERS, JR.

Mr. Morley has been dragged over several coals for ever writing "The Trojan Horse." It is, his critics say, a sin to bring an immortal story (which that of Troilus and Cressida indisputably is) down to the lowest common denominator of present day life and speech. Is nothing sacred? Must Chaucer's beautiful love story which we were brought up on . . . Shakespeare's charming satire be punctured with the ugly rents of today's high-speed shells, and poisoned by its gasses?

It is true that we cannot immediately accept the Morley treatment of the story. Directly after reading "The Trojan Horse" one reacts either by saying he does not approve, or by thinking a little about it. What he would say then is more nearly likely to be fair. Mr. Morley anticipated the disapproval by his apology in which he explains that the story is not of an age but for all time. To like "The Trojan Horse" is not to throw over the previous versions. They are of different worlds, and their characters speak different languages. What Mr. Morley has done is to bring the story to us as we understand it . . . in our own language, not as we read it in a tender translation.

Is the writer embittered? Perhaps . . . but, if so, he doesn't leave the reasons for his embitterment in the dark. They are there . . . with Pandarus a dabbler in stocks, Cassandra a bespectacled radical, and Cressida the "modern" faithless woman. With the fall of Troy a scoop for the newspaper, and the fighting described as a football game. Amid this clamor, though, the love of Troilus for Cressida is as deep as it ever was, and his grief at the knowledge of her desertion as profound.

The scene in the Greek tent of the Trojan Dr. Calchas in which Cressida opportunely accepts the proffered love of Diomedes gives us a flash of Morley's best technique. It is modern . . . and we accept it as such without the radio voice or machine-guns to help convince. After making up her mind to betray Troilus, Cressida prepared herself for the "date" calmly . . .

with the exception of one flash of anger at Diomedes' mention of his name. With that flash she quells the last spark of her conscience.

The poetry of the Morley version was claimed by some critics to be the only (if any) redeeming grace of the work. On the contrary, I believe the only excuse for the poetry is that for the most part it is good. That, however, is not enough to warrant its presence. If Mr. Morley wanted to give the blare of a high-speed Winchell to a story of high-speed today he should not fall back on cushioning verse. Perhaps a small item, but one that rubs the wrong way, is Mr. Morley's manifestation of his lowest form of humor. He refers to the fifty sons of Priam "by heck," or, he adds, "by Hecuba." Speaking politically he says, "The left is always so sinister" . . . He refers to Troilus and Cassandra as "the Priamese twins." The temptation to include these and other distracting puns should have been sternly resisted.

Haverfordians will be slightly surprised to find the Trojan version of "Waukie Wau" included. Sunday night supper at King Priam's home is the setting for a cry issuing from both the legitimate and the illegitimate sides of the hall that feeds fifty sons. "Sparta had a son, Sparta had a daughter . . ." down to "All King Priam's men, all ready for a tussle . . ."

It is a Morleyan epilogue that brings Cressida to the Elysian fields, where, on seeing both Troilus and Diomedes, she asks her guide, "Who are these men?"

If you are a Morley admirer, and can look honest disharmony in the eye, you will want to add this book to your library.

THORNTON WILDER'S "OUR TOWN," by HARRISON W. MOORE, JR.

The passage of life in a small country village, Grover Corners, N. H., is the medium which Thornton Wilder employs to depict the universal nature of life, love and death in his unusually staged play, "Our Town." This production at Henry Miller's Theatre in New York definitely shows that the imaginative powers of the audience can succeed, if given the opportunity, in creating a mental scene of as much, if not more, reality than can be achieved under the artificial stimulus of stage scenery. The absence of any scenery, save the barest indication of properties by means of chairs, and

effective pantomime on the part of the able cast, is not the only departure of the play.

The play actually begins before the house lights are dimmed. The stage manager walks upon a totally empty stage, in full view of the audience engaged in the usual pre-show small talk, and sets up the scene with chairs and tables. The unenlightened audience, which does not receive programs until after the first act, is completely bewildered and much intrigued by the actions of Frank Craven who takes the chief role of Stage Manager.

Upon the dimming of the house lights and the hush of the audience, the set is graphically painted in a few simple lines of description by the unaffected Mr. Craven. Thus the ineffectual crutches are done away with, giving imagination the fullest leeway.

Once introduced to "Our Town" in this unique fashion, the audience follows the train of everyday existence through "Life," "Love and Marriage," and "Death" presented in three acts, the last of which pictures a most moving concept of life after death.

This can be appreciated to its fullest extent only by actually witnessing the expression of Thornton Wilder's ideas as presented through the characters of Mrs. Gibbs and Emily Webb, ably portrayed by Evelyn Varden and Martha Scott, respectively.

Out of a beautifully simple setting, Mr. Wilder has created an affecting representation of daily existence through generations during which smoke has passed up the chimneys of countless homes in the same way it does at Grover Corners.

The various aspects of the town's history are presented whenever they seem to be necessary for a complete understanding of the situation at hand, by well chosen remarks by Mr. Craven, the stage manager. He introduces a professor "from a near-by university" who in an amusing manner throws a scientific light upon the development of "Our Town," and then answers various questions from the audience about the cultural and industrial progress of the village.

The first act closes, in a manner characteristic of the whole performance, with a statement by the stage manager to the effect that this is enough of a glimpse of "our town" for the present and that you may go out into the lobby and smoke, if you so desire.

REVIEWS

The course of the trials of youth serve as one theme of the play which Mr. Wilder develops by showing the difficulties of coping with parental admonitions at breakfast, algebra at school, a first expression of love and last minute dread of marriage at the doors of the church. In this last, the difficulties of breaking fond family ties for the formation of a new life together is presented with a glowing wholesomeness by the juvenile leads, Martha Scott and John Craven.

The play begins at the turn of the century, and covers a period of fifteen years in the lives of the families of the village doctor and the editor of the town newspaper. Mr. Wilder's deviation from the usual continuity of time, when he shows the scenes leading up to the marriage of his leading juvenile characters and then jumps back about four years to show the birth of the mutual love of the boy and girl, is very skillfully done.

The audience is no longer surprised to have the stage manager enter in the second act and transport them back in time to see events leading up to some climaxing action. In fact, this move is appreciated for its addition to the concreteness of the plot. Again, in the final act, a change of time is introduced in another distinct fashion. The scene of Emily Webb's burial, the youthful wife whose life and marriage have been the centers of the preceding acts, is climaxed by her entering the graveyard, which is personified by living actors sitting in death-like immobility. The reactions of the dead to the pitiful sorrows of the living present at the burial, and the depth of feeling of the young woman upon attempting to live over a day in her life, are really too moving to be described. Here, as before, the shift in time to the girl's youth after death is quite natural and easily accepted by the audience.

This experiment in the theatre, although totally different from Orson Welles' production of "Julius Caesar," is certainly as successful and points hopefully to a dramatic technique, the effectiveness of which is just beginning to be appreciated by both producer and audience.

"Our Town" heralds the rebirth of imaginative realism long missing from the drama of recent decades, in a manner which promises a deeper appreciation of character development and content of the author's lines on the part of the audience.

Let us hope that this freedom from encumbering attempts at staged realism will find a more definite place in future dramatic endeavor.

THE TURNING WHEELS, by STUART CLOETE

Reviewed by CONGDON WOOD

The famous trek to the north of the Boers in 1836 has provided new and fascinating material for the novelist, particularly such a one as Stuart Cloete, an adventurous and forceful personality himself, who has lived among the descendants of these people and knows their turbulent history well. This inexorable march from the infringements of the British, with its personal feuds and infatuations, and its struggles with the strange, savage environment has moved him to write a story which he throws at you with all the intensity of his dominating character, Hendrik van der Berg. Yet nothing would be more unfair than an accusation of crudity, for a high degree of artistic skill is manifest.

The Turning Wheels may be looked upon as an epic saga—an oppressed people searching out a new home—pioneer spirit and all that. On the merits of this alone the book is a best seller. Or, one might consider the exciting narrative as but a background for the personal tribulations of Hendrik, who believes it his duty to mankind to produce offspring in his own image as frequently as is practicable for as long as possible. The recurrence of this theme of sexual virility and the imperative need for its outlet strikes an odd and discordant note which is heard as much more than a “still small voice” throughout the book.

For a concrete basis of enjoyment and value, however, we must look to character portrayal. Of Hendrik, leader of the flock, enough has been said. Tante de Jong, overly extolled by most reviewers, is definitely not a nice person. She has been created as a convenient foil to the central characters, whose destinies she does her best to shape to her own selfish ends. Zwart Piete, the wandering hunter, is a likeable and solid hero. Sannie, Hendrik's young wife, should win any reader's sympathy. There is an aged Kafir witch-doctor called Rinkals—a crafty rogue—who is simply delightful. The point to be emphasized is that all these, and others, are *people*; some attract, some repel. But they are *real*.

Reactions to *The Turning Wheels* are never half-hearted. One either thoroughly admires or shudderingly condemns it. Those in the latter class are unfortunate. Those in the former will find their imaginations goaded on all sides, and will drink their fill of a glorious romantic tale, the like of which has not been seen in many a day.

CINEMA

Inside Nazi Germany

WILLIAM S. KINNEY

The latest issue of the *March of Time*, "Inside Nazi Germany, 1938," is important as history, as propaganda, and as cinema. As history, it offers an unusual account of German life and manners; as propaganda, it is most effective because of its comparative lack of sensation; as cinema, it is an outstanding example of the newly discovered art of the documentary film.

The stereotype of the average American's opinion of Germany seems to be that it is a land bristling with soldiers ready at the slightest opportunity to charge wildly into any other European country; that it is a land overrun with idiotic notions about the non-Fascist states; that its home life and its normal routine are almost nonexistent. Any such ideas are immediately blasted for those who see this picture. Its opening scenes concern just that daily routine, that home life of the normal citizen who is so rarely spoken of, and it makes a rigorous effort to instill the thought that these people are as outwardly happy as the people of America, and inwardly perhaps a good deal more contented. There is, further, an exposition of some of the inevitable cruelties committed by a Fascist state, an essay on the army life, a prophecy about its colonial ambitions, an exposé of the great propaganda machine, and the development of the theme that the life, the thoughts, and the attitudes of every German are rigorously controlled from the minute that he is able to speak.

The picture's great virtue is that it comes closer to impartiality in dealing with a highly emotionalized phenomenon than has any other work accessible to the whole of the American people. It is so impartial, in fact, that a great storm of controversy has arisen over it wherever it has been shown. Several "patriotic" groups in New York State and a few individuals in the public eye have condemned it as pro-Fascist propaganda and have sought to have it removed from circulation. The storm reached Philadelphia and so frightened the Warner brothers, who own every first run theatre in the city save the Europa, that they forfeited their rights to it and allowed it to have its first showings in the News theatres, where it broke all box-office records.

But all of this does not mean, however, that it is completely objective. Its most glaring mistake seemed to me to be its insistence that there is no

liberty of individual thought in the country. There undoubtedly must be dissatisfied elements in the population, estimates placing their number at approximately 25 per cent of the total; and there is a secret newspaper reputedly circulating throughout the entire country, violently opposed to the Hitler regime. And, more than that, there must be some liberty of thought. No matter how great a barrage of newspapers, movies, placards, and books are thrown at the population, the thinking elements will not be so stupid as to believe everything which is said. True, many authors, including the great Thomas Mann, have been exiled, as well as a number of other leaders engaged in moulding public thought, but nonetheless this can mean no more than a diminution in the calibre of intellectual life, not its extinction.

This, and a few other minor inconsistencies, are, however, relatively unimportant in determining the picture's comparative merits. It does bring us closer to the goal of understanding, and at the same time its undertones make us quite well realize the reasons for Fascist success, as well as the fact that, as a system of government, it is utterly repellent to American thought. Hitler is a genius in the art of making the populace jovial and contented; he does it directly by forcing all employers to grant annual two-week vacations to their employees and arranging trips for them, largely financed by the central government. He does it directly by making them understand that they are a great people, by bringing to them the ideal of nationalism as a bright and glowing and powerful thing. And he does it, indirectly, by ceaselessly pouring into their ears the refrain that they are better off than the people in other lands. An isolated paragraph in Roosevelt's Chicago campaign speech, for instance, is interpreted to mean that one-third of the people in this country are without homes, without clothing, and without food—and he spreads that knowledge on the front page of every German newspaper.

The film also brings to vivid reality the underlying evils of the whole system. While I have claimed that its depiction of complete regimentation must be false, it yet leaves no room for doubting that such a process has reached terrifying proportions, that the centralization has been so complete that it must inevitably bring about moral and intellectual stultification; and that the country is living under a harsh and an essentially false ideal. Its sum total is revulsion, but a revulsion based partially on an objective viewing of facts, and not wholly upon emotional condemnation of specific governmental policies. It is, in other words, a step in the right direction.

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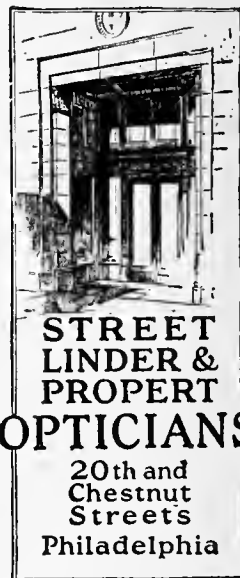
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Editorial

The Case For Mr. McCawley

THE HAVERFORDIAN has infrequently been used as a vehicle for thrashing out the various problems which inevitably confront an undergraduate body. We do not intend to use it as such in the future. However, it does seem to us only fair that, at the present time, someone should point out to the students certain arguments in favor of Mr. McCawley, arguments which were not advanced at all before the recent student vote on a college book-store. Those members of the undergraduate body who were not here three years ago when the issue was first raised are, for the most part, totally unaware that there are ethical and practical considerations which weigh heavily against a college book agency. They can scarcely be blamed for this ignorance, for they certainly were given little or no intimation that such arguments did exist. They have little or no idea of Mr. McCawley's position, the time he has devoted to the textbook business and its value to him. We feel very definitely that these facts should be made known to the students and that the students, having assimilated the facts, should be given an opportunity to revote on the issue. We do not consider that the first vote was fair, when the three lower classes had not the slightest notion that McCawley's was entitled to some consideration. The revote would either relieve the Faculty Committee, in whose hands the matter now rests, or it would indicate to them that the students, having carefully considered both sides of the question, still wanted the book-store in the hands of a college agency.

In the first place, there is the question of unfairness. Nine years ago, when the financial position of the Co-operative Store was so precarious that it could no longer secure the credit necessary to finance the sale of books, certain members of the Faculty asked Mr. McCawley to relieve the situation by assuming the financial burden and the *very considerable* labor involved in handling the college book agency. He accepted this burden and by means of his credit and his experience has rendered satisfactory service where the store did not. During the past years he has changed his original loss into a slight gain, effecting this by spending much time and effort on the slip

system, which has finally been perfected. The Co-operative now proposes to capitalize on the time and effort of Mr. McCawley and to take over the business. There is little criticism of Mr. McCawley's efficiency, the purpose is merely to take over his profits. After his having taken over the agency at the original request of the college, there seems to be a certain measure of unfairness in taking it back so long as he has done a good job. Very few are inclined to say that he has not done a good job.

Secondly, we should consider how dependent he is on the college business. The text book business is more important as a source of capital than as a source of profit, for the fact that a fairly large amount of money comes into the store in the early fall permits him to lay in a stock of new books and to provide a normal turnover of stock. The withdrawal of this capital, added to the losses already sustained by his store during the depression years, would suffice to endanger seriously its existence.

We have listed above what we consider the two most important arguments in favor of Mr. McCawley. To these we can add certain facts of a less tangible and, perhaps, a less weighty nature. They advertise as much as possible in all the undergraduate publications. Mr. McCawley has assisted, wherever possible, undergraduate enterprises, he has provided a substantial prize in books to be awarded annually. (The present senior class saw the formation of the Logan Pearsall Smith Prize and remembers Christopher Morley's article "Eumenides of Book Collecting" in which he mentions the value of a book-store in the community and in which he refers to McCawley's.) By going to McCawley's, students who otherwise might never see the inside of a book-store are exposed to a variety of books on all subjects. The atmosphere is congenial and browsing is encouraged. His store is a very decided convenience and source of interest to the many Haverfordians interested in books and literature.

To these undeniable advantages Mr. McCawley now feels able to add two more. First, he is willing to employ in his store, on a part-time basis, a campus representative, who will be amply reimbursed for his work. This would equal, or almost equal, the much-talked-of scholarship which has been such a factor in the arguments for a college agency. The second offer of Mr. McCawley was to take rooms on the campus during the early weeks of college and again in early February so that the poor overworked students would not have to tax their tired bodies with the long trek to the book-store. We regret, of course, that he felt obligated to take such a step, for we do not

believe that his hardship has, as yet, become unbearable to the greater part of the undergraduate body.

In addition to these arguments there are certain definite arguments against the proposed college agency.

The amount of work involved would, during the months of October and February, be perfectly tremendous. One has only to look at the invoices of Mr. McCawley and his staff for the last week of September of this year to see how very much time and effort is demanded. Many collective and individual orders to various publishing houses must go out every day. A skilled typist is practically prerequisite. We scarcely think it possible that a group of students, totally unskilled in this type of work, could handle this work even adequately during these rush periods, and these two periods are the only ones of real importance. The staff would be, probably, the last to maintain that they would make no blunders. We must remember that, in the past, these blunders amounted to a large deficit—a deficit due largely to blunders in respect to the sale of books. Assuming that there are now people in College capable of coping with this difficult business, have we any assurance at all that there will be such capable people in the future? There have not been in the past, why should there be in the future?

Furthermore, there is a staggering amount of bookkeeping involved, books of accounts closed and open with the publisher, books of charges, books which, we believe, could be handled only by a trained accountant. If any college student is able to keep a set of double entry books, he would be hard-pressed for time to put the invaluable knowledge into practice. It seems highly dubious to us that the small profit which the college agency would make (after reference books had been purchased, "transportation" paid, salaries paid, stationery and ledgers had been purchased) would warrant the risk of their failure—and another failure would, this time, be particularly disastrous for we do not believe that Mr. McCawley would be over-eager to help out an unsuccessful college agency a second time.

Another argument which has been advanced for the college agency is that it would be a true Co-operative movement. Although we do not clearly understand the whole Co-operative theory, we are inclined to believe that a Co-operative movement which accepts its room, its heat, its lighting from a benign college is not a true Co-operative. And it must be remembered that the Co-operative societies of the larger universities (whose amazing profits we hear so much about) sell furniture, clothing and, now and again, an

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automobile. It is to be doubted that they derive any great profit from their text-book department. Book-selling is a notoriously unremunerative trade.

Another argument of the agency is that the money made would be used as a scholarship. But it is impossible to know whether the one or two people who have both the ability and the time to handle the agency would be in actual need of financial assistance. We would be willing to provide a worthy Haverfordian with a scholarship, but we would definitely not care to provide a fellow-student with tidy pocket money at the expense of a local merchant. We do not believe that the college agency is worth the risk, for it would only provide the students in general with a negligible saving or a potential assessment.

We think that, in the light of the above arguments, the student body should reconsider its somewhat hasty decision on this issue and we demand that they be given an opportunity to vote again and express any change of sentiment which a more thorough presentation of the facts may effect.

W. H. R.

Eugene Delacroix

ROBERT ARTHUR

FIRST the ikon-breaker is hated (nobody had ever thought before that ikons weren't the very latest); then the ikons are hated (they weren't so fine after all, and this new age of ours needs new forms for itself), and the destroyer is accepted and praised; but after a while when the antiquarians have shown us that some of the ikons were quite good (it was really only the priests we were tired of anyhow) we think: these new things may be all very well but for me—Well, I always have seen something in the good old stuff; so the poor ikonoclast is out in the cold and icy at last; but years later his revival comes, too (and we say: really, my dear, did you ever see such things, and to think how all these years . . .).

Delacroix is in about the same plight as the waltz. We know they're nice (they're so lovely, dear; I just love them. It makes my heart go up and down, oh, . . .); but who will dance to a waltz? And D. is very great, like Byron, you know (he even looked like Byron; they were men). The line at the Louvre has dozens of them, France (the Beaux Arts) approves, and nobody cares. In all that whirling cycle that catches great men and spins them in and out of the sun, some men fly off (are they too light?) in darkness, and some are flung at the sun and burned in their brightness, and some land on the earth like a happier Phaeton, black but radiant; and famous. I suppose the great man of Flanders has alighted in glory (you can buy Rembrandt's etchings, complete for a dollar ninety-eight; and modern Germans worship Rubens). El Greco and Goya are in the periphery of bliss and they will be with us soon (they are recognized in *Life*; Henry Clay Frick owned one of each). But poor Eugene.

(*Life is real, life is earnest,*
And the grave is not. . . .)

Remember the glorious days. The Salon of 1822—the *Dante and Vergil*, that delicious sensation, the old men frightened and disdainful; how the world of Paris felt the crowding surge of something new, fumbling pressure of genius and youth. Napoleon was really dead at last; Gros and David, the court painters were being laid to rest; and from their tombs the long perfect shadow of the new academic school, Ingres, the flawless, the second Andrea del Sarto, issued like the plague. (The Grenadiers were growing old, Prussia and Italy were beginning—it would be a long road yet,—1848, the barricades and Victor Hugo, and Charles Baudelaire had not come

yet.) (Away behind was the old revolution; the court before it; Fragonard, Greuze, Chardin, and Watteau.)

A year and Gericault was dead. Who was Delacroix's first self, who taught him,—a Delacroix and a Gericault side by side (not the master's silvery horses, his people instead) and who can tell? And this year Eugene wrote in his *Journal*: "Think of Michael Angelo. Feed yourself on grand and severe ideas of beauty which feed the soul. Seek solitude." This year he worked on the *Scio* (study by study, picture by picture) blending figures and colors, men and horses, and the sun. And in a day he would repaint it (at the Salon he saw Constable for the first time—he saw light moving and vibrating).

Growing until his age was in parallel with him; they read Byron, Vergil and Ovid together, they went to the opera, and to the salons where there was conversation. They knew Balzac and Hugo, Chopin and Baudelaire (*Les Fleurs du Mal*, well really, my dear—*C'était un monstre!*), and Gautier and George Sand.

In 1832 he had gone to Morocco. Unforgettable, light and color, sound and stench—dark skins, black hair, tile, plaster, sand, and sun (" . . . the contrast between the yellow and dry bamboo with the verdure of the rest. The mountains more nearly a brown green, dotted with blackish dwarfed shrubs. Huts. The scene of the fighting horses. From the start they stood up and fought . . . "). ("The almond trees in flower. The lilacs of Persia, big tree. The beautiful white horse under the orange trees. Interior of the court of the little house. When we came out, the black and yellow orange trees across the door of the little court . . . the white house in the shadow amidst the dark orange trees. The horse through the trees".)

How he battled with Ingres! Two giants of France, the Parthenon and the Turkish shell.

Some years and Renoir would call Delacroix the greatest artist of the French school, and later Elie Faure would write, ". . . of all the musicians at painting, he is perhaps the most complex and the most poignant. He often causes one to think of Beethoven, often of Wagner . . ."

He wrote, "What is most real to me are the illusions which I create in paint."

(Yes dear, I suppose it is great. My feet,—this eternal walking. Oh, I hate the Louvre. All this hazy mythology, those horrid greens. And this one, Oh,—really and Reinach says . . .)

Summer Sun

By MELVIN STEWART-GORDON

EDITOR'S NOTE—The author of this story has never been to New York. The first fourteen years of his life were spent as batboy for the Masslon Ohio Tiger Cats. His intimate knowledge of barrooms and men in general, was gained from a full hour in Grauer's root beer gardens over a double dip root-beer flip. The author is however further indebted for his technical information to reading too many magazines.

I CAME in Mannie's by the back door.
Hello Mannie, I said.

Mannie didn't say anything he just stood there. After a while he took out his penknife and stuck it into his leg.

Hurt? I asked.

Let's have a beer he replied. He turned to go through the door. I hit him on the back of the head with a lead pipe wrapped in last Saturday's *Herald Tribune*.

Geeze, he said.

Mannie, I said, I'm going to pull a job, he said, yeah? and looked as though he had swallowed ten shots and they were going off inside of him. What's the matter I asked? Mannie took out his gun and shot an old wire-haired terrier that was hanging around.

Nothing, he answered.

We went into the barroom and Mannie drew a couple of beers. The waitress came up to where I was standing I moved further down the bar.

What's the time, she sneered. I looked like I was reading and couldn't hear.

Mannie came back with the beer. What did the Dodgers do today, he cracked. None of your damned business she snarled. Mannie nailed her with a long right.

Somewhere outside, three old bums were stabbing one another. Up in the Bronx a woman named Mrs. Ginzburg was ordering a quart of milk over the phone. Down in his sumptuous suite in Wall Street J. Anton Sgarfwrite

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smiled softly at Mrs. F. Hamilton Gutormson. Things were getting to the breaking point. Mannie turned around and looked like a cat. Try it again I urged. I got a friend who's a booking agent. Mannie gave a short cough and kicked me in the shins. I turned back to my beer—

A man in a tight overcoat and a derby came in carrying a harp. He put the harp on the floor and took out some cocaine. Mannie walked over to him and sat down. They looked at one another then Mannie got up and walked into the other room. The man in the chesterfield pinched the waitress. She pinched him back. This went on for five minutes. My goodness was all I could think, how can they do this? Mannie came back and shot the guy in the chesterfield. We carried him outside and left him in an abandoned hat-box. Well, I said. I got to get going. Mannie didn't look up. He just sat there with great lines etched in his face. I stepped over and etched another in it. It looked good. The waitress came back and we both licked our lips. Geeze, said Mannie, and looked casual; guess I'll go out and get a World Telly. I didn't hear him; I was watching the thin figure of old Gimpy come in the door. Gimpy hobbled over and stabbed Mannie. Geeze said Mannie. I looked at Gimpy and he looked at me. Then I swung. I could feel my fist go through his jaw like cellophane. Then he socked me. We stood there slugging. A few customers wandered over and watched us; then they drifted away. My breath was coming in sobbing gasps. Finally I came up closer and knifed him. Then I went out by the back door.

Next week the drought broke and it rained.

The Lighthouse Keeper's Daughter or Why The Light Shone Not That Night

By WILLIAM H. REAVES

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Little Nell—Good, but with definite ideas of her own
Nell's Father—A fine man with high ideals. He'll learn
Stuyvesant Farthingsdale Deersnort—A Villain
James Uprandish—A hero

The scene is laid in, of all places, a lighthouse. It is, needless to say, a very dark and very stormy night. The wind is whistling as in a strong gale, the waves are doing whatever waves do do when a storm is in the progress, they are, in a word, being mountainous. Lightning appears quite erratically now and again. Many lives depend on that slender beam of light which may soon radiate from the lighthouse. As the curtain rises we find the scene is in the lightroom itself. It is in semi-darkness. Winding stairs wind at the back of the stage. Up the winding stairs wind little Nell and her old man. His step is a heavy one and, often, he pauses to rub his sore leg (or legs). From a bottle which he carries in his right hand he takes a generous pull. Purely, of course, for medicinal purposes. In his left hand he carries a candle. Following closely on his heels, (we speak figuratively of course) comes little Nell, the lighthouse keeper's daughter. Her step is skittish and she pauses as often as her father (a necessary gesture for the stairway is too narrow to permit passing), and places her hand on her heaving bosom and breathes oh! ever so rapidly. As she and her father enter the stage a gentle aroma of alcohol is wafted to the eager noses of the audience (if, indeed, such an aroma is not already present).

LITTLE NELL: Father dear, how's about another swig?

FATHER: Nellie, gal, you've had enough to cure double pneumonia. (He chuckles at his own ready wit.)

LITTLE NELL: Aw come on, Father dear. I've oh! such a cough. (Nellie coughs extensively to win her point.) Besides, we haven't killed the third quart yet.

THE LIGHTHOUSE KEEPER'S DAUGHTER

FATHER (*Sighs heavily as someone persuaded against his will*): O. K. Nell.

(*He throws her a half-filled gin bottle from which Little Nell takes a very large drink.*)

LITTLE NELL: Yeah man. I really needed that.

FATHER (*Also helping himself to a liberal amount of the gin*): It'd be sorta fun not to light that light tonight, wouldn't it, little Nell? (*He says this with a wistful expression on his kindly debauched face.*)

LITTLE NELL (*She is immensely impressed with this idea. Obviously it is one of the best the old man has had in a helluva long time.*): Not bad, old dear. Not half bad for one going on ninety-three. Let's forget to light it.

FATHER (*Weakening*): They might fire me, little Nell, and then we wouldn't have any more money to buy gin.

NELLIE (*There is a momentary struggle within her. But even the delightful fun of seeing all those nice big ships sloshing around helplessly in the storm-ridden sea succumbs to her healthy, robust love of the bottle. Dispiritedly*): O. K. Pa.

(*Pa sets about lighting the light.*)

(*Suddenly there is heard a stealthy step on the stairs. It is a sneaky, snakey step. There is no mistaking this step. It is Stuyvesant! He enters, dressed in a long cape, great long mustaches curling all around his face. He is the perfect picture of just what he is. A villain! He is greeted with jeers and hisses from the audience. Nell, on the other hand, behaves in a most extraordinary way. Instead of shrinking from this born evil-doer and cowering behind her father, she rushes to him and embraces him fondly.*)

STUYV (*Gently disengaging himself*): Hi Nellie dear.

NELLIE: Oh Stuyv! (*This "oh" is a passionate affair, a combination of Lady Macbeth's and Cleopatra's "oh's."*)

STUYV: HYah Pa.

PA (*Scowling. Pa knows a bad'un when he sees it*): You just leave me and Nellie be. We get along without you.

STUYV: O.K., O.K. Give me a shot of gin, Nellie dear. There are a lot of those damned steps. You look swell kid.

NELLIE (*Inconsequently*): I asked Pa to have an elevator put in.

PA (*Piqued*): I can walk up them. So can you.

THE HAVERFORDIAN

STUYV: Nellie, how's about you and me going for a row?

NELLIE (*Reluctantly*): The ocean's rough and there's no moon.

STUYV (*Struck by an idea. An infrequent occurrence with this creature*):
The light will be on in a few minutes.

NELLIE: Oh Stuyv. You're so clever. That will be the moon, (*quickly*)
and we'll take the gin.

PA: There will be no rowing tonight. You leave my daughter be, you cad.

NELLIE: Oh don't be a heel, Pa—

STUYV (*Dangerous when thwarted*): None of your lip, you old turnip.
(*He and Pa engage in a bout of fisticuffs. Soon the battle is raging furiously and bloodily. They fight all over the place. Pa is game for his years, but he is weakening.*)

NELLIE (*Lighting a cigarette*): Hey, you guys, don't knock over the gin, for the love of Pete.
(*Stuyv wearies of the fun and throws Pa out of the window.*)

NELLIE (*Upset*): Did you *have* to use all the strong arm stuff, Stuyv? Now I haven't got a Pa and who will protect my honor. Besides I rather liked the old guy. Furthermore he probably landed on the rocks and made an awful mess.
(*But we who know all, know that Pa didn't land on the rocks. He was caught in a fishnet and is just as safe as possible. Pa has lived a good life.*)

STUYV: It's too rough to row now, Little Nell, what the hell will we do?

NELL: Pa said something about not lighting the light and then watching the ships crack up.

STUYV (*He is visibly impressed by this idea. The more he toys with it, the more he likes it*): That's swell.
(*He and Nellie joyfully drink some gin and then extinguish the light with the remainder. The room is left in semi-darkness. Stuyv and Nellie have retired to the rear of the room where they are hanging out the window, patiently waiting for the first ship to crack up. It soon does. An ear-splitting crash is heard. The air is rent with screams.*)

NELL (*Ecstatically*): There's one. It was a whopper, too.

STUYV (*With same enthusiasm*): Look at it go down. Look at all those people floundering around. Gosh, they're really drowning.

THE LIGHTHOUSE KEEPER'S DAUGHTER

NELL (*Enraptured*): Look. LOOK, Stuyv, there are some people beating against the rocks . . . Oh Stuyv, it's wonderful.

(*As Nellie and Stuyv stare with rapt attention at the spectacle which they themselves have brought about with their own little hands, another step is heard. Nellie and Stuyv do not hear it, as another ship has come in sight and they wait breathlessly, hand in hand, for it to crack up. This new step is the fine, firm, fearless step of one who has lived right and knows it. There is nothing weak about this tread. James Upstandish enters. He is a fine looking specimen. He is lean, lithe, hard, brown, burned bronze. His hair is curly, his eyes are robins' egg blue. He, in a word, is stalwart. He is also a born hero.*)

JAMES (*Bravely*): Have no fear, Little Nell, I will save you.

LITTLE NELL (*Petulantly*): What the hell?

STUYV (*Faintly annoyed at having his fun interfered with, but resigned when he sees it is only James*): Oh never mind, little Nell, it's only good old James with his persecution complex.

JAMES (*Repeats, rather needlessly*): I'll save you, little Nell.

(*He turns furiously on Stuyv.*) You CUR.

NELLIE (*Resigned too*): Drunk as a lord. You really oughtn't to drink so much, James.

JAMES (*Reproachfully*): Nellie, you know I never have more than a couple of snorts.

NELLIE: Well, you look tight as a tick. Furthermore, I wish you would go far away. Stuyv and I were just beginning to enjoy ourselves.

JAMES (*Faintly surprised*): But don't you want to be saved, little Nell?

NELLIE (*Absent-mindedly, for she has once again turned to the window and is enraptured with a new shipwreck. She claps her hands in childish glee*): No.

JAMES: Ah woe is me. (*Casts self out the window.*)

NELLIE (*Turns around, puzzled*): Where did James go, Stuyv?

STUYV: I think he jumped. I seemed to have heard a dull, very dull, thud somewhere.

NELLIE: Stuyv, Alone at last!

STUYV: My own little Nell.

(*They embrace fondly, but only for a minute for another boat has gone against the rocks and the screams and moans of new victims attract their immediate attention.*)

THE CURTAIN SLOWLY FALLS

In Which Mr. B. and Mr. L. Air Their Views

By SAMUEL C. WITHERS

I. SAID MR. B.

"I can not believe in God"
said Mr. B.
complacently.
"I can not," said he,
"because, you see,
I being me,
constitutionally
would not agree
with deity."

II. SAID MR. L.

"I can not tolerate"
said Mr. L.,
"The nasty smell
of those who sell
the notion of Hell
or heaven as well;
and who foretell
with righteous yell
that at the knell
*I'll go to ———.**

* Censored.

The Theater of Tomorrow

By W. H. HAY, II

THE theater is buried at the end of each season nowadays. A stock complaint is that no good actors or playwrights are trained any more, because they can make money in Hollywood for inferior work and are given no chance there to develop. The most gloomy say that the theater is an upper middle-class amusement and must soon die out. That that is not so may be seen from the vitality of the Russian theater and of the Garment Worker's Union experiment in New York this season. But the New York professional theater is wasting time, money, and talent by its unstable nature. A cast is collected and learns to work together either to be scattered by an early closing or to go through the same routine night after night. The actors find it hard to have to play the same parts each night, sometimes, for as long as a year. They feel themselves growing stale, yet dare not quit because of the difficulty of finding another job. A playwright has trouble in finding a producer for his manuscript and rarely is sure of a sympathetic staging. There is lost time for designers and stagehands because of the lack of the coordination of productions that would be found in a repertory theater. There is a real need for a large repertory theater in this country to give actors, playwrights, and designers freedom for their talents.

For years the desire for a national repertory theater has been evident and some have tried to fulfill it. For a while Eva Le Gallienne tried something of the sort, but she did not have a large group about her. The Theater Guild has a more or less permanent company of actors and designers, but no longer has the life of its early days when it had just graduated from being the Washington Square Players and had become part of the professional theater.

England is in much the same position as this country. It has no national theater, although the question has been discussed for years. London like New York, has come to be the principal and almost only theatrical city, except for amateur theaters. In France the government support of the Théâtre Français does not even pay the taxes, but the theater has a permanent home, a permanent company of actors, and the reputation of supplying the best French drama of the past, keeping it a live heritage. In Finland the government grants a subsidy to a repertory theater which has shown ability

and has maintained itself for a year. In most monarchies there is a royal theater supported by the king which produces recognized classics.

In this country there are many amateur little theaters which revive all sorts of plays, and at different times experimental groups, such as the famous Provincetown Theater are formed. There are several university experimental theaters, and of course the professional theater. But all of these are either limited in equipment and talent or are impermanent in organization. What is needed is an organization similar to the Theater Guild, having a Board of Directors, selected from actors, directors, authors, and designers, who would choose and supervise productions. It would revive great plays from the past as well as presenting worthwhile contemporary plays. By having a repertory it would avoid sterility of imagination and would have a freshness not now possible. It should make frequent tours about the country. It would be profitable to them, judging from the experiment of the Repertory Playhouse of Seattle which sent a troupe about the State of Washington and played to 35,000 people in a few months.

Burgess Meredith, who has played the lead in several of Maxwell Anderson's plays, while playing in *High Tor* with Peggy Ashcroft, organized the cast of the play to rehearse other plays in the mornings to keep from getting stale. Maurice Evans played one performance of *Henry IV* in Philadelphia last month using the same cast as for *Richard II*. They are rehearsed during the regular run in New York. He expressed himself as being very eager for a repertory theater. There are many other fine actors who are conscious of this need, would welcome a repertory theater, and would offer their services to it. Experimental groups have shown that there is a considerable audience for good revivals and good new plays, not only in New York, but everywhere. Perhaps fewer people today see stage plays, but many more have been introduced to drama by moving pictures. They attended the productions of the Federal Theater projects in considerable numbers. There seem to be all the necessary elements ready, actors who want to act in repertory, and an audience that could attend good plays at the price made possible by the economies of the repertory system, so it seems necessary that the next years will see the establishment and growth of a national repertory theater which would undoubtedly have a vitalizing effect on the stage.

Gloria Morgan's Secret

By DAVID R. WILSON

"A really truly interview with the girl whose beauty and glamor have thrilled millions"

YOU all know Gloria Morgan. She's that gorgeous blonde thing you've seen trailing diaphanously across the silver screen in such recent four-star hits as "Passionless Passion," "Love Steps High," and "Passion's Pilgrims." You might think from all this that Gloria Morgan would be a worldly girl, pursued by all the great lovers of Hollywood. Well, she's not. The first thing you realize about little Gloria is that she's simple and kindly. It is well known that she gives ninety per cent of her salary to a home for starving movie stars.

As your correspondent came up the sweeping drive that leads up to her sweet little bungalow in Beverly Hills, a reproduction of the Petit Trianon with here and there touches of the Houses of Parliament, he realized that this simple little setting somehow reflected her simple but broad personality. It was all so natural and so modest. Simplicity is characteristic of Gloria.

I had sat in the charming glass drawing-room, lit only by charming little Klieg lights in pink shades and with wall paper studded by sequins, only three days when she garaciously consented to see me.

She came in gracefully and quietly, handing over the four Russian wolfhounds to a flunkey, but she insisted on holding her pet parakeet, to which she is devoted with a childlike attachment, on her shoulder while she talked. She confided that her greatest weaknesses are pets and chocolate sodas. Even her tastes are simple. We chatted for a while about birds and dogs and chocolate sodas. She loves nature too, she said. I hated to ask her to talk about her private life because I know what a hard life she has had, but I knew how interested you all are in her struggle and I persuaded her to let me have a few details. She talked reluctantly but simply. Gloria's success is the product of hard work and brains. That's all there is to it, she says, hard work and using your brains. She does not believe in luck, any more than she believes in showy luxury. Sex appeal to her is vulgar, and she doesn't

hesitate to say so. Then she rang a bell and tea was brought in—she herself says that tea doesn't agree with her, so she had a chocolate soda brought in on a beautiful platinum tray, a present from one of her admiring directors.

"But Gloria," I said, "How did you happen to come to Hollywood?"

"I don't suppose I had any real idea of becoming an actress," she replied, "when I came out to California. I just like sunshine and oranges, I guess. But seriously, I thought I was just an ordinary American high school girl. The first thing I knew I was a movie star, and, well, here I am. Isn't it fun?"

That's her story, folks. Could anything be sweeter? It just shows what hard work and brains can do for a simple, talented girl in this land of opportunity if she wants to get ahead. Lots of people nowadays talk depression and sour grapes all the time instead of getting out and doing something. But Gloria went ahead and became such a success that her name is now a household word. When you see Gloria Morgan again on the screen just remember that she's a typical American girl who had the courage to stick it out. Simplicity is characteristic of her.

REVIEWS

By L. CROSBY LEWIS, JR.

In the midst of the modern trend towards inordinate length in the novel, it is a pleasure to find a writer who appreciates the principle of limitation and has the ability to use it. Brevity and compactness have proved treacherous tools for the modern writer. His material cannot be sufficiently simplified, and he has often found to his cost that chaos is ill-defined in even a million words. Edwin Lanham, in *Another Ophelia*, however, has managed to say his piece in a mere two hundred and fifty pages, and say it uncommonly well.

The story is the story of Julie, told first through her mother's eyes, then her own and finally her father's. The setting is in the Vermont village of Dorchester, where Julie's father keeps a soda fountain and pool parlor. Seventeen years before the story opens, Julie underwent a brutal physical experience, and now at the age of thirty-seven she is wandering in the same make-believe world of fancy, flecked with lust, as her Shakespearian prototype. Her tragedy, however, is much more poignant than Ophelia's because of validity of her psychological experience and because of the familiarity of the characters that she plays against. Her parents are throughout trying continually to keep her from any contact that might reawaken her old memories and break down the little stability that she has acquired. They are, unsuccessful, but the final struggle springs from a lie of Julie's that she is with child. This lie serves as the author's device to arouse in Julie's parents their fear and horror of notoriety born of past experience, and each reacts in true fashion: the mother collapses under the new blow, while the father, filled with a deep hatred for the man that he suspects has seduced his daughter, tries to avenge her.

It is unfortunate that Mr. Lanham chose to unravel his story through the so-called stream of consciousness method. As I have said above, Julie's is poignant story, but told through her eyes it is shrouded in vagueness and only rises to truth in its reaction on her parents. In the final analysis, therefore, it is more their tragedy than hers. This, I submit, is the fundamental fault with this style of writing. By revealing his characters in this manner, the author denies to the reader the right to criticize. For, if he is accused

of faulty characterization, he can retreat behind the figments of imagination out of which he has woven his characters, and few readers are acute enough psychologists to attack him. It is not, after all, the thousand upon thousand vagrant thoughts wandering through our minds that constitute personality but the expression we give to series of them.

There is one general criticism that can be made of the author's method. Although he dropped several enigmatic hints, he failed to reveal the true cause of Julie's madness until late in the book. The result is that the average reader in attempting to make sense of the section that is told by Julie in the middle of the story, attempts to reconstruct the story for himself. The possibility of error in this makes for the discoloration of several characters in the reader's mind.

YOUNG HENRY OF NAVARRE by HEINRICH MANN

Reviewed by L. CROSBY LEWIS, JR.

While it is undoubtedly a matter of considerable pride to Heinrich Mann that he is the brother of the man generally thought to be the greatest living novelist, the inevitable comparison that ensues is unfortunate for him. The very qualities that contribute to Thomas Mann's stature are the greatest weakness of his brother Heinrich. The adept use of symbolism becomes in the hand of the former a subtle but tremendously declarative method of characterization; in the hands of the latter it is a vague and awkward literary *tour-de-force* that is never quite successful. The ability of the former to enliven the past and to make its problems seem modern demands a facility that is lacking in Heinrich's striving. Despite these and other faults, "Young Henry of Navarre" is an historical novel of great power and interest.

As the title indicates, the story only takes up Henry's youth and early maturity. The narrative runs from his boyhood in Navarre in the shadow of the Pyrenees to the battle of Arques that led him directly to the throne of France. Like Thomas Mann's all enveloping "Joseph and his Brothers" this work is a study in character. The principle figures are the protagonist, his mother the dowager Queen of Navarre, the redoubtable Caterina dei Medici and her weak, pathetic sons, the Valois kings, Charles IX and Henri III.

REVIEWS

With such material at his disposal, it is a pity that the author was not equal to the situation. If he is unsuccessful in handling character, however, he recovers himself in no small measure in describing certain of the battle scenes and in particular the St. Bartholomew's Day massacre. His description of the latter probably has no equal in prose.

The problem of characterization in this novel is an interesting one. If we look for example, at the thumb nail sketches of some of the Protestant poet-fighters that surrounded Henry both at court and on the march, we discover that for us they do not exist. They drift in and out of the narrative only as names. It seems to me that the clue of the author's predicament is to be found in the little morals that he places at the end of each section into which he has divided the book. These *moralités* are written in French, but it is the French of a man who is as yet alien to the French people. They are good grammar, perhaps, and they are translatable but they are not written in what is known as the French technique or *méthode*. Now, this may seem a small point, but upon reflection one can see that it is just the gauchness that is discernible in these morals that hinders the author from really understanding his characters. He has tried to make Henry into a typical Frenchman, which he was, but at the end of the book one is no more familiar with Henry's personality than one was at the beginning. When Mann is trying to explain the extraordinary influence that Henry's mother had upon him even after her death, he gives his hero a neurotic Hamlet-complex; when he describes Henry's fondness for the opposite sex, the unfortunate fellow turns out to be a sort of male Messalina. The result is a false character, overstuffed with peculiarities. The best drawn figure is Catherine de Medici who is so overdone that she corresponds to the legend that has grown up around her name. The scenes between her and Henry or her son Charles IX are among the most memorable in the book.

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Nations have recently been led to borrow billions for war; no nation has ever borrowed largely for education. Probably no nation is rich enough to pay for both war and civilization. We must make our choice; we cannot have both.

—Abraham Flexner "Universities" p. 302



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Editorial

Love and Hot Lead or the Sunset Lover

As told to the Editor by

THE GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST

RAYMOND whipped his horse into a mad gallop and jerked out his six shooter with lightning speed! A winsome girl whom he had never seen before was in terrible danger. A ruffian was about to pull her from her horse! Raymond's mount thundered on. As he reached the struggling forms, Raymond plunged from the saddle, shooting the ruffian as he landed on the villain's neck! The girl, divinely beautiful and sobbing, flung her arms around Raymond's neck.

"You saved me! You saved me!" she cried.

"I know it," answered Raymond softly, facing the setting sun, "My love for you—"

POW! A rifle bullet zipped through Raymond's hat. He sprang into action, swift as a panther, lithe as an Indian. Claspng Evangeline Rose Marie by the hand, he leaped at his dastardly assailant. There were two of them, hiding behind great boulders! Their bullets fell like hailstones around Raymond and the trembling girl. Faced with these terrific odds, Raymond, thinking clearly, pushed Evangeline Rose Marie into a nearby cave and kissed her passionately. He spun on his heel and, six shooter flaming, he advanced to meet that hail of death! With one hand, Raymond heaved a boulder on top of one of the riflemen as he shot the other in the left ear.

Hearing Evangeline Rose Marie scream with terror, Raymond ran fleetly back to the cave. Three grizzly bears sat in the entrance snarling fiercely! Raymond's gun was empty. Quicker than the human eye could see,

he pulled a knife from his belt and fell upon the bears! They, still growling fiercely, tore his shirt to ribbons and scratched one cheek rather badly. Raymond stabbed the first, ducked with uncanny skill a swipe from the second and plunged his knife into its heart. The third bear was upon him! He seized the bear by the throat with hands as supple and strong as steel springs and choked its life out.

Evangeline Rose Marie flung her arms around his neck, sobbing.

"You might have been killed!" she cried.

"I know it," answered Raymond softly, facing the glorious, glowing sunset. "Sweetheart, I love you. I—"

"Stick `em up!" grated a voice from the cave entrance. Four masked men stood with drawn guns, sneering from ear to ear.

Raymond wrapped his arms about his darling. His gun and his knife were gone. He had only his life to give. Raymond drew himself up proudly and unflinchingly.

"Take me, but let the girl go free," he said. Evangeline Rose Marie's tears fell steadily. There was no sound but the soft drip, drip. The leader of the bandits leered at her! Raymond could bear no more. He leaped! Kicking the leader's gun from his hand as he went by, he landed on the second bandit with a swift right to the jaw. The man fell like a raindrop, straight down. The two remaining bandits poured a stream of hot lead at Raymond as he battled. Hit in five places, he felt no pain. Turning on them like a tiger, he banged their heads against the hard rock wall. The leader sprang upon him from behind. Raymond, with the courage of a lion, stepped on the wretch's toes and ground them to a pulp. Turning with the speed of a striking snake, he landed a pile-driving blow on the bandit's nose. Four men lay dead and bleeding on the ground.

Evangeline Rose Marie flung her arms around Raymond's neck, gulping.

"I'll always love you!" she cried.

"I know it," answered Raymond softly, facing the starlit sky.

The End

In Passing

H. M. HENDERSON, JR.

I

OUT of the window, in late afternoon, a dark building, vertical line, and suddenly, blue of sky, solid, deepening with the minutes. After a while, I begin to hear the low roar of the city, and the fog-horns sounding over it. Church bells ring distantly, and they are only the metallic clangor of the city in tone.

* * *

Evening, and the moon is a pearl in a great velvet case. Regarding it hungrily is the cat of the building across the street, she of the great haunches and long neck.

Below on the sidewalk, presided over by an occasional tree weaving light restlessly among its wet leaves, and by the steadier ice-green stare of a traffic light, there is the coming and going of people with the easiness of Spring upon them. The bells of the afternoon, cooled by the impersonal moon, chime clear and silvery a hymn. Addison's.

Leaning together in a recess of the window, we smile because we know it, and because we are thinking the same things about the city and the night . . .

II

After the coffee, we slowly revolved into that room I had so admired before dinner. Sunken a few feet below the hallway, the folds and shadows of its window curtains were accentuated, suggesting something not on the surface.

I allowed a chair to mould itself about me and watched the lazy curling of cigarette smoke contrast strangely with an unaccountable expectant feeling. Slowly and quietly, one thing, then a second became a part of my consciousness. At my feet there were the little silver-white scuffed places on the electric blue-green of the carpet; then, the antique leather volumes on their shelves, ranged row on row outside the pale of light, touched once or twice with wan beams reaching out from little peeling mirrors, round and golden framed, Napoleonic.

The discreet quality of this after-dinner civilization, I mused, when a girl's high-pitched voice, leaping upon the lazy baritone of the somehow too

urbane divinity student, vehemently denied the reality of the Miracle of Lourdes. Her bracelets rattled coldly, and a wind swept against my ankles.

III

Wall Street is, in all likelihood, not the warmest vicinity known of a summer day, but it can give a pretty fair imitation of this state. Perhaps the extreme realism of said effect is in somewise caused by the fact that the sun, having broiled that part of one's hide which is nearest it, bounds off the pavement and properly fries what is left.

Mike and I, unlucky office boys both, were experiencing this quaint phenomenon to the utter utmost as we plowed through the heat-distorted atmosphere to gain a measure of coolth inside the dim portals of the bank up the block. As we neared this blessed spot (I speak of the physical, and not the economic) we noted that an individual, suffering visibly, was close on our heels.

Ordinarily, we would have carried on bravely, knowing this to be a metropolis of some seven million blokes, all more or less suffering under a wholesome, friendly sort of recession theory having its source, we understood, in a place called Washington. But the individual who had claimed our attention had obviously left the dead-pan stage far behind. He was muttering thickly to himself, and appeared, or maybe it was the heat, to be agitating his lower lip with his index finger. (This is good work, and just anybody can get it in Wall Street.) We were duly delighted when he followed us into our oasis.

By the greatest good chance, he was also among the throng of those and us who, with simple faith, had entered a smallish cage which, in almost Stygian darkness, might conceivably have passed for an elevator by virtue of its half-hearted ascending motion.

The second floor, approached with some effort, was finally greeted with weary cheers, and ecstatically pronounced by our newfound friend to be

"Minsk, oh to be in, now that Spring is here."

The third wrung a heart-felt

"Minsk, la de da."

And the fourth, and last for him, elicited a tuneful

"Oh joy! It's here! And me thinking it was New York this morning. Deah, deah."

"He's nuts," pronounced Mike judiciously, with Mike's admirable faculty for stuffing things into the good old nutshell.

The Concert Goer

WILLIAM H. REAVES

EXCUSE me, please. I'm so awfully sorry, *did* I step on your foot? Really, you know, you might stand up, I can't very well crawl across you. Hello, my dear. Too hectic. I'm really doing beautifully today, for I'm generally hours late for the concert. This is the *first* time I've gotten in during the first selection. I wouldn't have gotten in this time only the little usheress was looking the other way. And these stodgy people. I can't imagine why they get so upset when they have to stand to let me in. After all, there's *nothing* to see, there's *nothing* on the stage except the orchestra, and they aren't too exciting to look at. I can't understand it here, although at the Theatre I do try to get in during the first half-hour, because they don't really say anything important until then, do they? But an orchestra. Nothing ever happens here and you certainly don't miss anything by standing up, it's so silly. My dear, I saw the most divine dress at Hattie Carnegie's, that is where I've been today. It is really too lovely. It is all sort of shimmering gold and I really do think it looks well on me. I realized last night that I simply had to have something new, for I've worn that red outfit *twice* and just everybody knows it now. We had a rotten time last night. We didn't get in until six and were just too jaded for words and, of course Ralph felt lousy this morning and has just thoroughly upset my whole day.

Dum-di-dum—Oh, that is really very pretty. Sort of a catchy little tune, isn't it? Who wrote it? Bach? Oh, yes. So I started out this morning looking for a new outfit. My dear, too awful. I really think I have gained pounds, *simply* pounds, for I can't get into a thing. I really shall have to go on a diet. I've heard that the new coconut milk and hay diet is very good. It takes off ten pounds a week, which is just what I want. And I certainly want to lose because I really feel so uncomfortable when I'm heavy.

Really, I can't help laughing. The conductor does look so silly when he gets so excited. I don't see why he is there anyway. No one in the orchestra ever looks at him anyway. So I popped into Schrafft's for lunch and, of course, I broke down and had one of those butterscotch and nut affairs that add simply pounds. And that little cat Fanny was there and sort of smirked when she saw what I was eating. I just know she made some nasty little remark to

THE CONCERT GOER

Gerald, he was with her. I just dashed away without even speaking to her. Too awful. I often wish I could go some place far away and just be perfectly quiet for the rest of my life. Don't you? Just read and be happy. Which reminds me. I read the most amusing book the other day. Screamingly funny. It was about an office wife, but treated so well. I gave it to Paul, but he didn't seem to like it. Which I thought odd. I've often wondered about that. He may have a guilty conscience.

What? What did you say? I can't hear you. My dear, you'll just have to wait a moment for I can't hear a word you say. This orchestra is making so *damned* much noise. It really is deafening. I don't see why they have to make it so loud. I hate loud things. We went down to hear B. Goodman the other night. He is really marvelous. I could just sit and listen to him for days. Of course, not the same way I listen to the concert, for they are really quite different, aren't they? But I do enjoy the concerts every once in a while, they're so elevating and soothing, I think, don't you? I do wish the intermission would hurry, I am just dying for a cigarette. My dear, is there anything wrong with my hair? *Everyone* keeps looking around at me. I really feel too self-conscious. There's Jean. Doesn't she look awful. Great circles under her eyes. Really the hours that girl keeps. It's a wonder she stays together, although I must say she looks now as if she were going to fall apart. There's Sally, too. She really looks terribly dowdy. She's with Jim. The way she flings herself at that boy is really disgraceful. She makes eyes at him all the time. And gets insanely jealous if anyone else even looks at him. I simply can't stand this another minute. All this noise is giving me a headache. I'm going out and have a cigarette. I don't think I shall come back for the second half. They usually play the *best* things first anyway, don't they? I've seen everybody I want to see. Excuse me, please. I'm *terribly* sorry. Excuse me, if you *don't* mind. I don't see why all these people look at me as if I were some sort of criminal. I shall really demand a seat on the aisle next year, so that I can come and go as I please, it is so annoying to climb over all these people. It really was a very nice concert, so *soothing*. I must come more often. Do you have a program. I'd like to see *what* they were playing just now. My dear, did you see that person next to me? She had on the *funniest* looking hat I have ever seen, and that dress . . .

De Gustibus

JAMES STEWART-GORDON

I GUESS that possibly the reaction has set in and we are in a way getting back to the good old days. I picked up a magazine the other day and was reading about a milkman who was *not* in love with the daughter of the head of the milk company; and who was not a young architect, who had taken the job because he could have his days free to work on his masterpiece, and what was the most striking, he didn't have tousled blond hair, and there was no mention made of his having laughing blue eyes. I guess there isn't much point in my continuing to tell all the things he didn't have because the way things stand in the literary business no one will believe me anyhow. The only fly in the ointment was that there was a goofy (the word is the Editor's, not mine)* family mixed up in the story. However, I still think that we're getting nearer to the millennium because it wasn't so long ago that unless the story was about a Tousled blonde milkman and an insane family it just wasn't a story.

There is a report concerning a Girl out in Berkeley, California, who insisted on her Milkman being changed because his specifications and measurements didn't fit the official listing which has been compiled by *Colliers*, *Cosmopolitan*, the *Saturday Evening Post* and various other important journals of opinion. As for the Girl out in Berkeley, well, they didn't have any Milkmen who fitted the standard so she had to give up milk. She is reported as saying that once you get accustomed to the other stuff its lots better and who ever heard of launching a ship with Milk, anyhow? So maybe every cloud does have a silver lining.

Storywriting these days is pretty much down to a formula. College boys always write about disreputable characters who would be quite ashamed of themselves if they knew what the boys were saying about them. But the other fellows (who write for the so-called slicks) are older and ought to know better, I mean the kind of story that begins this way—

"Cora came in about four o'clock. Flushed, with dilated eyes, and too much lipstick. Shirley knew all the symptoms.

*Editor denies this.

"In love again?"

Cora tossed her hat across the room, shook out her permanent and did a few slick taps.

"This time for keeps."

You know the rest. This is actually an excerpt from an issue of *Colliers*. Eff'en Cora don't get her man thar's gwine be a lot of mighty surprised people around these parts. In this case she didn't fall for a milkman. This is type story number two, milkmen are out of this one, also Goofy families. This is about the foibles of High Society and if there isn't a touching scene with (a) an old Uncle, who is crochety and has a heart of gold or (b) a Father who is tall and has wisps of grey around his temples, and a smile playing around the corners of his dear old mouth, or (c) either a sweet old, or passionately modern mother there will be Hell to pay and plenty of letters from the readers wanting to know what they are paying for.

Just at present there is a steadily increasing stream of public opinion that most of the stories printed in last week's edition of *Colliers* were the same stories which appeared the week before and the week before that. For that matter, they have been appearing since about nineteen thirty-one or so with the modicum of change. Of course some of the characters have different names. Five or six years ago the story whose hero wasn't named Eric and whose heroine wasn't named Enid didn't have much of a show. Now it appears that the Bills and Charlies are having their day.

The Automotive Industry has its Ford and the Steel Industry has its Taylor. At last the Fiction Industry has a patron saint in the form of Mr. Jocelynn Figg, of Enid, Oklahoma. Mr. Figg, who for many years has been the constant reader whose letters have appeared in various Gazettes from time to time, has devoted a good deal of time and thought to contemporary literary problems. His plan, the Figg Formula, as he calls it, has many important features. The strongest point, of course, is that the huge tracts of timber that Adela Rogers St. John is laying waste with her pen will be saved for posterity and whatever is coming after. And the Browbeaten children and Dogs that are the creation of Norman Rockwell will be able to stay safely on his pallet, which is where they belong anyhow.

According to the "Figg Formula" the characters and the situations in which they are involved will be printed up on sheets and distributed to the regular magazine addicts. Since there really is no difference in the plots of

any of them, there will be no problem so far as figuring out what is going to happen is concerned. The sheets will hold the bare outline of the story. If the story would have appeared in the *Saturday Evening Post* there will be a little notation following it to that effect, then the reader will know that the story will be the solid type, with the hero either a young business man, with or without laughing blue eyes, and the heroine will look like an advertisement. Then there is only the need to fix the names of the characters and you can bowl right on with the story, in the solid knowledge that the hero will consummate a business triumph and win the girl of his choice. According to Mr. Figg you merely look at the top of the mimeographed sheet he will issue, find the story, where it appears, and the opening two lines written by the author. This sets the tempo and everything will go easily from then on.

If the story has the line:

“Squatted under the wing of the huge Douglass that lay on the apron before the Millville Airport, Dave Elkins raised his eyes to young Sally Knowles.” You know from that point on that the story will pick up about the fact that the mortgage has to be raised “or else” and that Dave will raise it “or else.” He will also win Sally.

That is the *Saturday Evening Post* approach. On the other hand there will be lots of good old Raw sex in the *MacFadden Liberty*. The story will have this lead:

Sheila stopped long enough to adjust her dress so that it sat the more firmly on her shapely hips. On the other side of the street Bob Barreg wiped his greasy hand across his face—you know the rest there, too, for that matter, and there is not much sense in going on with the story.

For the more advanced students the Figg sheet will contain information somewhat of this type:

Blue Roadster; Blond Girl; Joan; Young engineer George, Bill; Roadster in a hurry.

Then the reader can work it out for himself there is not much to go amiss in this—

Bill is either (A) Lothario; (B) Misogynist, or (C) a nice young man. Joan is almost sure to be (A) Pert; (B) Statuesque; (C) All Girl. This is the *Colliers* formulae and also that of the *American* and the *Red Book*—The Formula will certainly work on this.

Mr. Figg, having established his formula, is looking forward to a happy old age, quoting from Mr. Figg's Statement—"there was something to be done and I did the only thing. I went out and did it. I'll be mighty sorry to see those old favorites leave the stand, but I guess that they must make way for progress which has to roll on, there can be no compromise. It was a waste of time buying the same magazine under a different dateline each week—Now that the people won't have to wade through them—The good old public is going to have more time for leisure.

When the interviewer asked what the people were going to do with this leisure Mr. Figg looked a bit nonplussed, then recovering his usual bouyant spirits he announced that the people could spend their leisure as they pleased. He himself was working on a system that would really make the Telephone Book rank up there with Shakespear et or Jesse Rainsford Sprague.

One Man's Meat

RICHARD MARSTON, JR.

HAVING been engaged for some time, in an amateurish way, in examining reading tastes as regards popular periodicals, we were amused, early in the year, at being advised by a librarian to read *Punch*, as the Library did not take *Life*. We were very impressed by this fine British taste in Haverford, evidenced as it is by the popularity of cricket. It has come to our attention, by the way, that *Life* presents a grand Problem for the public libraries of the country, because of the groups of giggling school children who surround every new issue to look at certain pictures near the back. The local Ardmore Library has finally decided to discontinue its subscription. Of course, Haverfordians, being more sophisticated, that is, not confined to *Life*, can afford to smile gently at such foibles.

We would like to think of *Life* as the expression of the cosmopolitan culture of modern America from politics, through Sociology and Art, to gossip, from the Jewish to the Roman Catholic Church, and from a Brazilian cocoa king to workers on the Ford Assembly line. Therefore, when the magazine appears with lovely reproductions of some noted Art Collection, it provides us with a genuine thrill of pleasure, for it seems to connote a rise in the general taste, but a corresponding dull pain assails us when we see the invariable pictures of the "high society" shindig which always appear. It may have been amusing to the gay guests assembled at such affairs (although a certain air of gentle artificiality does seem to pervade them all) but the mere pictures do not provide much enjoyment. However, we are cavilling against life, not *Life*.

One publication which we deplore is the *Collegiate Digest*. Perhaps Haverfordians take it with a resigned feeling, perhaps they take it only to criticize, but read it they do. Apparently from the extensive advertising contained therein it is everywhere enjoyed by college students. What is its appeal? That of reality? Are most students so very occupied with Beauty Contests and Fraternity Initiations? Or perhaps it pictures life as most students would like to live it. We must admit the second answer; it is a type of pulp and a new and virulent type. Here the publisher is not catering to perverted tastes, he is perverting tastes through the use of photo-

ONE MAN'S MEAT

graphs as a representation of life, or of telling a story. Of course, it is impossible for photographs to present reality as one sees it, while living it, so they have become symbols, like the pattern expressions of the written pulps. And as it takes even less intelligence to comprehend pictures than the written pulps, the imagination of the people is growing more and more sterile.

The happy fancy has occurred to us of classing certain publications with their wine list counterparts (since both are compounded of broth and fine and wholesome grain according to certain formulae). Thus:

New Yorker—Cocktail.

Coronet—Cordial.

Esquire—Whiskey.

Life—Beer and Pretzels.

College Humor—Gin.

Complainte Populaire

*'Gentilz gallans de France,
Qui en la guerre allez,
Je vous prie qu'il vous plaise
Mon amy saluer.'*

*'Comment le saluroye
Quant point ne le congnois?'
Il est bon a congnoistre,
Il est de blanc armé;*

*'Il porte la croix blanche,
Les esperons dorez,
Et au bout de sa lance
Ung fer d'argent doré.'*

*'Ne plorez plus, la belle,
Car il est trepassé:
Il est mort en Bretagne,
Les Bretons l'ont tué.*

*J'ay veu faire sa fousse
L'orée d'ung vert pré,
Et veu chanter sa messe
A quatre cordelliers.'*

Auteur Inconnu.

Lament

*O gentle knights of France
On your way to war
I pray that you may please
To greet my love once more.*

*But how may him I greet
I know him not at all?
Oh he is easy known
White armed and very tall.*

*He wears a true white cross
His spurs are round and gilded
And on his lances end
A point of silver gilt.*

*My beauty, weep no more,
For he is passed away
He died in Brittany
By Bretons killed one day.*

*I saw them dig his grave
Beside a field green gray
And saw them sing his mass
Full four cordeliers.*

William Duff.

The Little Truth

by SAMUEL C. WITHERS, JR.

*"Now," said the Hag, to the great Zarathustra,
The Prophet whose wisdom exceeded her own,
"I give you an infant—a brave little truth;
Swathe it with care lest it cry out or moan,
Lest it bawl—the little truth."*

*So the Prophet, white bearded, gave ear to the Hag,
Extending his arms and accepting the child,
And the Hag gave the infant of truth, swaddled well,
"If Thou goest to women—(be not beguiled)—
DO NOT FORGET THY WHIP!"*

*And thus, swaddled well, was the infant of truth
Given the Prophet, for thus was it found;
And thus, in his wanderings, kept he the child.
Always the infant of insight was bound.
Nor did it bawl—the little truth!*

REVIEWS

THE TRIPLE THINKERS, by EDMUND WILSON. Harcourt Brace, 289 pp. \$2.75

Reviewed by H. M. HENDERSON, JR.

On sitting down with our copy of *Triple Thinkers*, noting first with pleasure the ideally clear typography of Robert Josephy, then naturally bethinking us of the masterful *Axel's Castle* (perused altogether too hastily) we were reminded of the relieved dictum of an acquaintance concerning a group of incomprehensible paintings by Picasso. "You may not know what he's doing, but you can be pretty sure he does."

It was with a similar feeling of confidence that we received Edmund Wilson's latest collection of literary criticisms. Save, in this case, we were pretty sure Mr. Wilson would be kind enough to give our average intelligence every chance to fully appreciate his work. We were not wrong in our surmise. *The Triple Thinkers* is both lucid as to presentation and attractive in style. The author, unlike so many of this day, presents a finished and relatively mature account of his understanding of literature and life

Unfortunately, the book is not as easy to review as it is to read. One is tempted to indulge in a separate appraisal of each of the ten essays included, such is their wide range, and, on the whole, their talent for provoking further thought on the part of the reader. A glance at the table of contents will give you a rough idea of our dilemma. Two analyses of general trends, *Is Verse a Dying Technique?* and *Marxism and Literature*; eight discussions of writers, some being *In Honor of Pushkin*, A. E. Housman, *The Ambiguity of Henry James*, John Jay Chapman, and *Bernard Shaw at Eighty*.

Casting about for some underlying unity, we noted that the title is derived from a letter to Louise Colet by Flaubert, and further, that the selection of the phrase *Triple Thinkers* reflects, in an involved sort of way which we do not choose to footnote,* Mr. Wilson's belief that vital literature has definite social significance, Flaubert's furious insistence to the contrary (and in the teeth of *Mme. Bovary*), notwithstanding.

*As being too scholarly for comfort.

But it is not to be inferred that the author has by any means been seduced into the ranks of the Dialectical Materialists, as the partisans of the simple laboring class choose to call themselves. In *Marxism and Literature*, Wilson neatly sums up the whole incongruity of the movement by recording Lenin's observation, that for a *true* description of a Russian peasant, he'd take Tolstoy any day.

Nor are the Ars artis gratia boys handled with kid gloves. In short, Edmund Wilson has wisely chosen the middle way (easy compromise? Just try it some time) and, in consequence, has maintained a remarkable critical integrity. His well-balanced, flexible habits of thought are implicit to a marked degree in *Mr. More and the Mithraic Bull*, wherein the inflexibility of the somewhat pedantic Paul Elmer is suavely, but none the less successfully, chuckled out of countenance. Which much delighted us, who once stood disgustingly agape when More termed Croce "an epoptic hierophant of demonic mysteries."

The very significant *Is Verse a Dying Technique?* we would leave untouched, that both devotees of Homer and of Proust may enjoy it to the full and wrangle about it for months, while we must hurry on to an equally important and lesser known subject, Pushkin. Perhaps you were laboring under the sad delusion that *Don Juan* is the best of its kind. In point of fact, by the side of *Eugene Onegin*, it is shockingly puerile and diffuse. Pushkin's poem is brought to life by Mr. Wilson for us of the insular West through apt quotations, and analogies to the best in *The Eve of St. Agnes* and *Le Rouge et Le Noir* (in one breath!); and is proved to be vital, yet artistic stuff, in that it treats of a poignant social problem in symbols, not exterior to, but inherent in the characters.

Whereas Wilson is properly and convincingly enthusiastic over *Eugene Onegin*, his preoccupation with John Jay Chapman did not, for us, quite ring the bell. All right, he was a gentleman, and wrote peachy letters. So? And while we're being querulous, we might as well lodge our second, and last, substantial complaint. *Bernard Shaw at Eighty* we consider the other case of mis-directed enthusiasm. The theme of this essay we found a trifle obvious: that Shaw has contradicted and recontradicted his once most cherished doctrines, but remains and will remain a great artist, and a man whose political confusions in no wise invalidate his social criticism.

Hair splitters may argue that Housman doesn't fit into the "social significance" scheme of *The Triple Thinkers*, and so should never have been

REVIEWS

included. We would remind them of what happened to Taine when he tried to stuff all literature into one convenient mould.

On the whole, *The Triple Thinkers* is a work of soundest scholarship, and one containing so much meat, that to attempt to read more than two or three of its essays in a day is to invite a severe case of indigestion. It is a book to be poured over again and again, and especially after one has increased his knowledge and appreciation in the field of literature. We will turn to it in the future with as much confidence and renewed pleasurable anticipation as to, say, the classic *Causeries du Lundi*.

HOPE OF HEAVEN

A Novel in the American Language—By JOHN O'HARA

Reviewed by DAVID R. WILSON

It is, I think, a meaningful generalization to say that many novelists of the time are supremely good at little things but fail seriously in the big ones. It is true of Dos Passos, of Hemingway, of Faulkner, and particularly of O'Hara. The characters and the structure of this novelette won't bear analysis: both show a complete lack of thought and planning. There is a lot of what Clifton Fadiman calls "pseudo-portentous" detail. One wonders how O'Hara himself can any longer believe in its importance to a novel. Dialogue, particularly drunken dialogue, and pace are superbly handled. If he is trying to capture the tone of these people's lives, I suppose the surest way to do it is to linger over their \$2200. cars and \$35. shoes (as he actually does on the first page) because those things are important to them, but it is a maddening habit—prominent in his work before. In this story it goes so far that one learns how you can always tell a phony by the way he opens a package of cigarettes—that one takes a couple of pages. Within his own limitations there is no question that O'Hara can write, but what he is doing now seems a kind of writing in which there cannot be the slightest interest any longer—Scott Fitzgerald really exhausted the field ten years ago. O'Hara's subjects are so rapidly passing out of existence, and altogether he has limited himself so much, that one wonders where he will turn next;

it would take a great deal of scrabbling around to produce another like this.

The lives of the people in this book are fragmentary, childish, and filled with a luxury they don't particularly want or value. They are the people of Gibbsville (*Appointment in Samarra*, his first novel) and Bronxville, heightened somewhat, transported to California (where they seem no little bit out of their element), and equally pointless in either locale. Possibly they reassure O'Hara himself, but they seem more ridiculous than unhappy to the reader. The story begins and ends in violence, a favorite device and theme of many novelists now, but it is not the lyric violence of Hemingway nor the brutality for its own sake of James Cain, for instance.

Reading this book is like smoking a cigarette; after you've finished, you wonder where to put the ashes.

That's the way it is.

FREE LAND by ROSE WILDER LANE

Reviewed by C. E. BAUM

Free Land is another one of those novels about homesteaders. The content should, from this statement, be fairly self-evident. You know that sort of book you've been warned about, (if you haven't, you know what to consider this review) the book about the young farmer, his farmer-wife, his farmer friends, his homesteader claim, and his ambition. His desire to become an economically stable farmer in the Dakota grasslands is opposed by blizzards, debts, droughts, tornadoes, and other Western phenomena that I don't want to think about just now. Or any time.

Why Mrs. Lane wanted to think about these things long enough to write a novel about them is a whole lot more than I, for one, can understand, but my better informed friends tell me that Mrs. Lane suffers from an obsession common among those who write of the Western farmer. The particular form of this obsession is an overwhelming hero-worship of an American type, the settler who tortured the obstinate grasslands into farm-

REVIEWS

ing country. I don't know anything about this type as it actually existed, but if I ever felt any sort of hero-worship towards David Beaton, the central figure of *Free Land*, I'd sit down in the old sod shanty and think twice before I wrote a book about it. Far from being ennobled by his elemental struggle with the soil, David Beaton is degraded by every incident of the smugrubby existence in which Rose Wilder Lane presents him. His attitude towards adversity is courageous only in so much as the dull obstinacy of an animal is courageous. His dollar and cents philosophy reduces his emotional response to a sordid, almost bestial level. He watches debt accumulation, crop failures, and the rapid physical decay of his wife with a stolid indifference which reveals him almost wholly devoid of sensibilities. If Rose Wilder Lane thinks she has made this Beaton person the apotheosis or even an interesting example of a noble American type, she's wrong. He's a bore.

Fortunately, his surroundings are not so consistently boring. Mrs. Lane is at her best when she's describing blizzards. I think that I could have borne David Beaton if she had kept him in a snowstorm for the whole book. Abnormal weather conditions are definitely her *milieu*. Her style, flat in other descriptive passages, is convincingly graphic when she whips up a blizzard or a tornado. There are, however, lots of stretches in 331 pages where we can't talk about the weather. These stretches are handled in a fashion that is very, very remotely suggestive of the Cather method, but where Willa Cather is quietly forceful, Rose Wilder Lane is prosaically unconvincing. There's nothing quite so dull as the style that seeks to avoid self-consciousness by employing simple diction and finally resolves itself into a mere collection of kindergarten words. There's not much that I want to say about Mrs. Lane's characterization except that, by all accepted standards, it's bad and that I hope all her characters stay west of Turtle Creek, Nebraska.

It couldn't have taken much thought to write this book, and it certainly didn't take any to read it. On the whole, it's sterile enough to enjoy a very good sale. In fact, it has everything a best seller has except sex.



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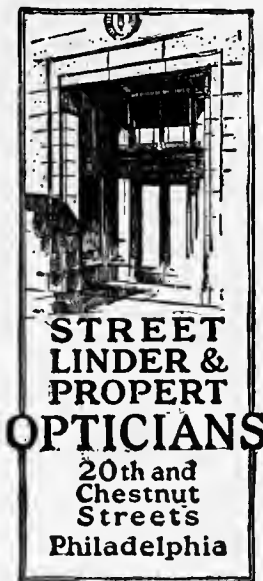
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What Does Democracy Mean?

JOHN FRENCH WILSON

Editor's Note—This essay by Mr. Wilson, who was Editor of the HAVERFORDIAN in his Sophomore year, 1908, was adjudged the best of nearly two thousand essays on this subject submitted by Town Meeting Listeners to "America's Town Meeting of the Air." Mr. Wilson delivered it on the Town Meeting program of April 14. It is reprinted by permission of Town Hall and the "Bulletin of America's Town Meeting of the Air."

DEMOCRACY is more than a method of governing; it is also a philosophy of government and a way of life. In the long course of its making it has meant different things at different times and to different persons. What does it mean to us who live under it in this year 1938?

It is too complex a thing to be defined concisely or to be captured in an epigram. But we may begin by saying that, as a method of governing, it imposes little restraint on the tongue and much restraint on the fist.

This does not mean that democracy always lets us say whatever we choose, or that it never employs force. No more than autocracy will it allow men to shout "Fire!" in a crowded hall when they know there is no fire; and those who ignore its most imperative prohibitions can find that its electric chair has all the finality of a dictator's firing squad. But, unlike other systems, it governs "by consent of the governed," in the sense that its controlling and sovereign power is the so-called "majority will."

This will is not the will of more than fifty per cent of all democracy's subjects, but only of fifty per cent of those subjects whom it allows to vote. Not all its subjects have this privilege. Idiots and children have never had it, and women have not enjoyed it long. Today, however, the tendency is to extend the franchise to include all persons except those of unsound mind, those who have been convicted of certain grave crimes, and those who have not reached the age of twenty-one years. Democracy's electorate is no longer typical unless it is extremely broad and thoroughly representative.

Although the electorate must be very wide, the franchise it may enjoy is not all-embracing. Many rules that have the importance and practical effect of laws are promulgated, even in the most liberal democracy, by officials,

WHAT DOES DEMOCRACY MEAN?

and sometimes by officials who are not elected, but only appointed. Nor is it practicable for the voters actually to pass on all questions they are empowered to answer. In practice they do little more than control major policies; but in order to have democracy as we understand it, these major policies must include those which concern taxation, the spending of public funds, and the changing of the form of government. The exercise of this kind and degree of control by the majority of a broad and truly representative electorate is democracy's first essential.

A second essential, hardly less important, has to do with the manner in which this franchise is exercised. Elections must be held frequently, at regular times; and special or irregular ones must be well advertised in advance. The issues must be presented in a form that permits them to be determined by a simple cross-mark, indicating "Yes" or "No." The voters must be able to register their opinions secretly, without fear of intimidation, and with minimum inconvenience. Otherwise the election is a farce, and the method is not truly democratic.

Our concept of the philosophy which underlies democracy and makes it workable is derived from our observation of the manner in which it operates here and elsewhere; but chiefly from observing its function in England, Canada, and the United States. If we look at the history of these countries for the last hundred years we conclude that democracy functions well only when its subjects hold certain beliefs; beliefs which they do not always openly profess. They must have an abiding conviction that the means is not less important than the end; that no majority, however overwhelming, is certain to be altogether right; and that no leader, administration, or party is worthy of blind allegiance or perfect trust. They must combine a wholesome sense of humor with the fervent belief that most men desire to be decent, fair and kind.

Lacking such a philosophy, democracy cannot be the thing we think it is, or give us the chance to live our lives in the way to which it has accustomed us. We who live under democracy expect our government always to try to persuade us before it compels us. We expect it to refrain from muzzling even the most silly, intemperate, and outrageous opinions as to the merits and demerits of candidates, officials, and laws; and to grant us the right of petition, peaceable assembly, freedom of speech and of press, to an extent which autocracies deem dangerous and foolish. We expect it to warn individuals and minorities before it strikes them; and when it must strike them we expect it to do so more in sorrow than in anger, and to protect them

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from harsh and sudden impositions of the majority's will. We expect it to foster a way of life that is stable and temperate, and a society which does not shoot or imprison or even ostracize the defeated, or inspire them to plan reprisal or plot revolution against the victors. We expect rulers who understand that there can be few situations in which tolerance ceases to be the highest of all civic virtues, and that even in these few it should not be laid wholly aside. We expect a commonwealth committed to the slow and painful process of trial and error, but one which realizes that the gravest of all errors is to assume that we are done with trial and have found a perfect and permanent solution.

In the United States today, democracy means a system of government under which major policies are determined by a majority vote of a thoroughly representative electorate which registers its opinion freely and emphatically; an electorate which is reconciled to the fact that its wisdom may be presently challenged and its judgment reversed; an electorate firmly resolved to tolerate no revolution except such as comes in obedience to ballots cast after due deliberation and debate.

NIGHT NOTES for an Essay or Two

By WILLIAM B. KRIEBEL

Barclay is always being called a Gothic monstrosity, and in jest it is said that one day it had best be pulled down—because it is so ugly. But at night Barclay is not ugly; and night is almost half its existence-time. In fact, Barclay is so much more beautiful at night than it is not in daytime, that on the aesthetic score I suppose we'd better not pull it down at all.

* * *

If Haverfordians love to look at still water—but it is not a question you could ask the alumni body, though its answer might tell a lot more than, How much money are you making? If they do, it is probably because of something in their subconscious—a love imbued from having passed quiet water hundreds of times: daytimes, when the wind-blown clouds and light willows are reflected; and nighttimes, when only the stars and the rich black treeline lie in the lake.

And many a Haverfordian, tramping through thick, wet grass, has wondered why it is that the night sky in the water seems lighter than the night sky as it is. Can it be that there is still some day left—in the quiet water?

Background With Figures

CLYDE K. NICHOLS Jr.

LOOK now at a street splashed with sun in a French Riviera town. Look more particularly at one of the street cafés, like all the others gaily decorative, where two men sitting at a table are the only persons in sight. Across the street a rough stone and mortar embankment checks the surge of the water in the small bay. The town, with its huddled stucco buildings and scattered tropical trees, is compressed between the sea and the mountainside. From there villas overlook the shore.

The two men sat at their table buried in the oppressive sunlight. They talked intermittently as their gaze wandered over the surroundings. A sultry, suffocating wind rushed down from the mountain and bent the landscape toward the sea. When it blew across the water it cajoled only ripples to oppose the stubborn waves, which were as yet unwilling to surrender to the off-shore wind. The whole scene was painted impressionistically on a wild canvas. Every stroke of the brush, whether it fashioned a tree or a dwelling, depicted the essence of the tree rather than its shape alone, seemed to be concerned only with some abstract meaning. Apparently it was one of turmoil—the conflict of trees thrashed by the rushing wind, of waves irresistibly motivated by some hidden force, of hot, whirling, dusty air-particles, of the buildings themselves deflected in the intense radiance. So warped did the town appear to the men's eyes in the heat and light, that it was quasi-real, and deserted as it was on the exterior (except for the two men), inspired the speculation that it was perhaps an interval between life and death, some wayside stopping place where one could put his thoughts in order looking into the past and future.

The men at the table, intent upon themselves, doubled their legs under the chairs; their elbows rested on the table making angles of their arms; their bodies inclined toward the moist, iridescent glasses before them.

One of the men, Milbourne, was elderly. His close-cropped hair, white shading into grey, sheathed a square head. For his age he had extremely smooth skin which was tautened and darkened by the sun. His features were small but in an unprepossessing face his eyes were magnificent. They were firmly set, profound in the depth of their brownness. Milbourne smoked a cigarette. Abruptly he would incline his forearm toward his face, pull on the cigarette, and then return his arm to its upright position on the table. All his gestures were clipped and definite, but his eyes belied this preciseness in their leisurely outlook.

Scott, the other man, was very different. His thirty years might well

have been fifty from the baffled expression of his face. Deep lines across his forehead were accentuated by the habitual raising of his eyebrows. His mouth was thin and wide and gave his face a skeptical appearance. Like Milbourne, his eyes were deep and meaningful and showed that his troubled expression arose from thought, from mental exhaustion, and not from momentary worry.

The men were intent on their conversation but did not talk continually. When they were silent, however, their thoughts followed the line of their talk, and so well did they know each other, that thinking was a means of communication between them.

Scott said: "You remember, of course, the years when you were running your studio. I have been thinking of those days very much lately—the discouraging hours, the students and their intense expressions of hope and chagrin. I have been remembering your patience and kindness and the great things you taught us. But most of all it is my wife Elizabeth who has been impelling my thoughts while I have been in this town again. Since she died three years ago on the Spanish cliffs, my life has been utterly meaningless."

"I wonder if that can be true?" Milbourne answered. "It is quite remarkable when any part of one's life does not offer something. Whether the offering is accepted depends upon the person, whether he perceives his opportunity, what it means. If I remember rightly the long discussions we used to get submerged in while tramping and working, you were always troubled by an inability to accept something—a fact, an opposing force in your life—something contrary to your preconceived idea of rightness. Elizabeth died; her loss is a gash in your life: but Elizabeth is irrevocable and you should attempt to understand what she is doing for you by her death, and even though she is dead.

"Yes, undoubtedly what you say is true—it always is. But such calculation seems to me almost inhuman."

Milbourne said nothing. He tasted his drink, pulled on his cigarette, watched the shades of brown and grey in the smoke. His eyes looked into the distance.

Then he turned to Scott who was looking at him with interest, and smiling ironically because he was not sure whether he saw clearly all that Milbourne was probably implying and because he doubted that he would wish to accept these ideas. Milbourne went on: "I have not seen you or talked to you for several years but I know that you live by some philosophy as everyone does. When I ask you to look objectively at the cause and effect

BACKGROUND WITH FIGURES

in your life, I am asking you to apply a fragment of my philosophy: acceptance, to which tolerance is the most important contributing factor. This acceptance in an abstract way of whatever is the earth's and of whatever happens on it, is I think one of the surest means to the achievement of content, of satisfaction. But I am not condoning a state of passivity, remote from any action and therefore unallied with life; rather I mean that acceptance should be the first step to a staircase of action, that it should provide a foundation and framework for living.

"Let me tell you how I think of life. We have been sitting here while the wind has been coursing over the town; we have noticed how it bends the trees and lifts the dirt, how it ripples the waves. The wind is influencing these objects, molding them at its will. Now, I consider the world to be composed of an inexpressible number of influences. A man is an influence; so is a tree, also a building. I think of these objects which are influences as winds; whether they are breezes or hurricanes depends upon the intensity of their motivation.

"We were speaking of acceptance and of tolerance. I mentioned this wind business as a basis for my idea of what tolerance means and of what waste intolerance causes. Intolerance is the most treacherous and widespread of my winds.

"You of course remember Hull when he was attending my studio classes. It isn't likely that you would have forgotten him, considering the close race you ran for Elizabeth. Hull personifies my wind of intolerance.

"I was standing at the large east window in the studio talking to Elizabeth one day—I suppose it must be almost five years ago now—when Hull came in asking to join the studio. His calm and direct manner was agreeable, his intelligent appearance striking. After talking about his work and about our work at the studio and after we had settled questions concerning the training he wanted, I readily accepted him.

"From the first it was apparent to me that Hull based his life on an intolerant outlook. I could see that his own ideas were the only ones that meant anything to him, that by a sort of a retreat upon his ego he forced himself to live. Of course we all do this, but in most of us it is a conscious process by which we sustain ourselves and it is not an iron-clad philosophy in itself. Later I saw that the success of his relationships with people depended on the result of his comparison of them with a preconceived arbitrary norm. He was hyper-critical where people, their acts, and their work were concerned; if he could attract an audience—he played to an audience at all times except perhaps when he was alone—he found real pleasure in blasting

other peoples' characters and habits. True enough, he was often witty and apt in his observation, but that did not excuse his blatant, unnecessary exhibitionism and the effect it had on us at the studio who were his playthings for the time being. I doubt that he ever realized that some of us, at least, were aware of what was happening, for he was insensitive to the subtleties of human relationships.

"Very shortly we all became self-conscious in anything we did. Perfectly normal occurrences such as Elizabeth's dining with you excited Hull into a cynically disdainful remark, and because of his consummate genius in giving his observations a piquant turn and appearance of truth, this action was exaggerated in meaning, became unnatural. It was fascinating to watch his influence at work, sweeping us along and confusing us. We were trees and he was a wind-storm.

"The consequences of his membership in our studio were disastrous, as I think you realized. Honest effort was condemned and discouraged by Hull. You students lost confidence and faith. Elizabeth was deeply hurt at his disregard and unreasoning distaste for her painting, and although she was at one time in love with him, her loss of all confidence in herself made her unable to keep her head high anywhere. You and Elizabeth loved, but you were both coerced into it by what faith you did have in each other. Any semblance of a firm basis for your lives, blasted by Hull, had turned to chaff, and his influence followed you, breaking you apart by the increasing doubt which it made you feel in yourselves. Then Elizabeth killed herself, devastated by her seemingly pointless existence.

"Such chaos was the wake of Hull's course through our lives. His intolerance was so complete that instead of subjectively influencing him alone it overflowed and changed us all. Hull's influence did not bend as a wind does but twisted and wrenched as does a tornado.

"If he had accepted life fairly, instead of arbitrarily constructing his own personal idea of what life should be, he would have escaped much unhappiness himself and would have saved many people a great amount of unhappiness. That is why, Scott, I suggest that you accept what has happened to you—that you be tolerant. Realize what your particular life and its pattern mean and that you can surmount its discouragements and put it all to advantage."

The sun had circled west and was low in the sky. A cooling breeze off the sea now blew into the town. The heat had lifted and the glare had become a pleasant evening light. The dust lay motionless on the street as people walked along. The buildings had regained proportion. The whole scene was rationally complacent and peaceful.

I've Seen This One Before

WILLIAM H. REAVES

YOU'RE really going to love this movie. The *first* time I saw it, I nearly died. The funniest thing I have ever seen. The *second* time was even better. No, I really don't mind seeing it again. Not at all. In fact, I look forward to it. Eric Blore is wonderful. You'll just die when you see him disguised as a whirling Dervish. I almost rolled in the aisle. He is swathed in yards of stuff and gets all tangled up in it, and *then* he falls down and *that* is when he discovers the pearls. They're in the Sultan's Hookah where Alice Brady has hidden them. She has disguised herself, too, as a Harem girl and is pretending that she is the *favorite* wife, because she has got to find out where Fred Astaire has gone when he thought Ginger Rogers jilted him, when she hadn't at all, she was just trying to wrest the Naval Plans from Edward Everett Horton by her womanly wiles. But I don't want to tell you about it. I'll spoil the picture for you. I *hate* people who tell other people about the pictures, don't you?

There we are! See this first scene is at Annapolis. Now watch. You'll see Fred Astaire in a minute. He's a cadet, you see. There he is. Now watch this dance—It's wonderful. Watch now, and you'll see him dance out to the end of the gun. See, it's going off. Funny, isn't it? Now in just a minute Ginger comes in. She is down for the big football game, you see. Eric Blore and Alice Brady are on their way down, too. Eric is an old grad, you see, and he just met Alice when they both got in the same cab by mistake. And Alice won't let him get out because *she* has the pearls and she is afraid she is going to be kidnapped. You'll die at that. There, *see*, they're getting in——

"Oh turn around. I haven't said a word to you. You have no reason to look at me."

What does he mean by turning around? I'm not making any noise. Oh, *look!* *Here's* where it all starts. You see Alice has this string of priceless pearls and they're going to be stolen. See, there she thinks Eric has proposed, but he only wanted her to get up off his topper. Funny? Well, you see Ginger has the Aspell diamonds and *that* is what confuses everything. Well, the Naval Plans are concealed in the retired Commander's wooden leg. But Ginger knows they're there. They are very vital plans

and international complications will result in ten minutes if they are taken and of course there is a big plot afoot to get them. *There's* Edward Everett Horton. He's a private detective. Now watch. The lights are going out in just a minute. And the pearls, and the diamonds and the plans all disappear. And the funniest thing is the way the commander is furious, because, of course, they had to take his leg to get the plans. And Alice Brady is swooning, because she thinks her pearls have fallen in the champagne and melted away.

"Please stop turning around. I'm not doing anything to annoy you."

Is he trying to start something? See all of it? Isn't it a *scream*? Now you see, Fred and Ginger do a dance. Watch them. It's wonderful, just watch their feet. I've never seen anything like it. And now Ginger follows Luigi, because she *knows* he has the pearls in his mouth, and the plans are under his topper and the diamonds in the hollow heel of his boot. They're so clever. Hollywood, I think, don't you. Now *look*! Oh this is funny, isn't it. See they get the submarine to come up by running a toy battleship in front of the periscope. See!

"Oh go ahead and call the usher. I'm not disturbing anybody. And don't you dare threaten me."

Really he must be crazy. Now Fred and Ginger do this perfectly marvellous dance on top of the submarine, *see*, and then, of course, the submarine goes down and there they are. See. Funny? There are Alice Brady and Eric Blore coming out in a rowboat. It's too priceless, because in just a minute the pirates are coming and . . .

"Oh, turn . . . Ow! Oh Yi can't yalk. My Yaw, my yaw . . ."

On Spending Time In The City

THOMAS LITTLE

ONE of the pleasantest recreations I know is that of spending time in the city. By spending time in the city I mean spending leisure time in exploring any city, looking for adventure we might say, doing whatever our imagination prompts us to do next, and watching the people and affairs that go on about us.

Almost anyone can take such a tour about the city with pleasure and benefit. However, there are a few prerequisites for the person who is to do it in the best way. First of all he must have a good, flexible sense of humour. Our man must be ever looking for the humour in situations about him. Along with this easily-amused attitude he must have imagination, a certain amount of pure cheek, and no fear of feeling foolish before others, for sensitivity of this sort will cramp the freedom of one's imagination.

He should be in a contented, tolerant mood, prepared to enjoy everything and to watch what goes on about him with a speculative attitude. The unimaginative person who demands an itinerary at the start, and the impatient person who demands to "go somewhere—we aren't getting anything done!" have no place on my trip. As a matter of fact no one has a place on my own trip, for a third requisite is very complete independence. That is, one should be alone and unknown. One should have plenty of time, preferably several hours. In short, one must be quite at liberty to do anything one wants, with no restraining connections.

Finally, the person should really have a small amount of money to dispose of as the spirit moves; a small amount as equally distinguished from too much and none at all. This will allow him to buy any small thing that may appeal to him. He may get a few cents' worth of something to eat, which he will devour on the spot. Or he may give something to a very pathetic beggar, and consequently feel a comfortable glow of self-righteousness for an hour.

With this interesting and promising background, there are now few limits to what we may do in the two or three hours which we must spend. The best procedure for the beginning is to start walking—anywhere. We must be actively alive to what is going on. We watch people, notice their clothes, speculate as to what they are like, and if in any way possible, we eavesdrop. At these times I am an inveterate and conscientious eavesdropper. The more I hear, the better, and I have heard some fascinating fragments. If we get a chance we will start talking to someone, and get his opinions on

things—politics or anything at all. Such opinions are often refreshing in the extreme. Talking to drunken men is always amusing if we find any, and of course we are very sympathetic indeed, and in complete agreement with them. If we see a crowd we don't need to be told to elbow our way immediately to the center to learn what goes on. Soap-box orators are first-class entertainment. If we are sufficiently poorly dressed to ask the speaker a question without being eyed askance, that is great fun, and obviously a successful adventure in a small way.

However, we cannot wander about aimlessly forever. We must start off on a new tack, so we head for the stores. Here we windowshop interestedly, looking for fertile ground for further exploration. The shoe stores and feminine foundation garment stores hold few charms, but possibly we will come to a candy store. By all means we will enter and ask for ten cents' worth of French fudge truffles or any other delicacy not usually to be had. A bakery store is equally attractive, and we will likely invest in a couple of cinammon buns. As a matter of fact, I am an easy mark for any bakery shop which has the proper, warm bakery smell. The buns we eat in the streets, quite ignoring the amused glances that come in our direction, for do we not have excellent precedent in Benjamin Franklin's classic meal?

Hardware stores are very interesting if they have enough variety in their wares, and stationery stores are irresistible. I have often thought I would like to work in a stationery store, and here at least I can look over the stock. I examine filing-box after filing-box, asking prices for each. I consider how this or that would look on my desk, and I think how well I could use nearly everything I see. At any rate, I probably buy nothing here, and we walk on.

Eventually, inevitably, we come to a book store, and we have opportunity for any amount of dawdling. The poor proprietor is evidently accustomed to being put upon by those who examine and don't buy, and we are unnoticed. Volumes have been written on the pleasures of looking through books new and old, and the occupation continues to be delightful in spite of that fact. We look them over, we look them through, we inquire about them—and perhaps we buy a small volume of something, something that will fit in our pocket and make us for the rest of the day happily aware of its presence and our possession of it. I remember the first book I bought under this sort of circumstance. The patient clerk brought out four different editions of it for my inspection, none quite answering my demands. After much deliberation I chose the cheapest, managing somehow not to notice

ON SPENDING TIME IN THE CITY

that the type was pretty near illegible, the cover not so durable as it was pretentious, and the paper unpleasantly shiny and coarse. I still have this witness to my callow judgment. As a matter of fact, I haven't had it for so very long.

But we must be on to something more, for the city's resources are not yet done. It may be that we shall visit the Public Library. Here we may walk through the corridors and suitably admire the architecture, which is undoubtedly imposing. Here, too, are always to be found a few of the comforts of home which may perhaps be not untimely. If opportunity is anywhere provided for written suggestions and criticisms by the public, we can surely find a criticism of some sort. I once wrote to the director a stinging rebuke for the lighting on certain famous paintings in the Boston Public Library. Since I later received a very decent letter explaining the situation in some detail, I considered the experiment a success. If we are feeling particularly bold we may ask at the desk for a French translation of *Plutarch's Lives*, this of course done with a very grave countenance. The chances are ten to one that they won't have it, so we may as well move on.

Music stores offer much ground for pleasant occupation. We may examine all kinds of instruments, inquiring prices for everything from the penny whistles to the tubas. Records may be "just tried," and there is no limit to the symphonies, operettas, or even operas that we can contemplate buying. I have never, yet, fully taxed the resources of a music store, for I have never happened to have the cheek at the right time. I have often wondered if one could exercise one's right to try out records all afternoon and still escape without a purchase.

If we come to a travel bureau in the course of our wanderings we will certainly inquire within. I know from experience that it is very interesting, and something easily done, to enter and make full inquiries concerning a mythical voyage to wherever our fancy takes us. Even though we assure the clerk quite sincerely that we are really not at all likely to make the trip, with professional zeal and optimism he will not believe us, and we are in for a very interesting twenty minutes of discussion. Also we can hardly fail to leave without a pocketful of assorted illustrated literature. This is very interesting to pore over at a later date, especially if, as usual, some imagination is applied. Incidentally, I may say here that pamphlet literature of all kinds should be collected with zest. We should pick up everything from book lists to Antivivisection Society propaganda, when available, both for souvenirs and perhaps for reading matter later in the day as we contem-

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THE CULTURE OF CITIES, by LEWIS MUMFORD. Harcourt, Brace, 586 pp. \$5.00.

Reviewed by DAVID R. WILSON

"... the existence of a rational collective organization of the physical means of life without the necessary organs of collective association and responsible social control." That is the paradox of our contemporary metropolitan civilization which Mumford has set out to explore and chart in this thoughtful book. It is a splendid addition to the kind of literature in which this century is already so rich: the vein of Oswald Spengler, Arnold J. Toynbee, the Webbs; more particularly, of the functional architects: Mumford's own master, Patrick Geddes, and Louis Henry Sullivan, Le Corbusier, Frank Lloyd Wright. Properly to give an idea of the purpose of this book I should have to quote most of the introduction. Failing that, I can say that Mumford thinks the modern city represents the crystallization of chaos; if it is "the form and symbol of an integrated social relationship," it is also now the form and symbol of capitalist confusion. And yet the author finds a constructive drive which has produced emergent patterns; tracing the development of the city from the medieval town, of the tenth century and later, through the baroque "capital" city through the "insensate industrial town" produced by the industrial revolution to Megalopolis (modern New York, Paris, Berlin, London, the symbols of what the Marxists consider the last stages of finance capitalism) he finds that though the development has been in general retrogressive, there have been hopeful mutations from the norm: the post-Renaissance Dutch town and our New England village were made for men, and not for machines; they were valid culture forms. And that, of course, is the author's principal contention: that the city, as the place where the issues of civilization are focused, accumulates and embodies in visible forms the cultural heritage of a civilization; those forms are the forms its architecture takes. And by architecture Mumford means the architecture not only of individual buildings and homes but of neighborhoods, cities, regions; the framework, planned or unplanned, of civilization.

Beyond Megalopolis there are two stages in decline: Tyrannopolis, the Fascist city which we already know in Rome and Berlin, where the failure of civic responsibility leads to Caesarism and the triumph of barbarism; and Nekropolis, the city of the dead, abandoned to famine and disease and war. But Mumford recognizes the immense possibilities that lie all about us of renewal, of recasting. Instead of a state based on power and profit and

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temporary prosperity we might have a state based on the culture of life, on the needs of the whole human being. And we are likely to be *forced* to begin to create it, for great modern cities contain the seeds of their own destruction: the gradually increasing unbalance of economic cycles is tending to bring the level of population to a rather permanent plateau, and the theory of values in a modern city is predicated upon a constant increase in population to avoid municipal bankruptcy: the city cannot stand still, it must go either forward or back. The alternative as Mumford sees it is decentralization or regional planning, the redivision of the country into areas with "the major requirements for a human region;" for instance, the inclusion of New York State, northern New Jersey, and part of Connecticut in one region. Such a region would have, instead of irrational and arbitrary division by state line, "Individuality and coherence, the possibilities of a balanced and partly self-sustaining agricultural life, a diversity of resources and a variety of habitats."

Mumford is concerned with the myriad manifestations of culture in architecture that we have in modern life: zoos, museums, government buildings, subways, department stores, homes, resorts, fairs, tenements, factories. He analyzes the function of each, how that has been met in the past and how it should be met in the future. Into that analysis and discussion enter the factors of history, practical social thinking, and the biotechnic theory of economy which Mumford got from Geddes a generation ago. By biotechnics he means the dominance of the biological and social arts: "agriculture, medicine, and education take precedence over engineering." The theory points simply towards an organic utilization of the entire environment.

The greatest enemies of Megalopolis are its own metropolitan order, and fascism. The first is built on monopoly capitalism, credit finance, pecuniary prestige, and the standardized national culture which is a direct result of national advertising. "There is a special name for power when it is concentrated on such a scale: it is called impotence." Steps taken to relieve congestion usually intensify it by forcing higher land values and hence more intensive use; the building of subways is a case in point. The attack by air is the weapon of barbarism (and hence of fascism) and constitutes the ultimate contradiction in metropolitan civilization: the city was organized for protection and to make possible cooperative association, but in time of war organized terror worse than anything known to the jungle is introduced into a highly complex urban existence. "Instead of accepting the stale cult of death that the fascists have erected, as the proper crown for the servility

and the brutality that are the pillars of their states, we must erect a cult of life: life in action, as the farmer or the mechanic knows it; life in expression, as the artist knows it; life as the lover feels it and the parent practices it: life as it is known to men of good will who meditate in the cloister, experiment in the laboratory, or plan intelligently in the factory or the government office."

All this is no Utopia, but a realization of what we saw in the closing sequences of Pare Lorentz's documentary film, *The River*, was possible: the more abundant life realized not by the efforts of politicians but by the genius of American technical skill.

Mumford writes with great lucidity and great care; his authority is unquestioned. His style is admirably precise and measured. The one thing that annoyed me about the book was the inadequate nature of the index, which is sketchy and inaccurate, a serious fault in a book of this kind. There is an excellent bibliography included.

With this book Mumford emerges as perhaps the first in what seems to be a new function, vital to modern life: that of the social engineer. A new profession and a new kind of writing, both exciting in their vitality, have made their appearance.

NOTE

If you read *The Culture of Cities* and find Mumford's account of "Hell on the Subway" exaggerated, take a look at a new book by Robert Sinclair called *The Big City: A Human Study of London*.

THE FIGHT FOR LIFE, by PAUL DE KRUIF

Reviewed by G. C. WOOD

Once again Paul De Kruif strikes a singularly fresh note in a popularized account of medical research and progress in recent years. His is no weighty tome overburdened with scientific terms and discussions to mystify the layman, nor is it a hasty panegyric in words of one syllable of miraculous cures. What it *does* seek to do is to bring to every thinking man and woman who is concerned with or interested in the present and future welfare of the human race a quite understandable, fascinatingly readable, and technically accurate picture of what the Medical profession is doing to ease and eliminate our sundry illnesses—specifically, syphilis, tuberculosis, infantile paralysis, death and disease connected with childbirth, and several somewhat less spectacular ailments. And it is eminently successful.

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In driving home to the average person the importance of keeping in touch with medical developments De Kruif employs a rather novel mode of attack. Humorous at times, yes, and infinitely human in his tale of this vital campaign against disease, he introduces and emphasizes throughout the painfully apparent concept that the goal is not merely assuagement of individual suffering, but economic relief for harassed taxpayers who support institutions harbouring thousands of uncalled for patients. It is high time that Americans realized the fact (and acted on it!) that extensive—if expensive—support to the underpaid and ill-supplied researchers *now*, will result, after not more than one generation, in an almost unbelievably reduced annual doctor's bill for the nation. *Haec olim meminisse juvabit*.

Were De Kruif's language, as such, as imposing as his exposition of the recently developed and encouragingly successful treatment of syphilis, and had he evinced a literary style as convincing as his discussion of the newly discovered preventative of infantile paralysis, no more need be said. But this reviewer sadly deplores a sentence—quite typical—such as "It was the first time your chronicler had seen our doughty Wenger frustrated, yes, completely flummoxed, at a loss for any answer!" However, the man makes no pretensions to being an artist. He offers a significant message which must not and cannot be overlooked, evaded, or pigeonholed. And if anyone above the age of thirteen must have his pills sugar-coated let him be frowned upon with vigour, and kindly, yet firmly, have pointed out to him the only practical path to progressive human health.

SKEPTIC'S QUEST, by HORNELL HART. Macmillan, 173 pp. \$2.00

Reviewed by HAROLD H. MORRIS, JR.

Skeptic's Quest is an earnest, if somewhat dull, endeavour to find a working philosophy of life for these days. Hart tries to take into consideration all the factors, science, politics, society, religion, that go to make up life. His method of doing this is to have a representative of each class speak and give the typical view of that class. The result, though well integrated, is somewhat confusing, and reminds one of a typical college bull-session. The book is evidently aimed at groups of the college level, but Hart seems to find it necessary to explain every technical term he uses. This detracts somewhat from the book, as it gives the impression that the author is talking down to his readers: In fact, after reading the book, one is left with the idea that

Hornell Hart knows a lot about a lot of things, and he is trying to arrange them in his own mind. After shaking all these elements up in a bag, he picks out his answer. It is a message of hope, and involves applying the principles of Jesus in a modernized form.

The author starts out with a very high aim; "to offer a pungent, vibrant, more compelling presentation of a modern search for a philosophy," but the result of that search, like the book, is somewhat confusing. Three main problems are dealt with; conscience, religion, the meaning of the universe.

This book is a curious combination of skepticism and faith. Hornell Hart is very skeptical about some things to start with, but he often answers them by introducing elements that have been accepted on faith. Thus, while questioning whether man has consciousness, he accepts the fact that man has a mind. One implies the other. If man has no consciousness, how can he have a mind with which to prove that he has consciousness?

The style is very vivid; picturesque and full of figures of speech. It would produce a better effect if it were heard instead of read, for then one would not have time to realize that some of the logic is cloudy, to say the least. In trying to include everything, Hornell Hart brings in questions that do not bother the ordinary seeker for a philosophy of life. Thus he spends a whole section on the discussion of obscure points in solipsism. If a person knows about solipsism, he is wasting his time reading this book; he has gotten beyond it. The author tries to tell how to find truth without defining truth. This is a serious mistake, for there are many kinds of truth, and as Hart has to admit, there is no one method of finding a way to all.

Our own conclusion after reading the book is that as throughgoing skeptics we can never get anywhere. We have to build on a foundation of faith. All seekers for the truth of life, by the very fact that they are seeking, admit that they think there is a meaning. The complete skeptic would never waste his time looking for something he didn't think was there.

Skeptic's Quest correlates many discoveries that have seemed to lead in divergent directions, and shows that basically they are reconcilable. The problem is to go deep enough to find the relation. That is the aim of life.

PLAY IN POETRY, by LOUIS UNTERMAYER. Harcourt Brace, 117 pp. \$1.50

Reviewed by H. M. HENDERSON, JR.

With this slim, but not slight volume, Louis Untermeyer, purveyor extraordinary of poetry to the American people, swells the already con-

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siderable list of his publications. Not a few of these, especially *Modern American Poetry* and *Modern British Poetry*, have achieved great popularity—are, in fact, standard works.

If we cannot foresee a like popularity for *Play in Poetry*, it is because this work is criticism and not an anthology. While an anthology is implicitly critical, yet for the average reader it is no more than a very short cut to "culture," a word to which some odium has rightly come to be attached by reason of the discouraging way it has so generally been mistaken for knowledge.

Play in Poetry consists largely of lectures given on the Henry Ward Beecher Foundation at Amherst College, but we can guarantee that it won't lay an egg for the reader genuinely interested in poetry. Though the first chapter bears the somewhat formidable title, *Wit and Sensibility: Metaphor into Metaphysics*, it and the other three lectures have not the usual classroom tone, but make lively reading. The title of the book, as a whole, offers a more accurate clue to its real nature.

Mr. Untermeyer's purpose is to once and for all dissipate the popular notion that poetry is at best a sepulchral art. To get his idea across, he sometimes lays undue stress on the "playful" element, and once or twice is obliged to stretch the term a little further than Webster does; yet his work is stimulating, and sound at base.

Working with a surprising number of truths that "you'd never stopped to think about," Untermeyer demonstrates that man in his most everyday activities is constantly thinking in metaphor, that poetry is merely an extended metaphor, and that the process of thinking of one thing in terms of another, superficially most unlike it, is nothing but the sheerest play. Poetry, then, whether man realizes it or not, is his most natural means of expression; properly it should reflect his joy and exaltation; and, finally, a faith in his destiny.

This last, which we have allowed to stand in the old trite phraseology for the sake of brevity, is enunciated in the final chapter wherein Untermeyer makes his plea for less futile skepticism in the poetry to come. Though this chapter does not bear a very clear relation to the main body of the book, it contains a clear statement of the predicament of poetry today, and offers what seems to us an efficient and inspiring remedy.

THE HAVERFORDIAN

ON SPENDING TIME IN THE CITY *(Continued from page 15)*

plate humanity from a park bench. A pocketful of pamphlets betokens an interesting day.

However, we haven't yet touched upon the local points of historic interest. By all means we include in our wanderings the historic sites, the shrines of local patriotism which are to be found in the vicinity and which cost nothing to visit. These, nevertheless, can be done with little loss of time, and with something of the attitude epitomized in the American tourist in France, who announced proudly that she had "done" the Louvre in twenty minutes, but that she could have cut down her time with roller skates. It will also be worth our while actually to examine some of the statues and monuments to be found hither and yon; and if we even read the inscriptions on them we will surely have done something unusual and original, which may conceivably be interesting and worthwhile as well.

Any government buildings that we can find we will make a point of including at some time or other. I have yet to visit a courthouse in session, but it has long been my intention to do so sometime. If we are in a state capital, of which there are many about, the State House is within the grasp of anyone. I myself have had a number of encounters with the State House in Massachusetts, but beyond that my experience is limited. The first time I set out to conquer the State House, I was repulsed. I entered one of its doors, confident in my rights as a resident of the state, and walked along a rather narrow corridor, expecting at every moment that a great vista of Corinthian columns, muraled walls, and marble floors inlaid with the signs of the Zodiac in bronze, would stretch out before me in a manner befitting a State House. Expectantly, I say, I walked along the corridor, and in no time at all found myself at a dead end, and about to enter the offices of the Department of Mental Diseases. Turning quite hastily, I tried another corridor, at the end of which I found myself unexpectedly outdoors on the opposite side of the building. I tried a different door this time, with no better success, and finally gave up for the day. I learned later that I should have gone up to the second floor. Accordingly, I did so later, and there it all was, complete to the signs of the Zodiac in the floor.

I resolved to find the court, as it is called, of the House of Representatives. I hoped to be able to sit for a moment at the desk of the member who had been given a black eye during a session a few weeks back—for the home of the bean and the cod has colorful legislature sessions (?) to say the least. Here I found on duty an old man who was evidently pleased to have some

ON SPENDING TIME IN THE CITY

one to talk to, and he began to show me about the room. As we stood by the Speaker's desk, I quickly and covertly looked in its drawers, which were all empty. "Er, I don't suppose the speaker leaves his gavel around here, does he?" I asked, eyeing the guard.

"No," he said, cackling with glee, "no, we lost too many of them that way. We've locked them up now so they can't be taken any more." I remarked in a conversational way that I could easily understand this, and we went on.

Next I determined to visit the lieutenant-governor. Massachusetts boasts a lieutenant-governor by the name of Francis J. Kelly, whose campaign for office had struck me as particularly crude and offensive. Many times I had practiced to myself how I would vanquish him with a few chosen remarks about him and his campaign. My pleasant conversation would bristle with innuendos. I would make him squirm with apparently innocent references. Especially I would torment him with insidious, pointed congratulations. He would understand me well enough, for he is an intelligent young man. Finally after a masterly climax I would quietly walk out, leaving him to mop his brow, speechless from my irony. With these thoughts in mind, and with the actual intention of asking him for printed copies of some of his election speeches, I went up to the door of his office. When, looking in, I saw a large room full of men and cigar smoke, I walked on by however. I have not yet had the pleasure of meeting Lieutenant-Governor Francis J. Kelly of Massachusetts.

I still have ahead of me the pleasure of really exploring Philadelphia, but nonetheless, I have had occasion to do a little reconnoitering in the city, and have found out a number of valuable facts about the technique involved. At the very start of one of my short trips I had an extra, unexpected twenty minutes' wait on the station bench in which to meditate on the advantages and disadvantages of being on the wrong side of the tracks for my train. A subway lady in town also seared into my brain with one nasty look the difference between "To the Ferries" and "To 69th Street," with relation to subway entries.

Once safely in Philadelphia though, I soon observed that all the street-naming signs had been removed, and one-way signs substituted for them throughout the city. Likewise, when looking for a street, a suitable method seemed to be to find two buildings and dive between them. If there are house numbers on the walls, it is a street; if not, it is only a space between two buildings, and we must try again.

THE HAVERFORDIAN

I could not help enjoying the advertisements I saw. On a news-stand was the very cautiously self-assertive announcement that "nearly everybody reads the *Bulletin*." Or again, there was a sign with something of reckless devilishness about it, on a half-wrecked building, "Watch it go!—Wrecked by ——— Wrecking Company."

I have so far accomplished little sightseeing in Philadelphia. The Cradle of Liberty, which I chanced to pass, was closed, but at least I observed its outside and its three cupolas, only one of which, I suppose, could have rocked the Liberty Bell. I stood on a spot of rather dirty sidewalk on which Lincoln had stood (or so a brass proclaimed). I presume his actual steps were below the present concrete, though. Sometime, it is to be hoped, someone will go further and remove this concrete, sow a foot or two of bright green grass, and reverently surround it with a fence. This would also be a boon to the post card printers. I should not be surprised to see it done. I suitably admired an average sort of fountain placed by the evidently civic-minded *Philadelphia Fountain Society*, and marked with the exquisite sentiment, "Give Us Water That We May Drink."



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